

May 13, 1972

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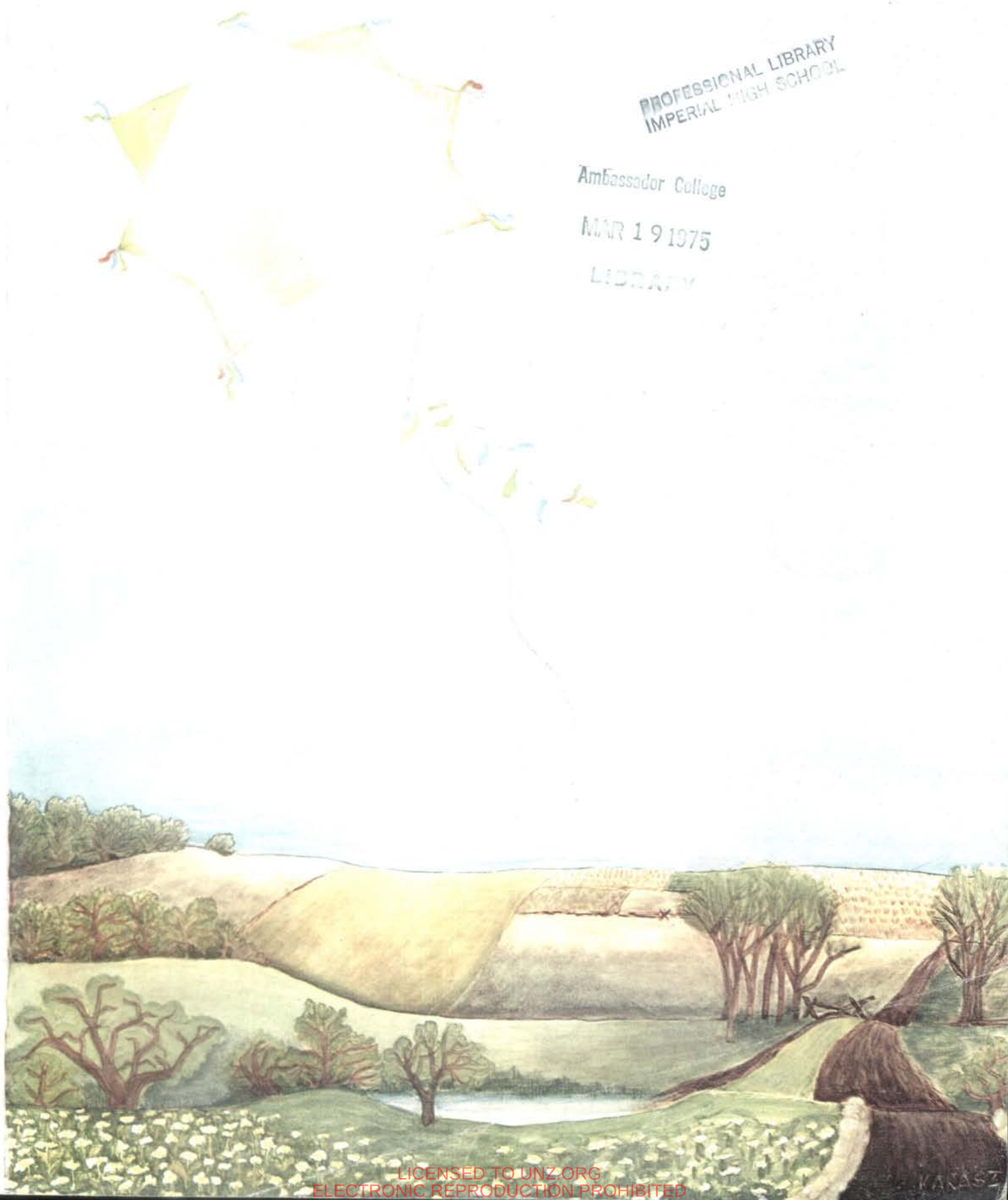
NEW YORKER

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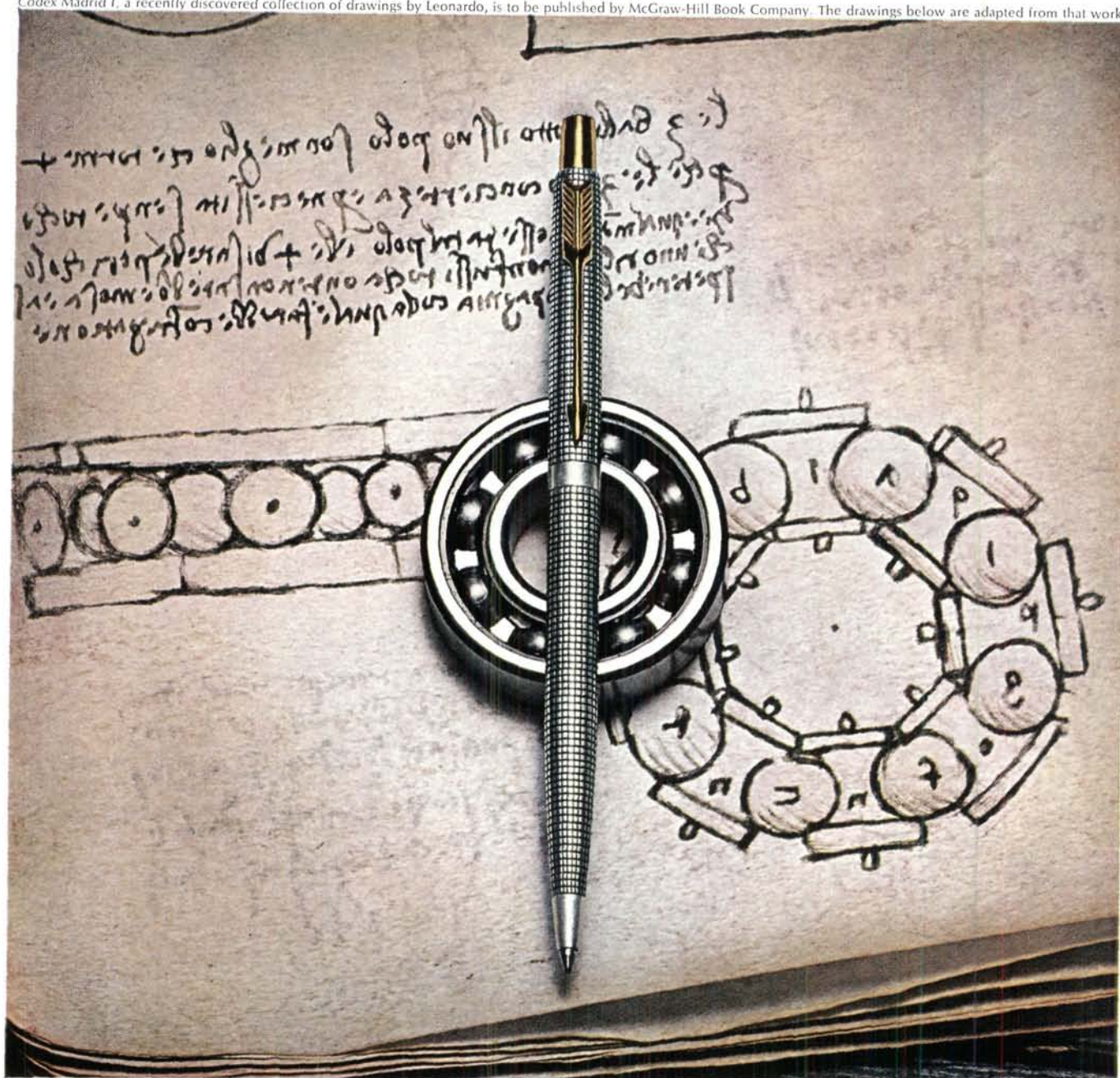
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AINT SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AND THEY PUT HANDCUFFS ON THE FLOWERS—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

ANNA K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

DIFFERENT TIMES—To bill this fatuous compendium of sentimental clichés as "a family musical" is to strike still another blow at family life. Written, composed, and directed by Michael Brown. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dramatic Vernetta Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-0820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T PLAY US CHEAP!—A musical written and directed by Melvin Van Peebles, with Mabel King and Avon Long. Previews Friday through Monday, May 12-15. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 16. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FREDERICK DOUGLASS... THROUGH HIS OWN WORDS—Adapted by Arthur Burghardt and Michael Egan from the writings of the nineteenth-century black leader. The final show of the season by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The final production of the season is a revival of the Porter-Fields-DeSylva **DU BARRY WAS A LADY**. (Master, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

AN EVENING WITH RICHARD NIXON AND...—Gore Vidal is a merciless satirist and a very funny one. Nixon, John F. Kennedy, Eisenhower, and a number of other public figures get their what-fors in a brilliant production by Hillard Elkins. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM—Funny clowns and pretty girls in an admirable revival of the musical about a Rome unknown to Gibbon or, indeed, to Romans. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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nees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GLICKL HAMELN DEMANDS JUSTICE—A four-week engagement of Max Bauman's play, presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. (Kaminska Art Theatre, 123 E. 55th St. 751-8224. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

GREASE—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

HARD JOB BEING GOD—A rock musical by and with Tom Martel. Staged by Bob Yde. Previews Wednesday through Sunday, May 10-14. Opens officially on Monday, May 15.

(Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HEATHEN—A musical with a book by Robert Helpmann and music by Eaton Magoon, Jr. The cast, directed by Lucia Victor, is headed by Yolande Bavan, Edward Rambeau, and Russ Thacker. Previews Saturday through Wednesday, May 13-17. Opens officially on Thursday, May 18. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

KADDISH—A gloomy, non-dramatic adaptation of Allen Ginsberg's poem. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LOST IN THE STARS—A musical about how bad things used to be between blacks and whites in South Africa. Written by Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson twenty years ago and topical because things are now, if anything, worse. Well sung by Brock Peters and a big cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT WATCH—A thriller with a splendid trick

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	29
"HORSE SENSE ON THE GELID PLANET"	Mark Halliday 34
"PEOPLE IN A DIARY" (PART I)	S. N. Behrman 36
"RAIN" (POEM)	Deborah Deutschman 38
"HOME" (POEM)	Charles Simic 44
THE THEATRE	Brendan Gill 99
OFF BROADWAY	Edith Oliver 99
THE RACE TRACK	Andax Minor 102
THE CURRENT CINEMA	Penelope Gilliatt 104
LETTER FROM LONDON	Mollie Panter-Downes 108
MUSICAL EVENTS	Winthrop Sargeant 112
LETTER FROM VIETNAM	Robert Shaplen 114
BOOKS	John Updike 135
BRIEFLY NOTED	144

COVER: Ilonka Karasz

DRAWINGS: J. B. Handelsman, William Steig, Charles Barsotti, Frank Modell, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Ton Smits, Eldon Dedini, Mort Gerberg, Dana Fradon, Ed Fisher, Charles Addams, Robert Day, Herbert Goldberg, George Booth, Al Ross, Robert Weber

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'Ultima' II—Charles Revson



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



ending but with many a carelessly scattered red herring along the way. Joan Hackett is the seemingly nerve-wracked heroine. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PERSIA, A DESERT CHEAPIE—An outlandish, intrusive, and thoroughly tiresome put-on by the Playhouse of the Ridiculous. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PROMENADE, ALL!—Several generations in the family of a button manufacturer. Doesn't sound promising, but Hume Cronyn, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Richard Backus bring it off in merry style. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and AFTER MAGRITTE—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Carrie Nye, Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—An excellent revival of Arthur Miller's *THE CRUCIBLE*. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 3.)...
At the Forum, in the same building: SUGGS, a clever new play by David Wiltse, with William Atherton. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 20.)

SMALL CRAFT WARNINGS—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-3240. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

STICKS AND BONES—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SUGAR—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON—This extremely well-written and important tragi-comedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TWIGS—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—Lots of good-looking

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young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WALK TOGETHER CHILDREN—Vinnie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE WATER HEN—A play by the late Polish playwright Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Arlene Dahl. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict, and Pamela Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARGOLDS: What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wise-cracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 14.)...
FOLLIES: A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...
GOODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)...
LENNY: An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. The brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...
JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: 1,789 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)...
THE FANTASTICKS: 5,006 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)...
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: 3,184 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)...
HAIR: 1,692 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)...
NO, NO, NANETTE: Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W.

246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OH! CALCUTTA! A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST: Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)...
THE PROPOSITION: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)...
SLEUTH: Paul Rogers and Brian Murray in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—
 Wednesday, May 10, at 8: "Apollo," "Prodigal Son," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."...
 Thursday, May 11, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony."...
 Friday, May 12, at 8: "Watermill" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...
 Saturday, May 13, at 2: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...
 Saturday, May 13, at 8: "Chopiniana," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "PAMTGG."...
 Sunday, May 14, at 1: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering."...
 Sunday, May 14, at 7: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "The Cage," and "Episodes."...
 Tuesday, May 16, at 8: "Jewels."...
 Wednesday, May 17, at 8: "La Source," "Watermill," and "Western Symphony."...
 Thursday, May 18, at 8: "Who Cares?," "Donizetti Variations," and "The Concert."...
 Friday, May 19, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes."...
 Saturday, May 20, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Concert," and "Who Cares?"...
 Saturday, May 20, at 8: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

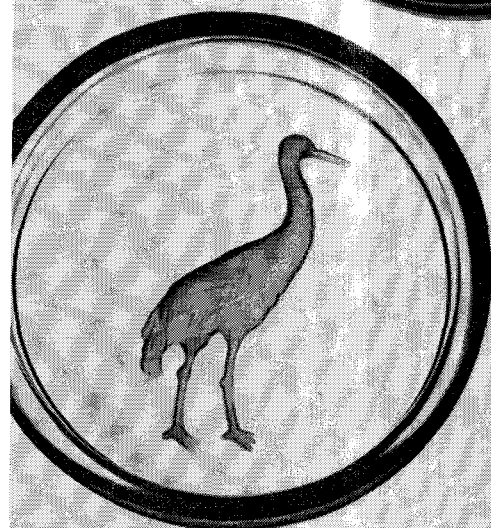
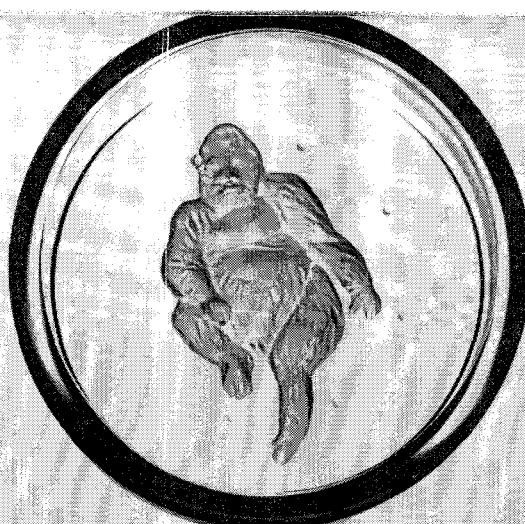
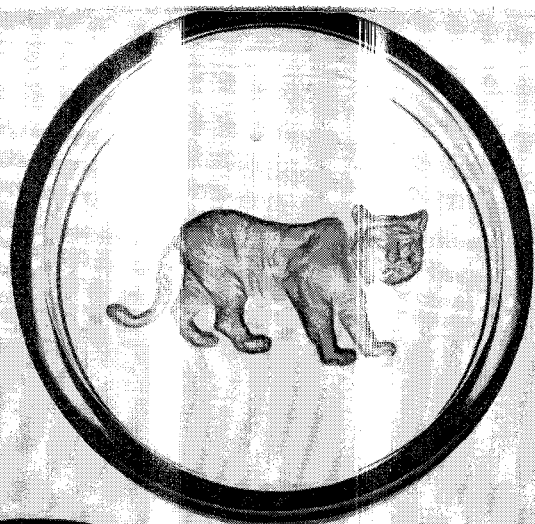
ROYAL BALLET—Wednesday matinee and evening, May 10, and Thursday and Friday evenings, May 11-12: "The Sleeping Beauty."...
 Saturday matinee and evening, May 13; Monday evening, May 15; and Wednesday matinee, May 17: "Giselle."...
 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 16-17: "Poème de l'Extase" (American premiere), "Dances at a Gathering," and Act III of "Raymonda."...
 Thursday and Friday evenings, May 18-19, and Saturday matinee and evening, May 20: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2. Through Saturday, June 3.)

LES GRANDS BALLETS CANADIENS—A four-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by "Ceremony" on Wednesdays and Thursdays and at the Friday and Saturday early shows, and by "Hip and Straight" at the Friday and Saturday late shows and Sunday matinees. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8980. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

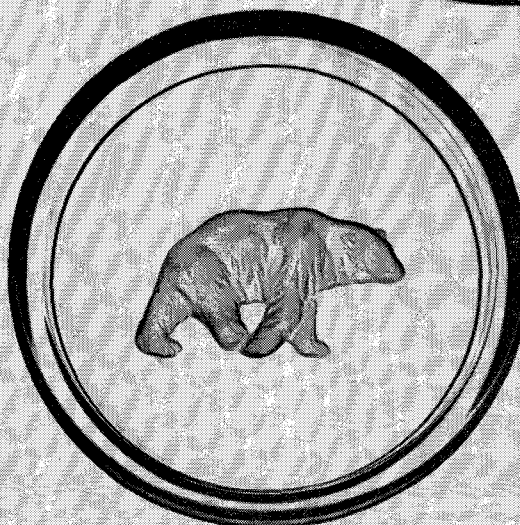
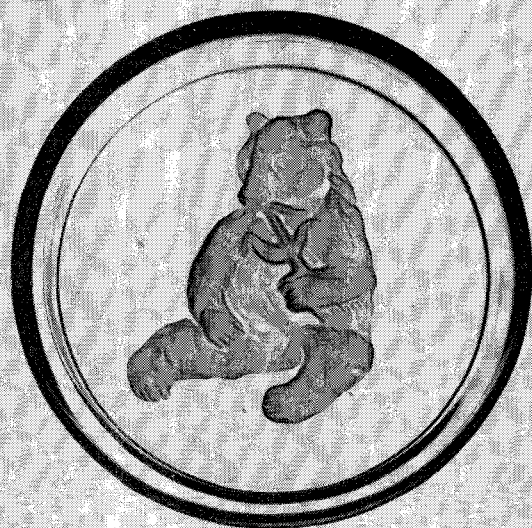
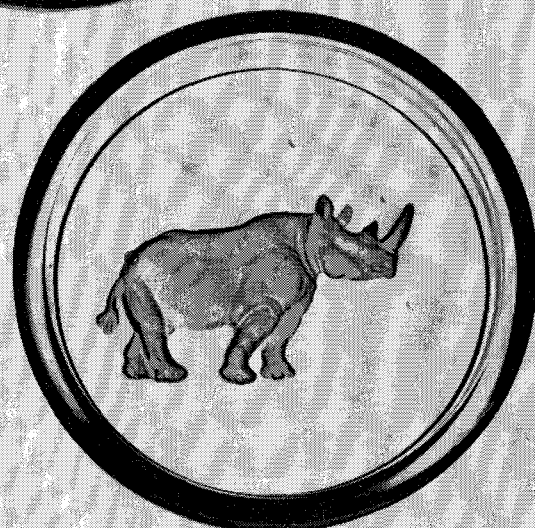
JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Four benefit performances. Wednesday, May 17, and Friday, May 19, at 8: A program of works by Doris Humphrey. ...
 Thursday, May 18, and Saturday, May 20, at 8: A program of works by Anna Sokolow, José Limón, and Doris Humphrey. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Need anything more be said? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. be-



Mankind
is on the verge
of another
devastating success:



We've a list of birds and beasts whose total destruction we've almost accomplished. It appalls the thinking mind. But we are becoming aware of the jeopardy in which we've placed these creatures. Val St. Lambert, in cooperation with Sakowitz, has designed and manufactured a set of elegant crystal coasters with portraits in intaglio of six of the endangered species: the Mountain Gorilla, Black Rhinoceros, Polar Bear, Giant Panda, Whooping Crane and

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Sakowitz

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tween 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays at 12:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of a hockey playoff, the evening performance on Thursday, May 11, may be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 29. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Bette Midler, a "Fiddler On the Roof" veteran, will be doing vocals through Monday, May 15. Anne Murray, who can sing pop, rock, folk, or what have you, arrives Wednesday, May 17. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Pianist Kenny Barron will lead a trio Wednesday, May 10. Ray Bryant will do similarly Thursdays through Sundays. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Pianist Duke Jordan heads a duo through Saturday, May 13. Starting Tuesday, May 16, Mike Abene will be at the piano, accompanied by a bassist. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violinist substitute for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four, bassist Earl May heads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. On Sundays, from eight to two, guitarist Roland Prince leads a duo. On Mondays, from eight to two, pianist Nat Davis works with a bassist.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Eddie Heywood, a genial pianist, is doing his usual crowd-pleasers, characterized by that rockaby left hand. He plays from eight until one every night but Sunday, when (from seven to midnight) Dick Hyman succeeds to the Steinway. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

FIDDESTIX, 1487 First Ave., at 77th St. (RE 4-9777)—An unpretentious spot that is helping to foster the current expansion of jazz into the upper East Side. Various musicians will drop in through Sunday, May 14. Charles Mingus's Jazz Workshop, a sextet, starts Tuesday, May 16. No music Mondays. Italian food.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Singer Henry Gross and a group named Razmataz will occupy the stage through Monday, May 15. The Joanne Cameron band and two outfits called Thulandra and Moogie & the Rhythm Kings start Wednesday, May 17. On Tuesdays, visiting performers drop in.

GASLIGHT II, 116 Macdougall St. (674-2580)—Dave Bromberg, Dave Buskin, and Raun McKinnon will sing for the folks through Sunday, May 14. Mike Seeger (brother of Pete) comes in on Thursday, May 18, together with two girls known as The Act. The beverages are nonalcoholic.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A new, warm little corner in which Ellis Larkins displays his long-perfected piano technique, in company with a bassist, every night but Sunday. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Wednesday through Saturday, May 10-13, and Tuesday through Saturday, May 16-20, guitarist Carl Thompson and bassist Bill Crow will trade sets with Bucky Pizzarelli.

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Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The J.P.J. quartet, propelled by Budd Johnson's lyrical soprano and tenor saxes, will be here through Sunday, May 14. Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Closed Mondays. Some Italian dishes.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Tuesday, when Jim Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Thursday through Sunday, May 11-14, a bunch of bluegrass people named the Country Gentlemen will perform. On Wednesday, May 17, Pearls Before Swine will start a gig. On the same bill will be Sandy Bull, who gets an East-West sound out of oud, guitar, and various other instruments. Mondays and Tuesdays are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters, after which (from midnight to two) people may dance to records. Drinks and snacks.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. On Thursday, May 11, Nina Sheldon will sing at the piano. Friday through Sunday, May 12-14, a group called Jus Makin It will play. Black on Black opens Friday, May 19. Music from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

PHILHARMONIC CAFÉ, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-7000)—Suitable for after-concert dining and drinking but also convenient for passersby. Through Saturday, May 13, Gene Bertocini, a persuasive jazz guitarist, will be doing a solo from nine-thirty until midnight. Then there will follow a long summer of silence. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Roy Haynes, master of drums, will direct his quintet through Sunday, May 14. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—

Pianist Charles Earland is leading a sextet, alternating with an accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein. On Monday, May 15, from nine until three, the Gate—on its fifteenth birthday—will hold a special affair involving pianist David Amram, guitarist-accordionist Sivuca, and other musicians. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Charles Mingus's powerful twenty-piece band, a smooth and precise machine, will be on the stand through Sunday, May 14. Pianist McCoy Tyner brings in his rapid-fire quartet on Tuesday, May 16. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, which recently returned from its successful Russian campaign.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Michael Fleming Mondays through Wednesdays, and by other musicians Thursdays through Sundays.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, May 14, Herb Hall will sit in on clarinet. People may dance to the jazz. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unrelentingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live performers do pop songs with a hard sell: through Saturday, May 13, the Pastor Brothers; beginning Monday, May 15, Clint Holmes and the Bacchanal. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

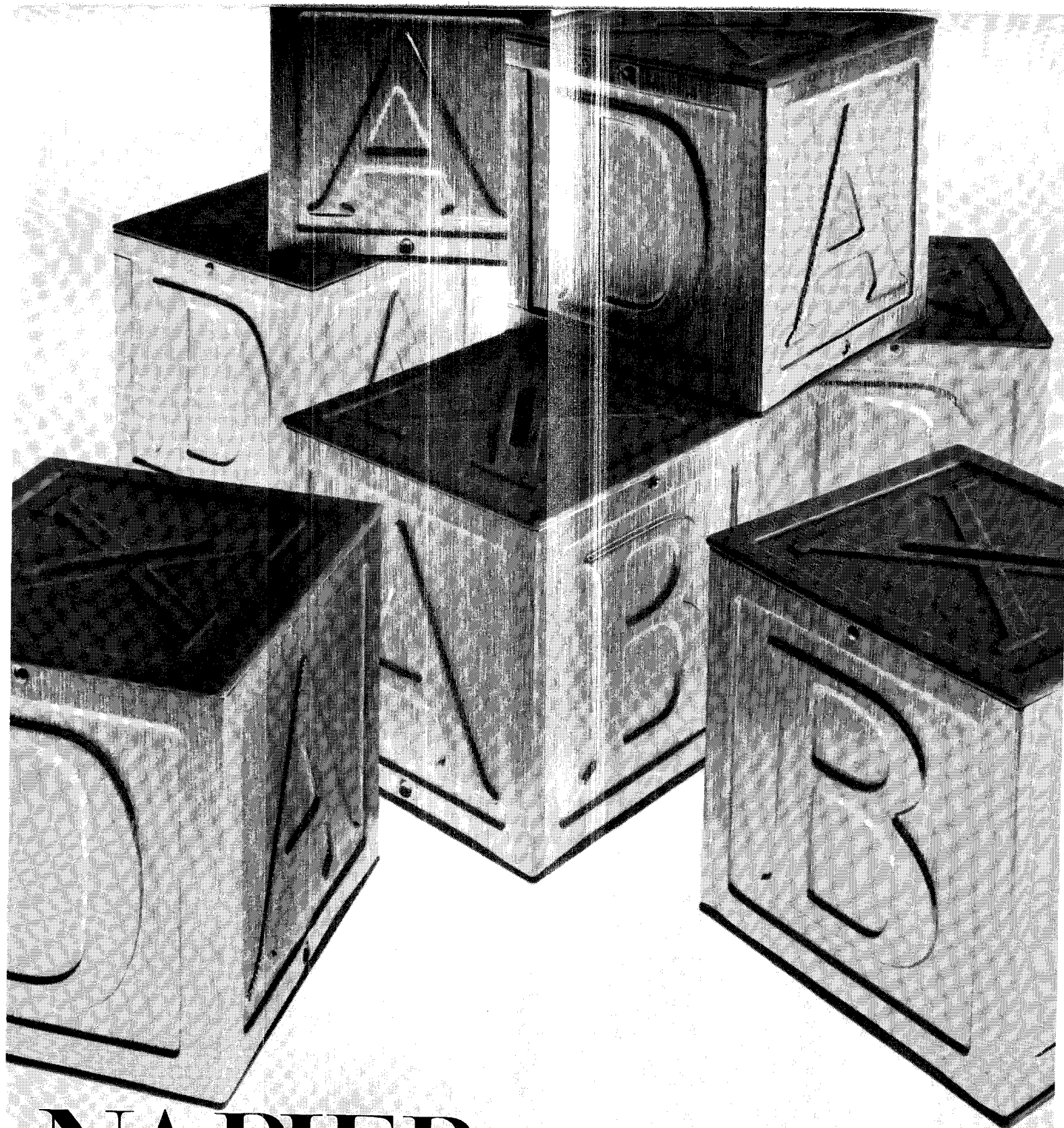
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speech-making starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Of all the postprandial speakers who enter into entangling alliances with their own words, Irwin Corey is still the best, and the one conscious humorist of the lot. Alice Whitfield does the singing. Their final night will be Saturday, May 13. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty weekdays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturday.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Dinner. No Sundays.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—John C. Attle, who takes it into his head to put a song into everyone else's, sings and stamps his heels in the second-floor Blue Room Cabaret Fridays through Tuesdays at ten and eleven. Pianist Michael Tschudin leads the high-voltage group that backs him. Drinks and snacks.

PLAZA 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—The revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five and eight on Sundays, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Lettermen, specialists in close harmony, end their stay in the **ROYAL BOX** on Saturday, May 13. On Tuesday, May 16, the Box reopens to accommodate Pearl Bailey, one of our finest trumpeter swans. A Ray Bloch orchestra and Arturo Arturos's band play for dancing.

CHATEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's Boys Town of Spain (senior division, though) when Los Chavales de España, those inveterate romancers, deploy onstage. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, May 17, is the final night for singer Julie Budd and comic Mickey Marvin. Beginning Thursday, May 18, Al Green will do the singing, and Gene Brenner will supply the humor. No nights off.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. (The band is an absentee-landlord proposition.) The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Davidson, a well-brought-up young man and a well-brought-up young singer, finishes his stay in the **PERSIAN ROOM** on Saturday, May 13. Monday, May 15, brings on a group called Kenny Rogers and the First Edition, just in time for the prom season. Shows at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper on Friday and Saturday. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. Additionally, every night but Monday, there is discotheque dancing after ten. ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8070)—Sarah Vaughan will be dispensing songs through Saturday, May 13. On Monday, May 15, the podium will be preempted by the Herbie Mann quintet. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the well-nourished **MAISONETTE**, the showpiece at dinner and supper is George Shearing's piano. George Cort's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. ¶ **LA BOITE** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Louis Sarkozi. Closed Sundays. ¶ Mabel Mercer, om-

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budswoman to all who have ever played at love, sings—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine every night but Sunday and Monday. She is assisted by the impeccable piano of Buddy Barnes.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Friday, May 12, Tony Bennett, who gives his ballads the all-stops-out *vor humana*, puts himself on display in the **EMPIRE ROOM**, where he will be a dinner and supper guest. The dance music issues from Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ¶ **DUNCAN'S**, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. ¶ **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. ¶ **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. ¶ **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Another Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. ¶ **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 800 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ¶ **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddlededee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. ¶ **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. ¶ **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. ¶ **RUBY FOO**, 240 W. 52nd St. (541-9230): A little Shanghai, a little Peking, and quite a lot of Danny Apolinar, who commands attention with true Broadway style and grace each time he sits at the piano and sings, which he does, in the lounge, Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scul-

lery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. ¶ **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one. ¶ **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. ¶ **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. ¶ **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Ronny Whyte and his piano are in evidence from nine to one-thirty. No music Sundays. ¶ **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard graduate student Ray Onley. Closed Sundays. ¶ **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, one of them, Murray Grand, appears Wednesdays through Sundays in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. ¶ **LA BIBLIOTHEQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. ¶ **LA BIBLIOTHEQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This book-stall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. The John Adamo trio plays from nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. ¶ **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of tablehopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. ¶ **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. ¶ **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. ¶ **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six to one, though not on Sundays or Mondays. ¶ **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ROBERT ADLER—Paintings of New England landscapes, plus figures and interiors; starting Saturday, May 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

ZOE APOSTOLIDES—Blotted Abstract Expressionist acrylics and watercolors; through Saturday,

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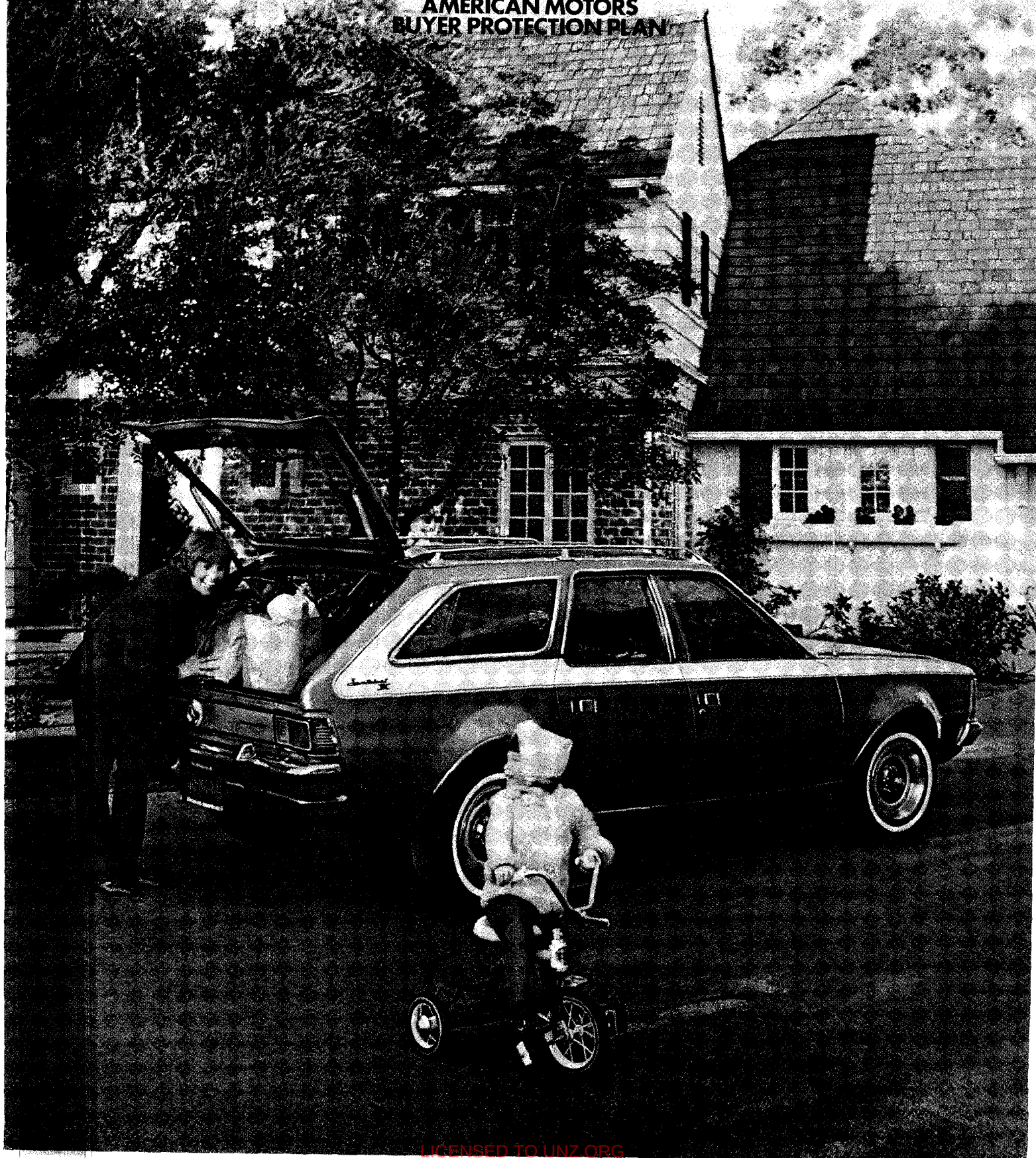
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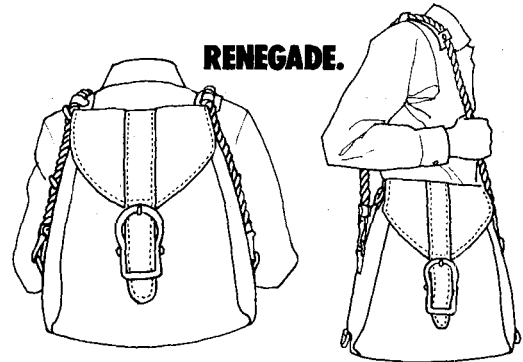
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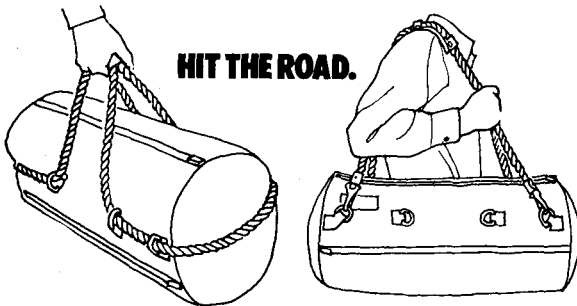
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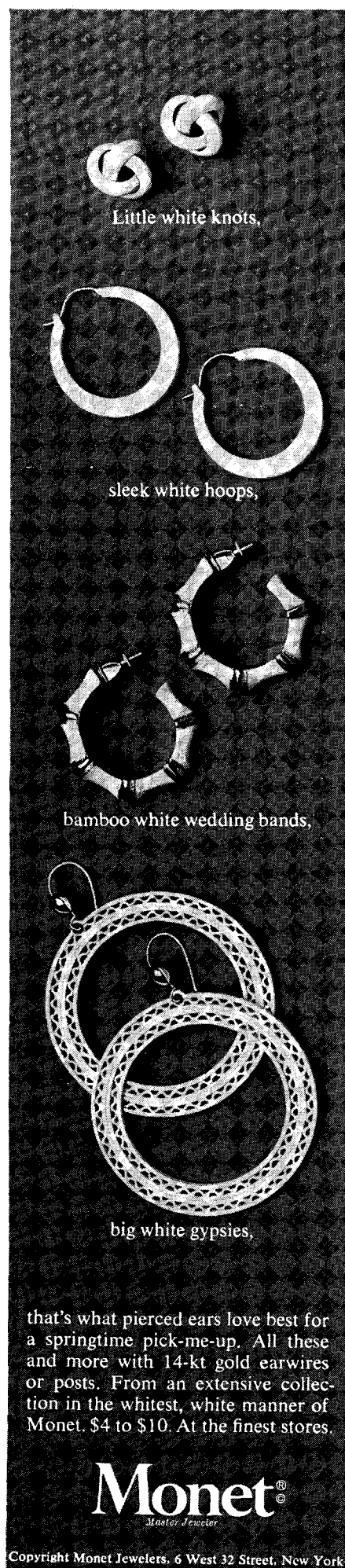
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

- May 20. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ANNE ARNOLD / SALLY DRUMMOND**—Oversize domestic animals of polyester resin and plywood. / Paintings by an artist who creates tone surfaces by means of dots of color. (Fischbach, 20 W. 57th St. Through Wednesday, May 17. Closed Mondays.)
- JEAN ARP** (1887-1966)—Thirty sculptures, four paintings, and drawings and graphics dating from 1927 to the year of his death; starting Tuesday, May 16. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
- JO BAER**—White canvases with colored edges; through May 24. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)
- JOHN BATTENBERG**—Cast-aluminum and bronze sculptures representing details of the oil spill on the West Coast and objects of daily life; through May 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)
- ROSEMARIE BECK**—Paintings on a mythological theme by a figurative artist; through June 3. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)
- CAMILLE BOMBOIS** (1883-1970)—A memorial exhibition of this twentieth-century "naive" painter of landscapes, nudes, and circus figures; through Saturday, May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)
- KEN BOWMAN**—Constructions based on photographs of America in the early part of this century; through May 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ALEXANDER BROOK**—Landscapes, figure studies, and still-lives of the twenties and thirties by one of America's foremost realists; through Saturday, May 20. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)
- CHARLES BURCHFIELD** (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)
- JOHN BUTTON**—Landscapes and male nudes; through Thursday, May 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ALEXANDER CALDER**—A show of twenty-six handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through May 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)
- GIORGIO CAVALLON**—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist; through Saturday, May 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)
- MARC CHAGALL**—Paintings and gouaches from 1969 to the present; through Saturday, May 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LILY CUSHING** (1909-69)—A hundred and fourteen Impressionistic landscapes, flowers, and portraits; through Saturday, May 20. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)
- SALVADOR DALI**—About thirty paintings, plus four large "holograms," which create a three-dimensional effect through the play of light; through Saturday, May 13. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)
- JOSÉ DE RIVERA**—A show of twelve constructions in stainless steel and aluminum which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through June 3. (Borge-nicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LADDIE JOHN DILL**—Sculptures made of cement, glass, sand, and wood; through Saturday, May 20. (Sonabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)
- JOSEF DRAPELL**—Huge canvases with thick layers of pigment; through May 25. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LEONARD DWORIN**—Kinetic light works; through Sunday, May 14. (Flatsfixed, 453 West Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)
- JANE EAKIN**—Realistic still-lives and landscapes by an American who works in Europe; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, May 13. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- SOREL ETROG**—Bronze and marble sculptures of interlocking machinelike forms; through Saturday, May 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)
- PHILIP EVERGOOD**—Recent paintings by a social realist and fantasist; through June 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LYONEL FEININGER** (1871-1959)—Twenty water-
- colors and twenty-two drawings; through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- GERTRUDE FISKE** (1878-1961)—Figures and landscape paintings in an Impressionist mode by a New Englander; starting Saturday, May 13. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)
- SUZI GABLIK**—Collage-paintings of visionary landscapes; through May 26. (Dintenfuss, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LEON GOLDIN**—Abstract New York cityscapes in oil and gouache; through Saturday, May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)
- JAN GROTH**—Tapestries with white chalklike lines on a black ground; first show here by this Norwegian artist. Through Saturday, May 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ALLAN HACKLIN**—Abstract paintings by an artist who lives in California; starting Saturday, May 13. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)
- DAVID HOCKNEY**—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lives by this British artist; starting Saturday, May 13. (Enmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- WINSLOW HOMER** (1836-1910)—A benefit exhibition of more than a hundred paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering all phases in the career of this American landscapist; through June 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)
- RALPH HUMPHREY**—Shaped canvases with a large figure that echoes the edge; through May 23. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)
- ALFRED JENSEN**—Recent paintings of checkerboards of thick color with arcane references; through June 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LILLIAN KAHNER**—Expressionistic landscapes, figures, and still-lives; through Saturday, May 13. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)
- JOHN KEARNEY**—Animals made of car bumpers; starting Tuesday, May 16. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)
- GYORGY KEPES**—New paintings by a well-known Constructivist; through Saturday, May 20. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JOHN MANNING**—Paintings of upstate New York barns which emphasize gradations of color; through May 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
- GIACOMO MANZÙ**—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through May 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JOAN MITCHELL**—A new series of landscapelike paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through June 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ROBERT MORRIS**—A variety of conceptual materials with some theatrical references. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Through Saturday, May 13.)
- SHOZO NAGANO**—Large shaped canvases composed on the theme of "crystallization;" through May 25. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)
- ISAMU NOGUCHI**—A single abstract sculpture in eight bronze castings of different tones; through June 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JULES OLITSKI**—Recent paintings by this artist known for his spray-gun color fields; through May 24. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- MILTON RESNICK**—The first exhibit in New York since 1964 by a familiar ex-Abstract Expressionist; through May 31. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)
- HERMAN ROSE**—Paintings by an artist who has long specialized in New York cityscapes; through May 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- LESLIE SAALBURG**—Posh interiors, mostly, by this fastidious documenter of bygone elegance; through June 2. (Adam, 21 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)
- ANTONIO SEGUI**—Paintings and drawings on the theme of boats, in an atmosphere of nostalgia; first one-man show here by this Argentine artist. Through May 27. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- SYLVIA SLEIGH**—Realistic paintings, some of which include famous people; through May



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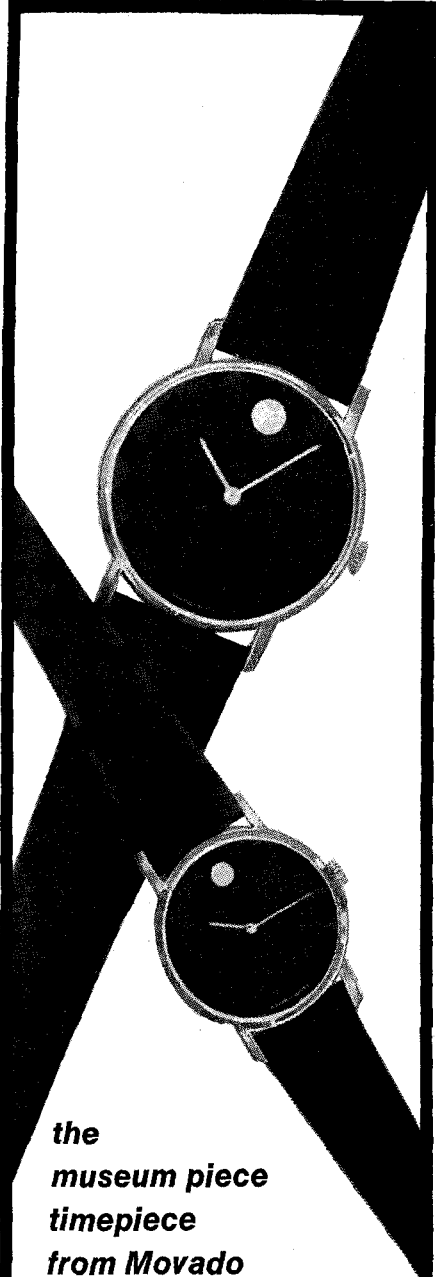
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

27. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—More than a hundred lithographs and etchings done during the past fifty-six years; through Saturday, May 20. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7.)

FREDERIC THURSZ—Heavily textured geometric paintings; through May 31. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Sculptures, some multi-sectioned, in poured pigmented fibre glass; through June 1. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—New paintings by the veteran Abstract Expressionist; through May 31. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

DAVID VON SCHLEGEL—Two huge abstract steel and aluminum sculptures; through Saturday, May 20. (Paley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Nineteen drawings by a leading American modernist; through May 27. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER YOUNG—Lyrical abstractions with mathematical restraints; through Saturday, May 13. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1972 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; starting Thursday, May 11. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 13, from 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by prominent American landscapists; through May 31.

... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A version, including some of the same artists, of the "Degenerate Art" exhibit held in Germany under Hitler; through Saturday, May 20. (Closed Mondays.) ... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: A benefit show of works from the fifteenth century through the twentieth; through June 10. ... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by William T. Wiley, Willard Midgett, Philip Pearlstein, and other gallery artists; through June 30. ... **GIMFEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Collages and sculptures by seven women artists whose medium is needlework; through Saturday, May 20. ... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Twelve young Los Angeles artists never before shown in the East; starting Thursday, May 11. ... **MARLBOROUGH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Bauermeister, Bonnard, Kokoschka, Moore, Pissarro, and Tanguy; through Saturday, May 13. ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of flowers by such gallery artists as Waldo Peirce, Roy Moyer, and Robert Vickrey; through June 2. (Closed Mondays.)

... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Works by two sculptors (Sig Rennels and Paul von Ringelheim) and one painter (Eleanore Mikus); through May 27. (Closed Mondays.)

... **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Woodcuts, etchings, and screen prints by forty artists from thirteen Latin American countries and Puerto Rico, selected from the second Bienalle of Latin American Prints held in San Juan this year; through Wednesday, May 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

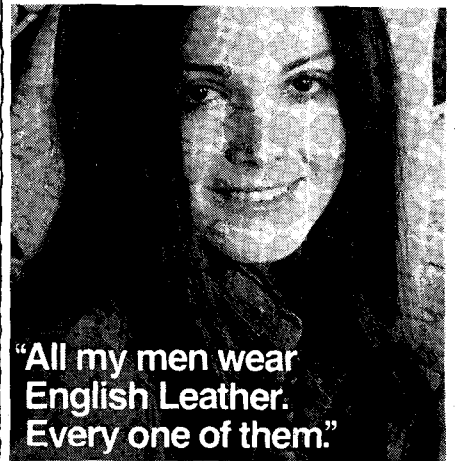
... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: A hundred paintings, drawings, and watercolors by artists of the Barbizon School and their followers; through June 10. (Closed Mondays.)

... **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, objects, prints, and photos by artists exemplifying the theories of "Aesthetic Realism"; through May 31. (Mondays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: The gallery will be divided into cells, in which will be shown photographic and video-tape records by, among others, Vito Acconci, Bill Beckley, Terry Fox, Howard Fried, and Dennis Oppenheim; through May 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Exhibitions by nine artists belonging to the Westbeth community; through May 28. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)

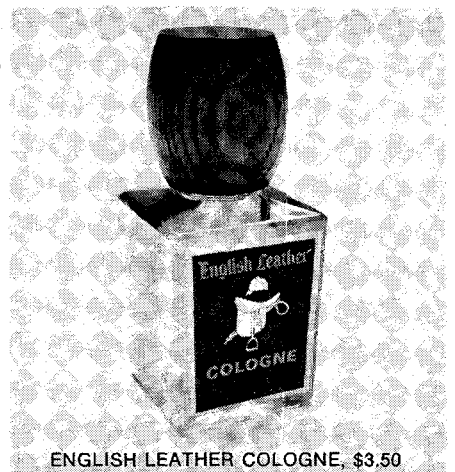
... **WILLARD**, 20 E. 72nd St.: Paintings by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, and others, plus two



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eighteenth-century Japanese screens; through May 27. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. . . .

¶ Seventy-six miniature paintings from a sixteenth-century manuscript, plus decorative objects; through July 4. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eight paintings, angelic in theme, by Emanuel Peire, a contemporary French artist; through May 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); starting Friday, May 12. . . . ¶ Modern-master works by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty-three paintings and twenty-four drawings created over a period of fifty years by Eastman Johnson (1824-1906), one of America's outstanding genre painters; through Sunday, May 14. . . . ¶ About seventy paintings, sculptures, and "environments," constituting a retrospective of the work of James Rosenquist, a leading figure of the Pop movement; through May 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, ink drawings, gouaches, and wire and bronze sculptures by Alexander Calder, related to the artist's miniature "Circus," which is at the Whitney; through June 11. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Hutton Gallery, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . .

¶ Fifty sculptures, the majority of stainless steel, copper, or aluminum, covering forty years of the career of José de Rivera, of New York; through June 8. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Borgenicht Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Paintings by Alma Thomas, a seventy-seven-year-old black artist from Washington, D.C.; through May 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit representing a hundred years of American illustration. Included (for \$1 admission) are eighty original paintings by Norman Rockwell. Through Sunday, May 14. . . .

¶ The new Costume Galleries present fashions dating from 1800 to the present. (Mondays and Tuesdays, 1 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 10 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W., at 79th St.—The alcove in the Hall of Mexico and Central America offers a stunning display of pre-Columbian gold objects from five hundred to twenty-two hundred years old. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—An impressive collection of rugs and other weavings done in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in Persia, Turkey, the Caucasus, and the Balkans; through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Marcel Proust. On display are first editions, proof sheets evidencing his meticulous revisions, literary and personal correspondence, and photographs and portraits. Through June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 20 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 40 W. 53rd St.—A private collection of folk art, ranging from paintings to whirligigs; through Sunday, May 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New



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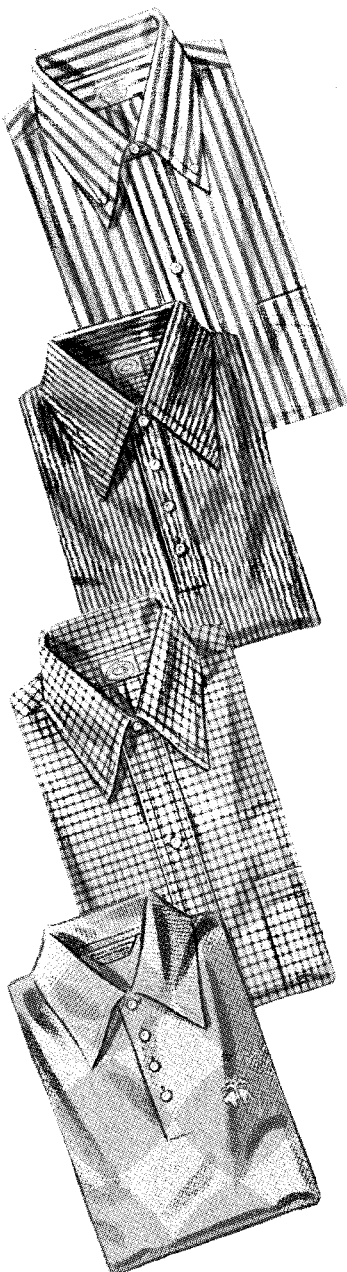
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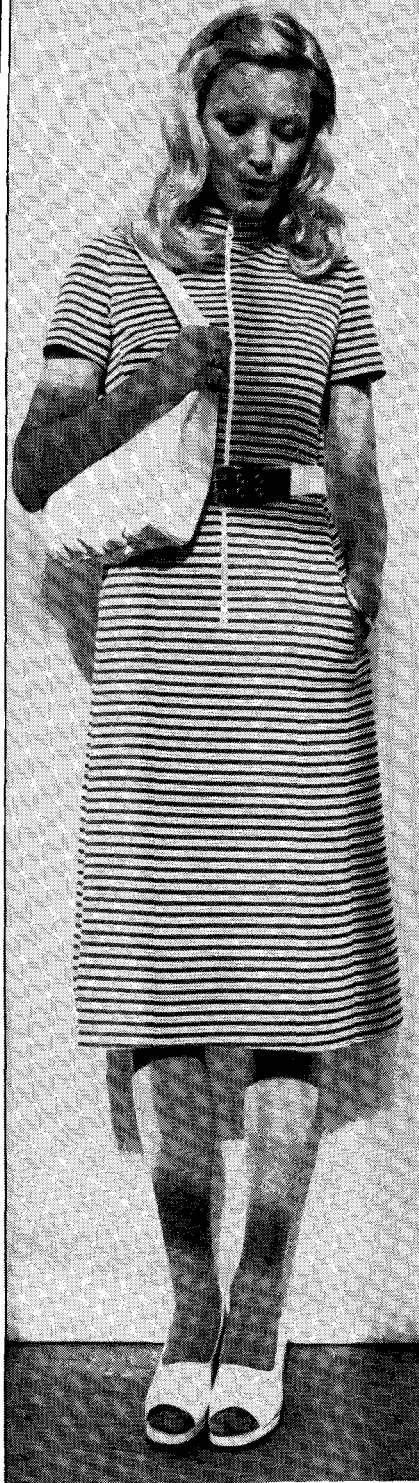
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—About a hundred and ten paintings, drawings, and watercolors constituting a retrospective of the works of the Irish landscape and genre painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957), younger brother of the poet; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over thirty maps spanning a period from the early sixteenth century to the late eighteenth, tracing the progress of exploration and settlement mostly of the North American continent. Of special interest is the first map of New York, published here in 1730. Through June 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Seventy paintings and drawings on autobiographical themes by LeRoy Clarke, an artist from Trinidad now in residence at the Museum; through June 4. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Lorin Maazel conducting the final concerts of the regular season on Thursday, May 11, at 8:30; Friday, May 12, at 2; and Saturday, May 13, at 8:30 (no soloists). An hour before the concert on Saturday, May 13, André Watts will give a half-hour all-Liszt piano recital... **Andre Kostelanetz** conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 10. "Promenade Orientale" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 17-18, and Saturday, May 20, all at 8:30 (with Christiane Eda-Pierre, soprano; John Stewart, tenor; and Yoichi Hiraoka, xylophone); and "Promenade à la Russe" on Friday, May 19, at 8:30 (with Lorin Hollander, piano, and Lorne Munroe, cello).

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—William Steinberg directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 3, with Maureen Forrester, contralto; the women's voices of the Rutgers University Choir; and the St. Thomas Boys Choir. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, May 10, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Howard Shanet conducting, with Felix Galimir, violin; John Graham, viola; and Murray Perahia, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 13, at 8:30. For free tickets, call 280-3550.)

SENIOR CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF LOCAL 802—Emil Kahn conducting, with Adam Silk, violin, and Janis Marshelle Coffman, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, May 14, at 2:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—George Schick conducting an all-Beethoven program, with the Manhattan Trio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, May 17, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Conducted by Van Negrin, Louis Siciliano, and Terrance Frazor. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, May 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

JACKSONVILLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Willis Page conducting, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Mary Lou Wesley Krosnick, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, May 19, at 8.)

"L'ORFEO"—Charlotte Bergen directing a chorus and an orchestra in Monteverdi's opera in concert form, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Richard Shadley, tenors; John Reardon, baritone; and Robert Oliver and Clarke Salonis, basses. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, May 20, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall, Friday, May 12, at 8:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Abraham Kaplan directing. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, May 18, at 8:30.)

"MESSIAH"—Johannes Somary directing the

Festival Orchestra in a performance of Handel's oratorio, with the Horace Mann and Green Farms Academy Glee Clubs. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Friday, May 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

AMIRAM RIGAI—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

NEW YORK BRASS QUINTET—A program of works by Morris Knight. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

HORACIO GUTIERREZ—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 12, at 8.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of all-Beethoven programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 870-5512. Friday, May 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

SUK SOON KIM—Soprano. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Saturday, May 13, at 5:30.)

JAN JOSEF WNEK—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Saturday, May 13, at 8:30.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, May 15, at 8:30.)

MISHA DICHTER—Piano, with members of the Guarneri Quartet, in a benefit concert. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Tuesday, May 16, at 9. For information about tickets, call PL 9-2541.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 20, at 8.)

DANIEL MORGANSTERN—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, May 20, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDE CONCERTS—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 10, at 5:45: **AL CARMINES**, with others... **Wednesday**, May 17, at 5:45: **LIEDERKRANZ OPERA SHOWCASE**.

EDDIE THOMPSON—With Lyn Christie. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Friday, May 12, at 8.)

JAMES GANG AND JAKE JONES—Carnegie Hall, Friday, May 12, at 8.

ELLA FITZGERALD—With the Oscar Peterson and Tommy Flanagan trios. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, May 13, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA—Westbeth Cabaret, 155 Bank St. Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30.

JIMMY GIUFFRÉ AND THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY JAZZ ENSEMBLE—New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Sunday, May 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 598-2116.

LEE MICHAELS—With JoJo Gunne. (Carnegie Hall, Monday and Tuesday, May 15-16, at 8.)

JACQUES KAYAL—Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, May 17, at 8.

VAN MORRISON—With Nils Lofgren & Grin. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday and Thursday, May 10-11, at 8:05... **Mets vs. San Francisco**, Friday, May 12, at 8:05; Saturday, May 13, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 14, at 2:05... **Mets vs. Montreal**, Monday through Wednesday, May 15-17, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 18, at 2:05... **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, May 19, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden, Wednesday, May 10, at 8:40, if necessary.)

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 13.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. Thursday through Saturday, May 11-13.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup Playoffs, Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden, Thursday, May 11, at 8:35, if necessary.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 10, and Saturday, May

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

13.). . . ♣ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 20.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 13. The Toboggan Handicap. Wednesday, May 10, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 13. . . . **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 15, through Saturday, June 17. The Vagrancy Handicap, Monday, May 15, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 20. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 29. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 20. . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 20.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, May 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, May 13-14, at 4. . . . ♣ "The Mikado," Saturday, May 20, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz," (Bil Baird Theatre, 50 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, May 13, at 2:30. . . . ♣ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, May 14, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **KING'S PLAYERS**: "The Adventures of Peter Pan," (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Saturday, May 13, at 1 and 3. . . . ♣ Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, May 20, at 11. Admission is free.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Alliwhishes I. Tickle," (Universalist Church Theatre, 1 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOVIES—"The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, May 13, at 11. Admission is free.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse at Gaspé," (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition of prints and poems by Japanese children; through May 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK**: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark, and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and rabbits. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ♣ At the **BRONX ZOO**: A child's world, where everything is built to size and where the small visitors may pet the rabbits, lambs, and other friendly animals. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—The Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene on Monday, May 15. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ♣ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

FLOWER SHOW—The May Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, May 17, from 12 to 4.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—"Times Square," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, May 14. Meets on the

terrace of the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ♣ Antiques buffs and buyers from the environs display wares they've carted (via car and trailer) to the Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to sundown. . . . ♣ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ♣ The Antiques Flea Fair (York Ave. at 90th St.), a benefit show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6. . . . ♣ The City Center people will be scattering a spring dance festival all around town—staged on various open areas and architectural spaces—starting on Friday, May 12, and running through Tuesday, May 30. The performers will be James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company, the Rudy Perez Dance Theatre, the Elizabeth Keen Company, and the Theatre Workshop of Boston. For daily information about times and places, call 472-1003.

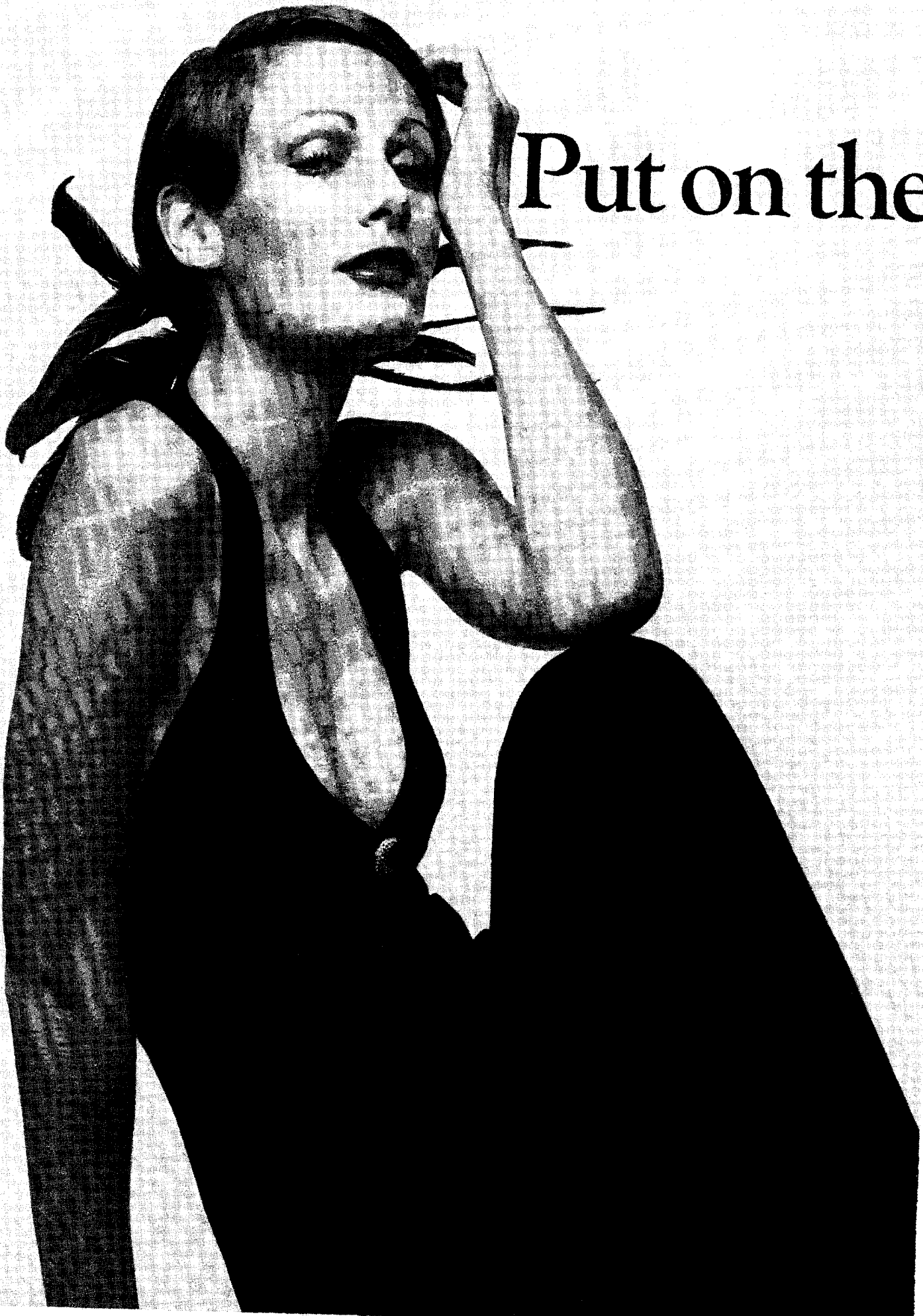
AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday through Friday, May 10-12, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and old-master prints, from the Cranbrook Academy of Arts and from other sources. . . . ♣ Saturday, May 13, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ♣ Tuesday, May 16, at 2: Modern and illustrated books, from a number of sources. . . . ♣ Wednesday, May 17, at 8, and Thursday, May 18, at 2: Old-master paintings and drawings, from the Cranbrook Academy of Arts and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 13. . . . ♣ Thursday, May 18, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and sculptures, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 13.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (1951), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu. . . . ♣ May 11 at 2, 5:30, and 8 and May 12 at 2 and 5:30: Films by Bruce Baillie. . . . ♣ May 13 at noon: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda. . . . ♣ May 13 at 3 and 5:30: Films by Bruce Baillie. . . . ♣ May 14 at 12:30: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray and Robert Armstrong. . . . ♣ May 14 at 3 and May 15 at noon: Films by Bruce Baillie. . . . ♣ May 15 at 5:30: A program of films by Larry Jordan. . . . ♣ May 16 at 2: "Strike" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; no English titles. . . . ♣ May 16 at 5:30: Films by Robert Beavers. . . . ♣ May 17 at 2 and 5:30: Films by Bruce Baillie. . . . ♣ May 18 at 2, 5:30, and 8: Will Rogers films. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through May 11: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946), directed by George Marshall, with Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. . . . ♣ May 12-14: "You and Me" (1938), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sydney and George Raft. . . . ♣ May 17-18: "This Gun for Hire" (1942), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Jacobs, Hanoun, Markopoulos, Jordan, Keaton, Landow, Mekas, Menken, Murnau, Melies, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, Renoir, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays and no 8 o'clock show on May 13. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—May 10: "Choice Chance Woman Dance," directed by Ed Emshwiller. . . . ♣ Starting May 11: Highlights of the 10th Ann Arbor Film Festival. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

NOTE—On Sunday, May 14, there will be a Salute to Israel parade up Fifth Avenue, from 57th Street to 86th Street, starting at 11.

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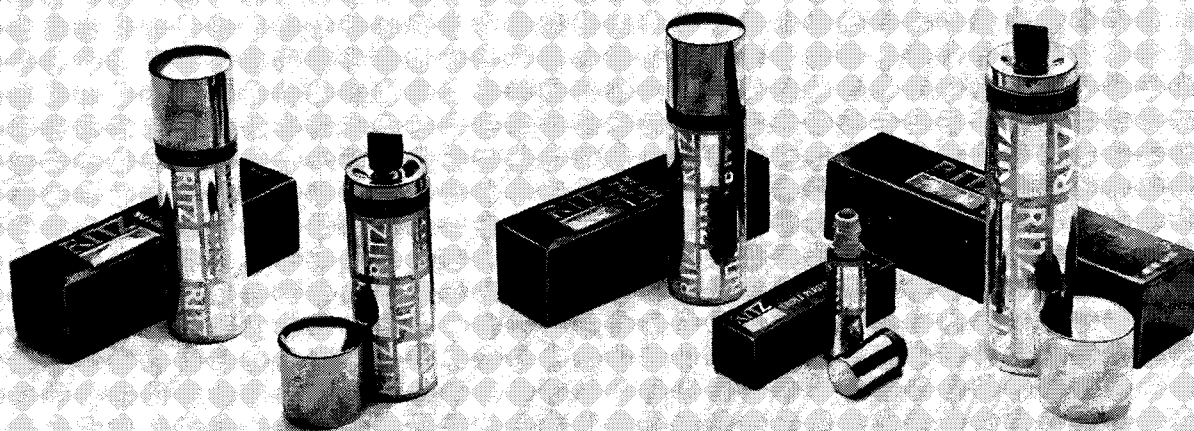
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4 oz. — \$6.50

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART. 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 16: "My Uncle Antoine."
From May 17: "Mary, Queen of Scots" and "Anne of the Thousand Days."
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 13: "Bells Are Ringing" and "Hooray for Love."
May 14-16: "Girl of the Golden West" and "Northwest Outpost."
From May 17: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and "Brigadoon."
ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
May 10: "Little Murders," "The Collector," and "Pretty Poison."
May 11-17: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From May 18: "Repulsion," "Dr. Strange-love," and "Cat Ballou."
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 16: "The Boy Friend" and "Point Blank."
From May 17: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Le Boucher."
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 16: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."
From May 17: To be announced.
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Culpepper Cattle Co."
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Ten Days' Wonder."
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Fritz the Cat."
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 15: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From May 16, at 8: "Fillmore." (Opening night by invitation only.)
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (355-1663)
Through May 15: "The French Connection."
From May 16: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Concert for Bangladesh."
R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Puppet on a Chain."
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through May 14: "Winter Soldier."
From May 15: "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine."
COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"J. W. Coop."
COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Buck and the Preacher."
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"What's Up, Doc?"
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Tomorrow."
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Klute" and "Summer of '42."
JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 16: "They Call Me Trinity" and "C. C. and Company."
From May 17: "Dr. Jekyll & Sister Hyde" and "Blood from the Mummy's Tomb."
JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 16: "Joy in the Morning" and "Going Home."
From May 17: "The Honkers."
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Ten Days' Wonder."
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fritz the Cat."
LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Godfather."
LOEWS CINE, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 16: "Bedroom Mazurka."
From May 17: To be announced.
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 16: "Cool Breeze."
From May 17: "The Legend of Nigger Charley."
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Puppet on a Chain."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Gumshoe" and "Beat the Devil."
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 16: "The Boy Friend" and "Point Blank."
From May 17: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Macanaima."
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 16: "Le Boucher."
From May 17: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 14: "A Face in the Crowd" and "East of Eden."
May 15: "Alice Adams" and "Mary of Scotland."
May 16: "Mary of Scotland" and "The Gay Divorcee."
May 17: "The Gay Divorcee" and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle."

IN BRIEF

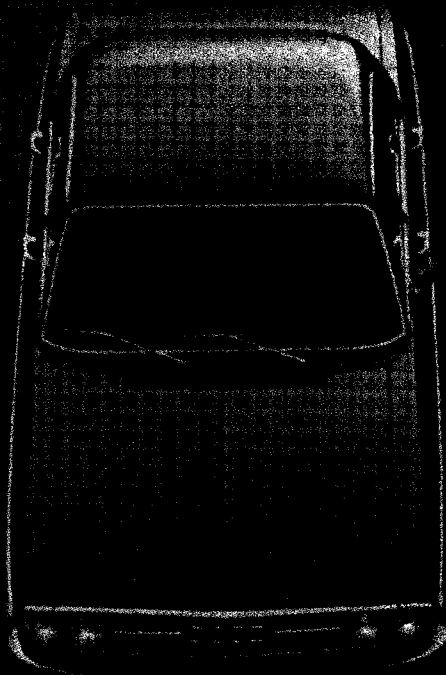
SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Elgin; May 15.)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard

Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Art; starting May 17.)
BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Waverly.)
BEDROOM MAZURKA—With Ann Grete, directed by John Hilbard. (86th St. East and Regency; through May 16.)
BELLS ARE RINGING (1960)—The famous Adolph Green-Betty Comden-Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who is one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she has such obvious brains. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 13.)
BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB—With Andrew Keir, directed by Seth Holt. (Juliet 1 and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 17.)

May 18: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" and "Swing Time."
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 16: "They Call Me Trinity" and "C. C. and Company."
From May 17: "Dr. Jekyll & Sister Hyde" and "Blood from the Mummy's Tomb."
CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 11: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From May 12: "The Vanishing Prairie" and "The Living Desert."
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Play It Again, Sam."
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 16: To be announced.
From May 17: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 16: "The Hot Rock" and "The Sicilian Clan."
From May 17: To be announced.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 16: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."
From May 17: To be announced.
LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"City Lights."
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 16: "The Conformist" and "The Confession."
From May 17: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 16: "Bedroom Mazurka."
From May 17: To be announced.
EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 16: "Le Boucher."
From May 17: "A Man for All Seasons" and "The Pursuit of Happiness."
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 16: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "How to Commit Marriage."
From May 17: "The Hospital" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 11: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "The Roaring Twenties."
May 12-15: "The Love Parade" and "Love Me Tonight."
May 16-18: "How to Marry a Millionaire" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 16: "A Man for All Seasons" and "The Go-Between."
From May 17 (tentative): "Klute" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

LE BOUCHER—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. (Kips Bay... Greenwich and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 16.)
THE BOY FRIEND—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse; through May 16.)
BRIGADOON (1954)—Tartan bought by overseas mail. Dumb musical with singers mincing in and out of the heather. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 17.)
BUCK AND THE PREACHER—With Sidney Poitier



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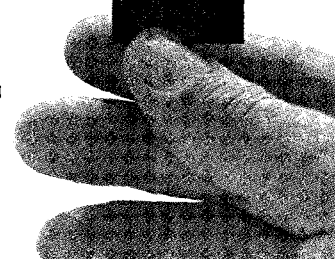
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Harry Belafonte, directed by Poitier. (Columbia II.)

CABARET—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

CAT BALLOU (1965)—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 18.)

C. C. AND COMPANY (1970)—Joe Namath as a motorcycleist, and Ann-Margret as a fashion writer. Directed by Seymour Robbie. (Juliet 1 and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 16.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

THE COLLECTOR (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (St. Marks Cinema; May 10.)

THE CONCERT FOR BANGLADESH—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Coronet.)

THE CONFESSION (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Cinema Studio; through May 16.)

THE CONFORMIST (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Cinema Studio; through May 16.)

COOL BREEZE—A black version of the familiar white man's thriller about a jewel robbery that comes undone through the frailties of the thieves. (But key figures in the setup—including the producer, Gene Corman, and the writer-director, Barry Pollack—are white men, as ever.) The prevailing note is bitten with irony, and the best performances are the sad ones, not the many griping ones that have to cope with speeches about identity. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through May 16.)

THE CULPEPPER CATTLE CO.—With Gary Grimes, directed by Dick Richards. (34th St. East.)

DR. JEKYLL & SISTER HYDE—With Ralph Bates, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (Juliet 1 and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 17.)

DR. STRANGELOVE (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 18.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Murray Hill; through May 16.)

EAST OF EDEN (1955)—The famous, fevered Ka-

zan movie of the Cain and Abel story, from Steinbeck, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Elgin; through May 14.)

A FACE IN THE CROWD (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Elgin; through May 14.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinees Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

FILMORE—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Plaza; starting May 16, at 8.)

THE FRENCH CONNECTION—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Baronet; through May 15.)

FRITZ THE CAT—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Fine Arts and U. A. East.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Little Carnegie; through May 16. . . . Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 17.)

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza; through May 15. . . . Baronet; starting May 16.)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American Romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite for-



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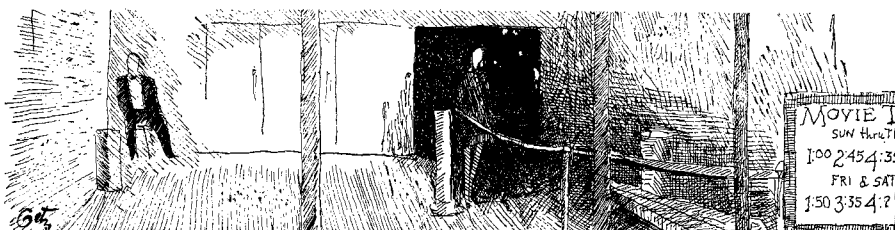
"I was born in Israel on Independence Day, 25 years ago. I am not only a citizen of Israel, I am part of her. The old cities. And the new. The sidewalk cafes of Dizengoff Street. The artist colonies of Jaffa and Safed. I'll show you Tel Aviv, Samaria — or 'Shomron' — as we say in Hebrew. The Galilee. I've camped in the desert. I've lived in a kibbutz. And yet each day, I feel a reawakening. Each day I feel there is a new, a different Israel.

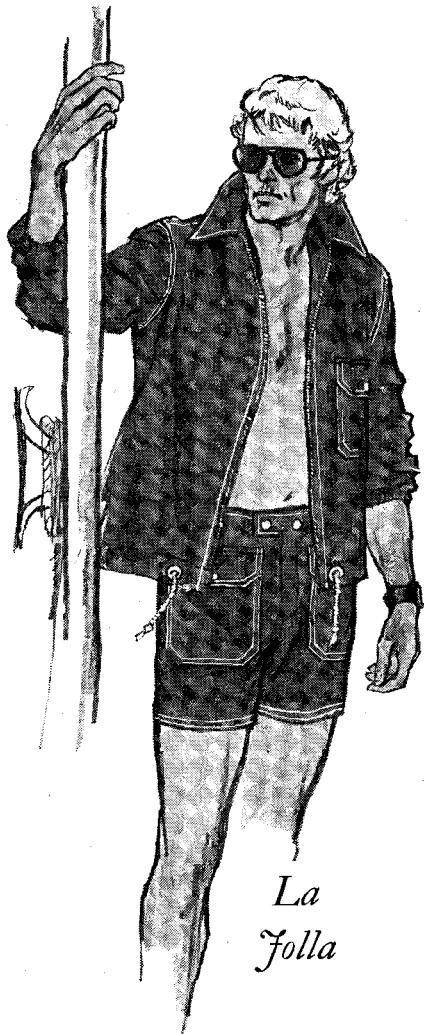
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Elgin; May 16-17.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank Heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Thalia; May 16-18.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Walter Pidgeon—MacDonald being the good girl and Eddy the bandit in this hoary old tale, here produced as a fairly boring musical with a score by Gus Kahn and Sigmund Romberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14-16.)

THE GO-BETWEEN—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1960 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Olympia; through May 16.)

THE GODFATHER—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marion Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

GOING HOME—With Robert Mitchum and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Herbert B. Leonard. (Juliet 2; through May 16.)

GUMSHOE—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad of an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-send-up, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Waverly.)

THE HONKERS—With James Coburn and Lois Nettleton, directed by Steve Ihnat. (Juliet 2; starting May 17.)

HOORAY FOR LOVE (1935)—With Ann Sothorn, Gene Raymond, and Bill Robinson, directed by Walter Lang. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 13.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Murray Hill; through May 16.)

THE HOSPITAL—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hill directed. (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, Festival, Cinema Studio, and Symphony; starting May 17.)

THE HOT ROCK—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Playboy; through May 16.)

HOW TO COMMIT MARRIAGE (1969)—With Bob Hope and Jackie Gleason, directed by Norman Panama. (Symphony; through May 16.)

HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials that we see now. (Thalia; May 16-18.)

JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-deprecation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but

gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. In French. (New Yorker.)

JOY IN THE MORNING (1965)—With Richard Chamberlain and Yvette Mimieux, directed by Alex Segal. (Juliet 2; through May 16.)

J. W. COOP—Cliff Robertson's rather good and unpretentious movie about a rodeo rider, which has a dopey tragic-athlete ending in the Pagliacci vein but also some finely detailed character observation on the way, and an interesting Romanticism of spirit about sport that will presumably pass from our aesthetics in a century or two. (Columbia I.)

KLUTE—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (72nd St. Playhouse... Guild; through May 11... Greenwich; starting May 17... Olympia; starting May 17, tentative.)

THE LEGEND OF NIGGER CHARLEY—With Fred Williamson, directed by Martin Goldman. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting May 17.)

LITTLE MURDERS (1971)—Jules Fieffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (St. Marks Cinema; May 10.)

THE LIVING DESERT (1953)—Walt Disney on the flora and fauna of our Far Western wastelands. Not bad at all. (Guild; starting May 12.)

LOVE ME TONIGHT (1932)—Cut-rate Ziegfeld, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with an expert Rodgers and Hart score. In this one, Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald could be called good only in the most perversely camp way. (Thalia; May 12-15.)

THE LOVE PARADE (1929)—Lubitsch's first true sound film, but he wasn't technically sure enough of himself to give the picture much confidence. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. (Thalia; May 12-15.)

MACUNAIMA—Directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Olympia; through May 16... Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 17.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Elgin; May 15-16.)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS—Mary's story may be a great one, but periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop; it was already a joke back in 1925, when Hal Roach made the comedy "Mary, Queen of Scots." There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Art; starting May 17.)

MCCABE & MRS. MILLER—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Olympia; starting May 17, tentative.)

MY UNCLE ANTOINE—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged

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**GOINGS ON
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with truculence. In French. (Art; through May 16.)

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion.)

NORTHWEST OUTPOST (1947)—Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, et al. in a Rudolf Friml operetta about California cavalymen. The film is a horse, and the horse don't move. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 14-16.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen, incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him kindly enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Music Hall.)

POINT BLANK (1967)—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse; through May 16.)

PRETTY POISON (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (St. Marks Cinema; May 10.)

PUPPET ON A CHAIN—A suspense-adventure film based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Geoffrey Reeve. With Sven-Bertil Taube and Barbara Parkins. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (1971)—The disenchantment of youth, and the hypocrisy of the Establishment. With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey and a good supporting cast (Arthur Hill, Robert Klein, and Ruth White in her last appearance). Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 17.)

REPULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 18.)

THE ROARING TWENTIES (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simple-minded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Thalia; through May 11.)

THE SICILIAN CLAN (1970)—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. There is a fine piece of hijacking in the plot, with a jet making a landing on a New York highway under construction. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. In French. (Playboy; through May 16.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophüls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers R.K.O. pictures.

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The recreations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell), H. C. Potter directed. (Elgin; May 17-18.)

SUMMER OF '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (72nd St. Playhouse... Guild; through May 11... Greenwich; starting May 17.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, Festival, Cinema Studio, and Symphony; starting May 17.)

SWING TIME (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Elgin; May 18.)

TEN DAYS' WONDER—A chic thriller by Claude Chabrol, his first film made directly into English, of fairly unfathomable idiocy and sacrilegious pretensions. Anthony Perkins and Orson Welles have to deal with some quite amazingly dumb lines. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

THEY CALL ME TRINITY—With Terence Hill and Bud Spencer, directed by E. B. Clucher. (Juliet 1 and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 16.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Symphony; through May 16.)

TOMORROW—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE—With Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson, directed by Gordon Davidson. (Cinema II; starting May 15.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (St. Marks Cinema; May 11-17.)

THE VANISHING PRAIRIE (1954)—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his camera crews loose on the great American prairie. (Guild; starting May 12.)

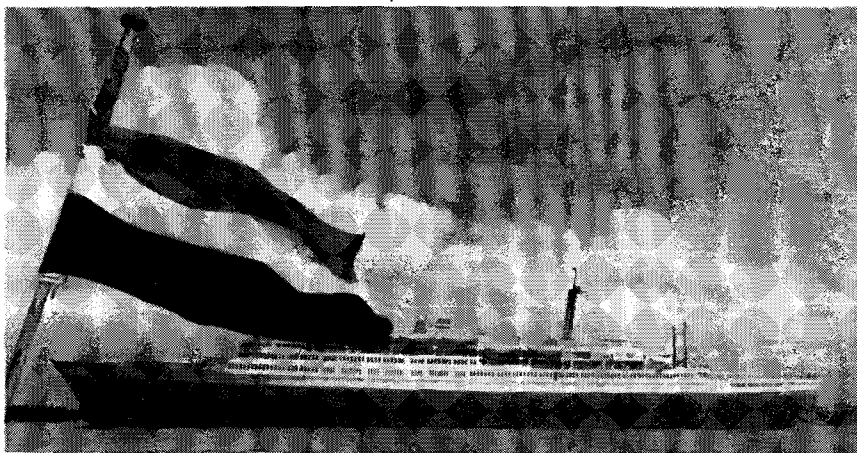
WHAT'S UP, DOC?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Beekman.)

WINTER SOLDIERS—Oral history delivered by veterans of Vietnam at hearings in Detroit in the winter of 1970-71 sponsored by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. (Cinema II; through May 14.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Thalia; through May 11.)

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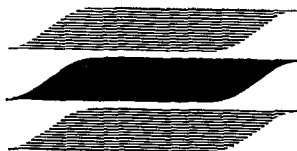
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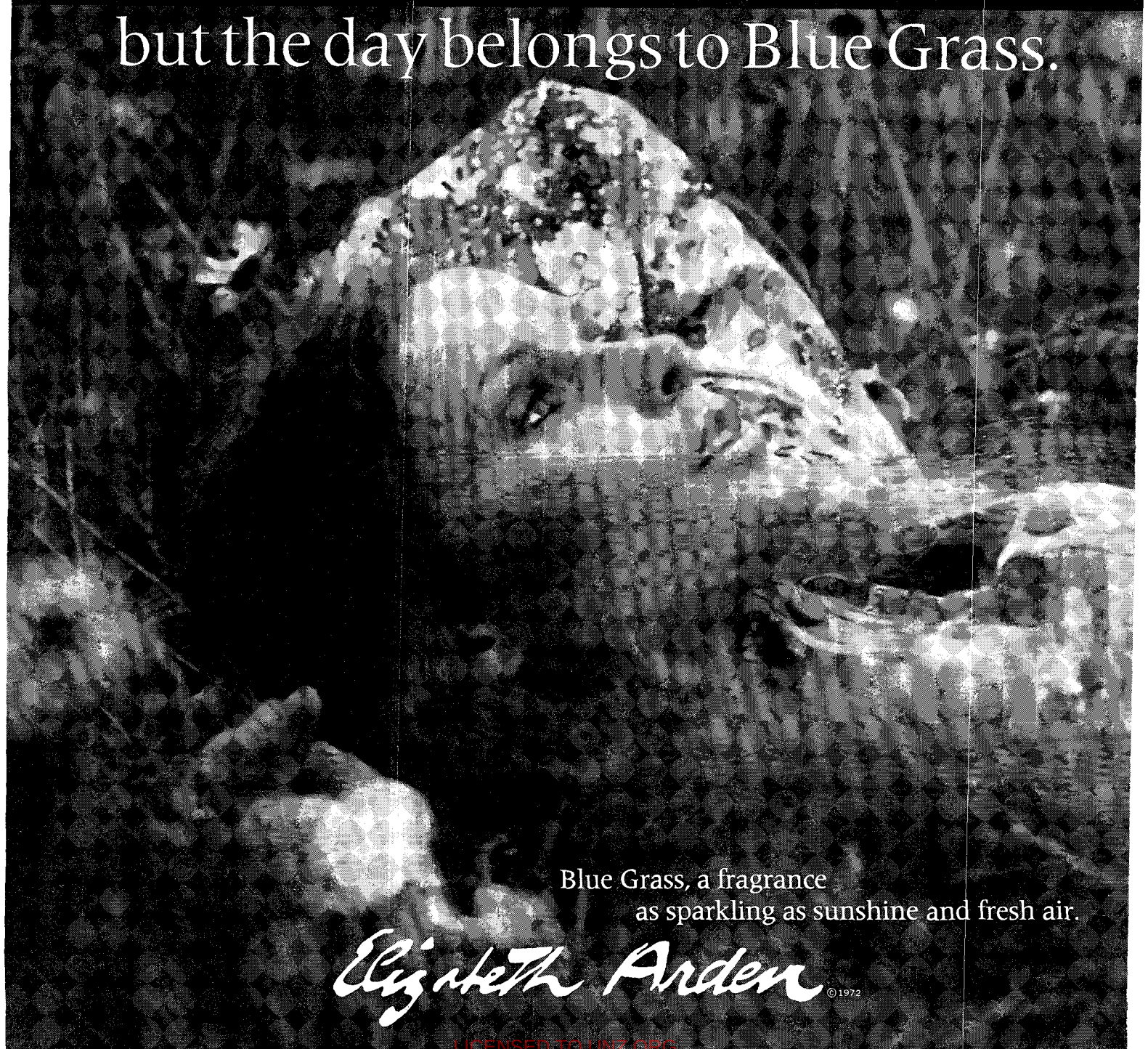
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the United States again draws near to its quadrennial decision about who is to govern the country and how, it strikes us that the dominant note in any sane contemporary political philosophy should be a spirit of conservatism. A conservative is someone who cherishes and wants to protect a people's inheritance, so that it can be passed on undamaged to new generations. In the past, this inheritance was seen, in large part, as consisting of the established political order. In an awed and awesome tribute to the English polity in "Reflections on the Revolution in France," the conservative Edmund Burke wrote, "The people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of improvement. . . . By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of providence are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts, wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, molding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old or middle-aged or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression." But today's conservatives should give their primary allegiance to an establishment much more ancient, more majestic, and more fundamental than a government. They

should give it directly to nature itself. Burke himself paid his respects to nature by envisioning society as patterned after it, but he doubtless never dreamed that nature—the pattern itself—could be threatened. Today, however, we hold a dagger to the very heart of life.

A conservative in our time should first of all learn to cherish and protect nature within us, which is to say our human nature. It is threatened by radiation, which can corrupt the gene pool and destroy the very frame of man, and it is threatened, of course, by the sheer explosive force of nuclear weapons, which, if they were used, would be great enough to kill every human being. Conservatives should also learn to cherish and protect nature outside us—the land, the sea, the air, our plants and animals, or what we call the ecosystem—from industrial pollution and, again, from nuclear war. As Burke saw things, it was an act of intolerable presumption and impudence for any single generation to destroy, by a revolution, an ancient, established order that embodied the accretive wisdom of countless generations and to replace it with a political order based on new and untested ideas of its own. It was to rob one's heirs of their inheritance. But how much more presumptuous he would have found it for a single generation, such as our own, to imagine that its wants and its political causes might conceivably justify our jeopardizing not just our inheritance, political and otherwise, but our inheritors as well—our sons and grandsons and the myriad unborn generations whose hopes and achievements we cannot know. This takes truly colossal arrogance. Is it possible that our generation thinks its

own transient conflicts more weighty than the infinity of the human future?

Yet this arrogance is alive in almost every area of our culture. It dominates our handling of another legacy from the past—our language. Conservatives today should be worried about what is happening to language. Common speech and writing are being drowned out, and the air is choked with voices that hardly seem to come from a human source, speaking words that seem to have been composed by the computers and mimeograph machines they issue from. Today, almost every organization has a well-financed team of experts whose job it is to twist words and facts to suit that organization's momentary needs. We are doing to language what we are doing to our natural inheritance. Our language is the fruit of generations of evolution, but we act as though we had made it up ourselves and were the last people

who would have to use it. Languages and societies both have a natural "fall, renovation, and progression," and we disrupt this with our impatient, self-centered procedures.

A similar impatience is undermining our laws. Here, the organizations in charge of our enormous new military and economic power, and particularly the executive branch of

the government, are the chief source of trouble. Again and again in recent years, they have decided that their supposed needs of the moment—for secrecy, for security, for freedom of action (including freedom from restraint by the public)—are more important than our legal inheritance of rights, so that the law, instead of being a principle of justice that stands above all organizations, including the government,



becomes a weapon in the hands of one branch of the government for punishing its enemies. A spirit of conservatism would be helpful here, too.

It should be plain that a true conservatism today would have nothing to do with what now passes for conservatism in the United States. Our "conservatives" follow Burke in respecting the established *political* order but part ways with him in the deeper matter of respecting the *natural* order. And our political order is not in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world. Far from it. Burke knew that there was something in the natural world, in society and also in ourselves, that was best left to unfold and change of its own accord, without our deliberate intervention. Perhaps this is what he meant by nature. But today we rush in everywhere with schemes of destruction and presumed improvement. With respect to the natural order, we are blind wreckers who have nothing to offer in place of what we tear down. Our most powerful institutions of production and war—and the "conservatives" who give them unquestioning support—are forces of extreme radicalism. They have taken it upon themselves to remake, and perhaps to destroy, the legacy not just of generations but of all time. Burke advised his countrymen to "approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude," and to "look with horror on those children of their country who are prompt rashly to hack that ancient parent in pieces." Today, a true conservatism, rooted in a new-found reverence not just for the political, or even the social, order but for an inheritance so great that we have scarcely noticed it until recently—an inheritance that is all around us, within us, and is, in fact, us—would ask the state and all other human institutions to approach the whole of creation with the same awe and solicitude.

Is it necessary, this week, to add that Vietnam, where we have turned half a nation into a purgatory (one part prison and torture chamber, one part lunatic asylum, one part whorehouse, and the rest a graveyard), where we have made an assault of unprecedented magnitude on the land, and where, in the process, we have damaged our language with propaganda and undermined our own laws, is the place where we Americans are hacking away most vigorously at our parent, the Earth? The South Vietnamese government may be crumbling, and with every defeat it suffers our government increases its threats. If

the South Vietnamese were to fall altogether and our government were to continue on its present course, Vietnam could become the place where we deliver the final—the nuclear—blow.

Brooklyn Ball

ON a recent Saturday evening, we dropped in on the annual ball that the Brooklyn Museum gives to raise funds for itself. The entrance hall was filled with glittering women and handsome men in dinner clothes. We acquired a drink and went up to the Auditorium Court, on the third floor, pausing on the way for a look at the exhibition of American illustration that accompanies the current Norman Rockwell retrospective. We especially liked Maxfield Parrish's cover for the August, 1897, *Scribner's* and Frank C. Herbst's rough "Cowboy," painted for the June, 1924, issue of *Adventure*. In the Auditorium Court, we found more handsome men and glittering women, and—sitting behind a card table in front of a stunning Assyrian bas-relief of a bearded king—Merri Rosenberg. Merri was wearing a pair of jeans and a blue work shirt with a name tag over its pocket, and, while she did not glitter, she had on a pair of round wire-rimmed glasses that occasionally glinted a bit. She was handing out seating lists. Nearby, other kids in blue work shirts were doing other tasks.

Nobody was sitting at our table, so we asked Merri to join us. "Are you with the press?" she asked.

We said yes.

"I want to be a journalist," she said. "It's all I ever think about. I'm almost fifteen. I go to the Berkeley Institute, here in Brooklyn. Our paper is called the *Blotter*, but I call it the *Blobber*. The headlines are offensive, the layout is atrocious, and the content is inane, but, apart from that, it's not too bad for a school paper. I'm assistant editor this year. Of course, I'm only a freshman."

We told Merri that we knew someone who had gone to Berkeley in the

thirties, and that she had taught us a little song about it, and, indeed, about all girls' schools that are called Institutes. It goes like this:

Roodle te toot, roodle te toot,
We are the girls of the Institute.
We don't smoke, and we don't chew,
And we don't go out with the boys
that do.

"Times have changed," Merri said. "We're going coed." She went on to say that the ball had a picnic motif. "That's why we're wearing these clothes. My mother's on the Community Committee, and she volunteered me."

There was food in gaily colored cardboard boxes with handles, and all of it was tightly wrapped in clear plastic, like the snacks on airplanes.

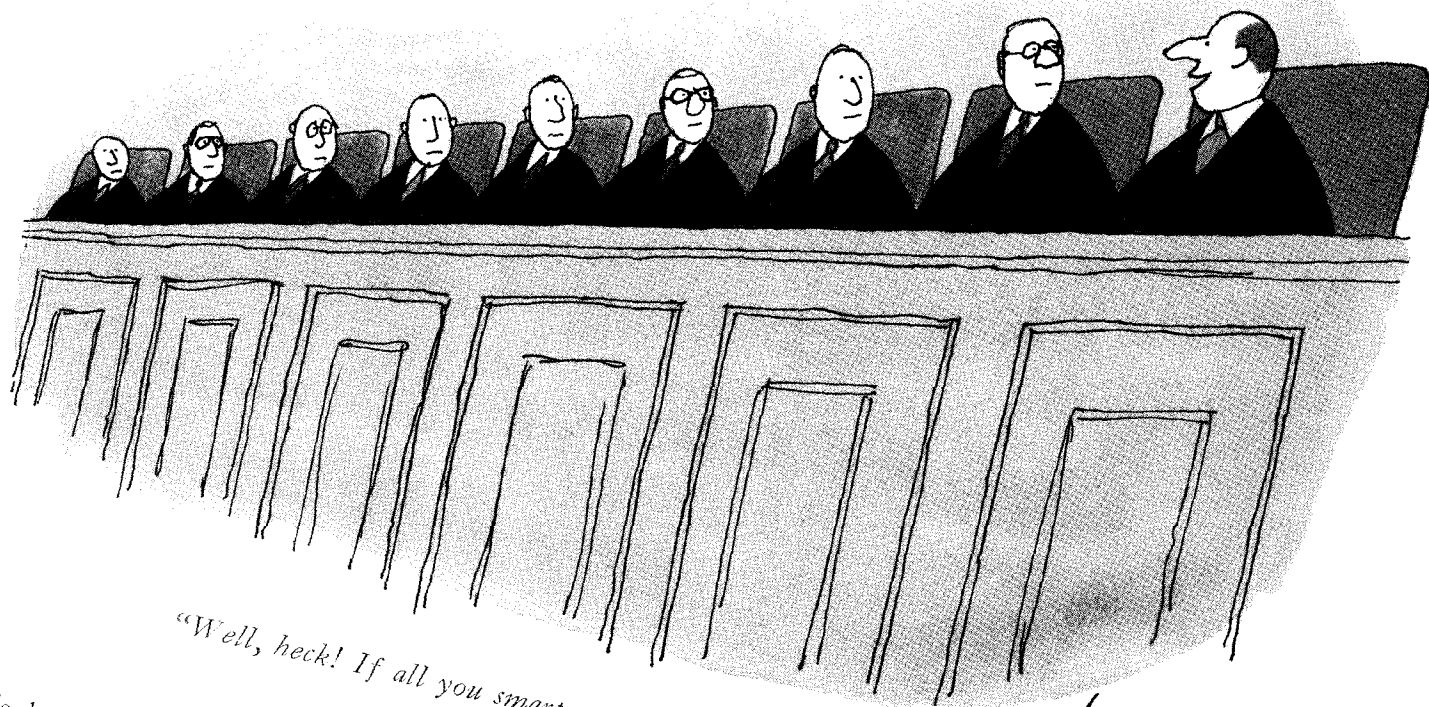
A dark-haired woman in a glittering dress came over and introduced herself. "I'm Marjorie Miller," she said. "The ball usually raises about thirty thousand dollars, and it is particularly needed this year because our budget for educational programs has been cut to the bone. Originally, I was very arch about working on the Community Committee. Strictly *entre nous*, I thought of them as the ladies from Schrafft's, but they're not that way at all. They were the ones who started the program of presentations in the schools, so the kids will get a sense that there is something in the world besides the kind of neighborhood they live in. We have lectures, we have films, we have no end of things."

After supper, Merri took us on a tour around the Museum's Egyptian collection, and then up to the fourth floor, where the Fashion Theatre has just opened. The Fashion Theatre is a small room with wide, dark-carpeted steps along one wall. People sit on the steps and look at the opposite wall. Behind a glass panel, life-size mannequins dressed in clothes from the Museum's collection move past, while prints from the appropriate period are flashed on a screen and loudspeakers play appropriate music. It's a pleasant exhibit, and exactly the sort for which museum-goers are grateful.

"I don't like fashion myself much, but it's interesting historically," Merri told us. "The only thing that bothers me is that when they say fashion they always mean *women's* fashion."

Merri took us back downstairs to the Auditorium Court. A man came up to her and asked for another cup of coffee. She went off to get it, and we went, too. "This brands me as much as a striped suit in a prison yard," she said, glancing down at her clothes.





"Well, heck! If all you smart cookies agree, who am I to dissent?"

Hildebrand

"People don't seem to understand that what I'm doing is more important."

"And what is that?" we asked.

"Catering to the press, advancing myself, and promoting the Brooklyn Museum," she said.

THIS message—and we record it in its entirety—was delivered over the public-address system of the Tampa International Airport: "Will all passengers who have not already done so please do so at once?"

Motion

ARRIVING at the office Friday morning, we found that a Harvard Club cocktail napkin, thickly covered with handwriting, had been slipped under our door. We got out our magnifying glass and read as follows: "Long-awaited meeting on the Woman Question got under way yesterday a little after 5 P.M. in Harvard Hall, the huge room on the Forty-fifth Street side of the club. Dark wood, venerable leather couches, an elephant head, tapestries. About two hundred folding chairs, seventy or so members on hand. Median age: around fifty-five. Median hair color: gray, and exquisitely barbered. Kickoff was the reading of

a letter from Eleanor Holmes Norton, chairman of the City Commission on Human Rights. Ms. Norton's letter was two pages of iron fist in velvet glove; e.g., 'I do not believe that an issue of this kind should have to be settled by the force of law.' Club vice-president then explained the motion, which was to amend the bylaws so as to admit women to the club on the same basis as men, and opened the floor to discussion. "First speaker, Business School '25 (I'll skip names and descriptions, except to note that, of course, everybody was distinguished-looking), said, 'I think that this move does not represent the majority of the members of this club, and that it's only a hard core that is pushing for it. When Russia became Communist, it was only a hard core of three per cent that took over, and there were twenty million Russians who were liquidated because they didn't go along.' Russian analogy was left hanging, but Business School '25 went on to report recent sightings of women in the squash courts, and concluded, 'As a general rule, women are not big spenders when it comes to the bar and so forth.'"

"Class of '37 disputed view that it was a question of a small group pushing for change, and noted that the directors of the Associated Harvard Alumni had agreed unanimously that women should

be admitted to all Harvard Clubs everywhere.

"Question came up of the legal status of discrimination by sex in private clubs. Plenty of lawyers in the room, but little inclination to predict the courts' attitude. One lawyer said that while it was unlikely a court would order a club to admit anyone, there might be grounds for denying special privileges granted by the state—most notably, the club liquor license.

"Faces lengthened. Class of '48 summed up situation: 'Gentlemen, it looks as though we may be headed for a classic choice between women and liquor.'

"This club has been and still is a great haven of refuge," said Class of '11, a member for over fifty years. "Nevertheless, I'm going to vote for this amendment. This club was founded not primarily as a men's club but as a gathering place for holders of Harvard degrees. For many years, these were men only, but those old times have changed. If we fail to pass this amendment, I can see nationwide criticism of us. If we do pass it, I don't think it necessarily means we've got to have women running around naked on the sixth floor.' That's the squash courts again, by the way.

"Class of '54 suddenly rose and said

severely, 'I may vote for women to be members of this club, but I don't think there should be women at this meeting.' Turned out a woman was, indeed, in the room, sitting quietly in a back row. I hadn't noticed her. She got up and walked out, muttering and frowning. Green dress. No one said a word. Not a pleasant interlude.

"It's true that the world is changing," said Class of '43. 'But we don't have to believe that it's changing in a superior direction or that we have to move in that direction even if it is superior. I'm afraid that if women are admitted, the sedate atmosphere of this club will change into the atmosphere of a singles bar. Of course, I don't mean that a woman in her forties or fifties wouldn't behave with decorum, but a woman in her twenties has a somewhat different view. One has only to go to Cambridge to realize what the importation of this sensibility would mean to this club.'

"Another '54 man disagreed. 'Women have been full members of the Harvard community for years, and there is no moral justification for excluding them as a group, and saying that only certain kinds of Harvard graduates can be considered,' he said. 'And I think we ought to ask ourselves: What does this say about our lives generally? Are our lives so totally ruled by the companionship of women elsewhere that we must keep them out of the Harvard Club?'

"Class of '32 said that another club he belongs to had admitted women without ill effects, and remarked, 'I don't think it's necessary to make a big bogeyman out of this.'

"A bit of parliamentary wrangling followed. Middle-of-the-roaders, hoping for delay, moved to refer the whole thing back to the Board of Managers for a feasibility study, then to adjourn until such time as the study was completed, then just to adjourn. After huddles at the rostrum and perusings of the bylaws, the first two motions were ruled out of order and the third was voted down.

"The club's president declared the polls closed at 6:22 P.M. The vast bulk of the votes, having been sent in by mail, were already in and counted. Everyone went to the bar, had a drink, and returned to Harvard Hall to hear the final tally. Out of 2,508 votes cast, there were 1,654 yeses and 854 noes. Since a two-thirds majority was needed for passage, the amendment failed by eighteen votes. The news was received with interest, but calmly. No whoops of triumph, no cries of fraud. Next time, I fancy, the pro-woman forces will come up with those eighteen extra votes. Meanwhile, destroy this napkin."

HAND-PRINTED sign noted by a tourist at a small gift shop in Windermere, England:

WHERE IS THE CHEMIST? ACROSS THE STREET TO THE LEFT.

WHERE IS THE POST OFFICE? BEHIND THE WOOL SHOP.

WE DO NOT SELL STAMPS.

WE DO NOT SELL NEWSPAPERS.

WHERE IS WORDSWORTH BURIED? SIX FEET UNDER, AT GRASMERE.

The Conching Rooms

POOLS and pools and pools of chocolate—fifty-thousand-pound, ninety-thousand-pound, Olympic-length pools of chocolate—in the conching rooms in the chocolate factory in

Hershey, Pennsylvania. Big, aromatic rooms. Chocolate, far as the eye can see. Viscous, undulating, lukewarm chocolate, viscidized, undulated by the slurping friction of granite rollers rolling through the chocolate over crenellated granite beds at the bottoms of the pools. The chocolate moves. It stands up in brown creamy dunes. Chocolate eddies. Chocolate currents. Gulfs of chocolate. Chocolate deeps. Mares' tails on the deeps. The world record for the fifty-yard free-style would be two hours and ten minutes.

Slip a little spatula in there and see how it tastes. Waxy? Claggy? Gritty? Mild? Taste it soft. That is the way to get the flavor. Conching—granite on granite, deep in the chocolate—ordinarily continues for seventy-two hours, but if Bill Wagner thinks the flavor is not right he will conch for hours extra, or even an extra day. Milky? Coarse? Astringent? Caramely? For forty-five years, Mr. Wagner has been tasting the chocolate. His taste buds magnified a hundred times would probably look like Hershey's kisses. He is aging now, and is bent slightly forward—a slender man, with gray hair and some white hair. His eyeglasses have metal rims and dark plastic brows. He wears thin white socks and brown shoes, black trousers, a white shirt with the company's name on it in modest letters. Everyone wears a hat near the chocolate. Most are white paper caps. Wagner's hat is dapper, white, visored: a chocolate-making supervisor's linen hat.

A man in a paper hat comes up and asks Wagner, "Are we still running tests on that kiss paste?"

"Yes. You keep testing."

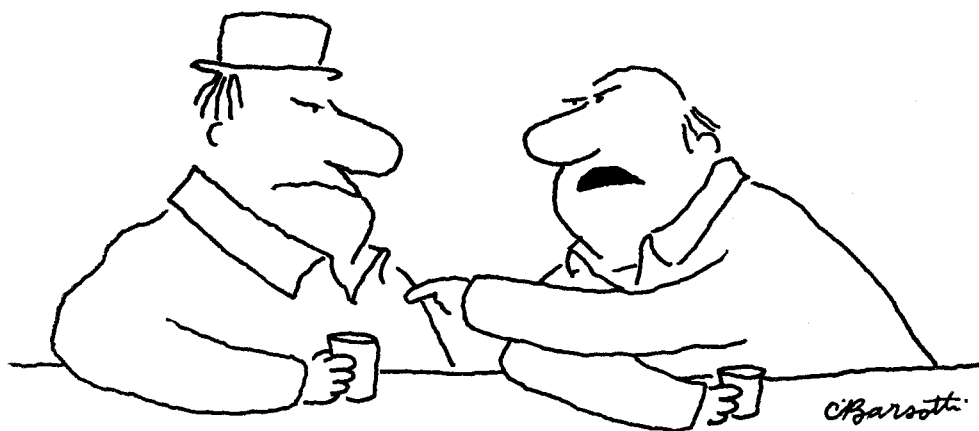
Wagner began in cocoa, in 1924. The dust was too much for him. After a few weeks, he transferred to conching. He has been conching ever since, working out the taste and texture. Conching is the alchemy of the art, the transmutation of brown paste into liquid Hershey bars. Harsh? Smooth? Fine? Bland? There are viscosimeters and other scientific



instruments to aid the pursuit of uniformity, but the ultimate instrument is Wagner. "You do it by feel, and by taste," he says. "You taste for flavor and for fineness—whether it's gritty. There's one area of your tongue you're more confident in than others. I use the front end of my tongue and the roof of my mouth." He once ate some Nestlé's; he can't remember when. He lays some chocolate on the tip of his tongue and presses it upward. The statement that sends ninety thousand pounds on its way to be eaten is always the same. Wagner's buds blossom, and he says, "That's Hershey's."

Milton Hershey's native town was originally called Derry Church, and it was surrounded, as it still is, by rolling milkland. Hershey could not have been born in a better place, for milk is twenty per cent of milk chocolate. Bill Wagner grew up on a farm just south of Derry Church. "It was a rented farm. We didn't own a farm until 1915. I lived on the farm through the Second World War. I now live in town." Wagner's father, just after 1900, had helped Milton Hershey excavate the limestone bedrock under Derry Church to establish the foundations of the chocolate plant. Derry Church is Hershey now, and its main street, Chocolate Avenue, has street lamps shaped like Hershey's kisses—tinfoil, tassel, and all. The heart of town is the corner of Chocolate and Cocoa. Other streets (Lagos, Accra, Para) are named for the places the beans come from: quotidian freight trains full of beans that are roasted and, in studied ratios, mixed together—base beans, flavor beans, African beans, American beans—and crushed by granite millstones arranged in cascading tiers, from which flow falls of dark cordovan liquor. This thick chocolate liquor is squeezed mechanically in huge cylindrical accordion compressors. Clear cocoa butter rains down out of the compressors. When the butter has drained off, the compressors open, and out fall dry brown discs the size of manhole covers. These discs are broken into powder. The powder is put into cans and sold. It is Hershey's Cocoa—straight out of the jungle and off to the A. & P., pure as a driven freak, pure as the purest sunflower seed in a whole-earth boutique.

Concentrate fresh milk and make a paste with sugar. To two parts natural chocolate liquor add one part milk-and-sugar paste and one part pure cocoa



"Your problem, Fenton, is you don't understand the goddam Oriental mind."

butter. Conch for three days and three nights. That—more or less—is the recipe for a Hershey bar. (Baking chocolate consists of nothing but pure chocolate liquor allowed to stand and harden in molds. White chocolate is not really chocolate. It is made from milk, sugar, and cocoa butter, but without cocoa.) In the conching rooms, big American flags hang from beams above the chocolate. "Touch this," Mr. Wagner says. The cast-iron walls that hold in the chocolate are a hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit. "We have no heat under this. It's only created heat—created by the friction that the granite rollers produce."

"What if the rollers stop?"

"The chocolate will freeze."

When that happens, the result is a brown icecap, a chocolate-coated Nome. Sometimes fittings break or a worker forgets to shut off a valve and thousands of pounds of chocolate spill over, spread out, and solidify on the floor. Workers have to dig their way out, with adzes, crowbars, shovels, picks—chocolate Byrds, chocolate Amundsens.

"The trend today is people want to push buttons," Wagner says. "They'll try to find ways to shortcut. It's a continual struggle to get people to do their share. There's no shortcut to making Hershey's. There have been times when I wished I'd stayed on the farm." Every day, he works from six in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon, so he can cover parts of all shifts. He walks (twelve minutes) from his home, on Para Avenue. "Para is a bean, I think. It's a bean or a country, I'm not sure which. We have another street called Ceylon. That's not a bean. It's a country." In the conching rooms, Wagner can see subtleties of hue that escape the untrained

eye; he can tell where the kiss paste is, and the semisweet, and the chocolate chips, and the bar milk chocolate. Kiss paste has to be a little more dense, so the kisses will sit up. Wagner has grandchildren in Hershey, Colebrook, and Mechanicsburg. When he goes to see them, he slips them kisses.

Within the connoisseurship, there are acknowledgedly superior chocolates, and, God knows, inferior ones, but undeniably there is no chocolate flavor quite like that of a Hershey bar. No one in Hershey can, or will, say exactly why. There is voodoo in the blending of beans, and even more voodoo in the making of the milk-and-sugar paste. There is magic in Bill Wagner when he decides that a batch is done. All this, however, does not seem to add up to a satisfactory explanation of the uniqueness of the product. Mystery lingers on. Notice, though, in the conching rooms, what is happening to the granite rollers rolling under the chocolate on the granite beds. Slowly, geologically, the granite is eroding. The granite beds last about thirty years. The granite rollers go somewhat sooner than that. Rolling back and forth, back and forth, they become flat on one side. Over the days, months, years, this wearing down of the granite is uniform, steady, consistent, a little at a time. There seems to be an ingredient that is not listed on the label. Infinitesimal granitic particles have nowhere to go but into the chocolate. A Hershey bar is part granite.

Ask management where the granite comes from. The official answer is "New England."

"Where in New England?"

"New England. That is all we are saying. Nestlé's won't say anything about anything. Mars is the same way. So we don't say anything, either."

HORSE SENSE ON THE GELID PLANET

SUDDENLY the danger was unlimited. From the north and the west, the gigantic Ice Wolves were descending on him, flashing across the barren miles of uncharitable glacier with their long furry strides. From the south came the slithering super-elastic polka-dotted Grillid Shig, which had been malevolently unleashed by the war gods of this bizarre and uncouth planet. Knute Brish shuddered despite his accustomed calm, for now he also remembered the unimaginable evil that threatened imminently from the east—nothing less than the Great Duh, that invisible, odorless, tasteless, all-pervasive spirit that fought its unthinkable battles by infiltrating the brain cells of a strong, brave man and filling them with the oatmeal of absolute bliss.

Brish zipped up his space windbreaker and glanced at the reddening sky. Those war gods must be galloping up there, coloring the clouds with blood from their horses' flanks. Right now, Brish reflected, they were chuckling that awesome cosmic chuckle that had so startled him when first he landed on this hostile sphere; they would be pleased to watch him die, and they were expecting an ugly death.

"How soon?" asked Raoula in a choked whisper. Her terror was barely



under control, but she was making an effort not to crack up, Brish reminded himself. More than once, in situations almost as gloomy and forbidding as this, he had found his struggle made even more difficult by the cringing of some insipid female. All too often, the tall, ingenious interplanetary wanderer mused, these gorgeous, long-haired, big-breasted, smooth-skinned, lustful, moronic women, with their animal instincts, turned out to be useless in a crisis. But Raoula, at least, recognized the danger that loomed on all sides, and she seemed determined to rise to a manlike bravery. Brish gave her a slight smile and a pat on her perfectly sculpted head.

"Tell me, Knute," she pleaded. "I promise I won't cry."

"Well . . ." Brish looked at his unbreakable wristwatch. "All right," he

said, keeping his voice flat. "About four minutes."

A tiny gasp escaped Raoula's plump lips, and then she forced a brave smile. "I trust you, Knute. What shall we do?"

"Well . . ." said Knute Brish. Again he looked at his watch. Three minutes and forty seconds. That was all they had left, he calculated, before the brut-



ish pack of Ice Wolves would traverse the intervening expanse of snowy rime and shred the two human bodies, huddled together here atop a windblown knoll at the bleak center of the unforgiving glacier, into minute bloody particles. An unpleasant fate, Brish thought, his mind racing. It wasn't so much his own end he cared about, he realized suddenly, but he was sickened unto retching by the thought of Raoula's delicious form being defiled by the drooling Ice Wolves.

The adrenaline of defiance began to flow through Brish's veins, and his hard hands clenched into harder fists. "I can't let it happen," the trapped earthman muttered.

WITH the brisk, clean movements of a man now with all to win and nothing to lose, Brish unzipped his space windbreaker and glanced up at the reddening sky. Stratagems and gambits began to take shape and vie with each other in his busy cerebellum. In three minutes, the Ice Wolves would be here, and if by some freak stroke of luck the icy pack of furred death engines should fail to arrive, then in perhaps five minutes the slower Grillid Shig would have writhed its way across the dead plain to begin the gradual and excruciating process of sucking the essential liquids from the bodies of Brish and Raoula. And then, of course, there was the Great Duh. Who could tell how near or far it might be?

Suddenly Knute Brish seized Raoula, in a brotherly manner, by the arm and shouted, "I've got it! It's our only chance!"

"Whaaa?" said Raoula, shivering uncontrollably.

For half an instant, Brish's steely blue eyes strayed to Raoula's big breasts, as large and as firm as regulation footballs. But there were more pressing concerns engaging the attention of the intrepid interplanetary explorer.

"Look!" he commanded, pointing at his watch.

"I don't understand, Knute!" exclaimed Raoula obtusely. She was beginning to weep, despite all her desire not to prove a helpless, flaccid burden to her hero.

"Don't try to understand, just get on the bike!" cried Brish with an air of decision.

"But—" said Raoula, reacting far too slowly to his urgent tone. In the wink of an eye, Brish had seized his Space Bike,

raised the rusty kickstand ("Needs oil," he grunted to himself, alert to all details), and propped Raoula on the handlebars.

"I'm afraid of falling," Raoula breathed, tingling at the brashness of Brish's brusque touch. "Oh, Knute," she whispered, "won't you crush me now?"

"No time," said Brish, glancing at his watch and then up at the malign crimson cumulonimbus formations. At once, they were whooshing down the knoll, racing south as fast as Brish's thighs could pump the pedals. A freezing wind tore Raoula's shrieks from her mouth, and in the north and the west the unkempt Ice Wolves considered themselves egged on.

Suddenly Raoula's horror-struck but cowlike eyes made out an enormous shape far ahead on the horizon. It looked like a polka-dotted mountain. And now she realized that Brish was



aiming the wildly skidding bicycle straight at the Grillid Shig!

"Knute!" she called, turning her head in hopes that the pumping daredevil would read her full lips. "I know the dangers are ubiquitous, but why—"

"Shut up," said Brish, deep in

thought. "Let's see," said the intelligent male to himself, "I am probably riding at about 30 m.p.h., disregarding the skid factor (this confounded ice sure is slippery!), and the Grillid Shig is now approx. 1.66 miles away and travelling toward us at about 20 m.p.h. (or less if it has recently fed). Meanwhile, the Ice Wolves, those swift



fiends, which are about 2.5 miles from the knoll, are chasing us at about 50 m.p.h. Thus I judge that when we meet the Grillid Shig the Wolves will be approx. 2.34 miles behind. However, I am not unaware that when it sees us approaching, the vast Grillid Shig will become both incensed by our audacity and enthusiastic at the prospect of combat, and the foul entity will therefore accelerate to its maximum travel-on-ice speed of 40 m.p.h. Meanwhile, the Ice Wolves, inflamed by this female's mindless screams, will no doubt accelerate to their top speed of 65 m.p.h. Therefore . . ."

Darn it! thought Brish. This problem is too complicated! (The strain of counteracting skids and pushing on the pedals made it hard to concentrate on the mathematics of hope.) I'll just have to rely on my famed horse sense, Brish decided. If I can only slow down now to about 22.5 m.p.h., I reckon, the desired culmination may yet be achieved.

Brish cautiously squeezed his hand brakes. Immediately the bicycle swerved in an uninhibited skid.

"Aieeee!" shrieked Raoula.

Brish fought the bike into control. He glanced behind him long enough to glimpse the voracious hairy black horde rushing after them even faster than before. Again Brish braked, this time fully intending the resultant skid.

"Aieeee!" Raoula repeated. "Knut, what's gotten into you? Can't you steer a bicycle?" She was under considerable stress.

"Louder!" said Brish, swerving the bicycle again and also pinching the shapely buttocks on the handlebars before him. Raoula screamed a third time, just as Brish slowed the careening vehicle precisely to a speed of 22.5 m.p.h.

Suddenly the entire glacier shook with the sound of an immense, titillated gurgle, and now Brish saw the undulating spotted hulk of the expectant Grillid Shig looming directly above them! Within moments they would be within sucking range. But now another sound polluted the crisp air—the deranged yapping of scores of unshaven Ice Wolves, mere yards away!

Raoula fainted, drooping over the handlebars.

Brish swerved.

It was a masterful swerve, achieved with only the slightest pressure on the brakes and one outflung intrepid foot for balance. Not for nothing had Knute Brish ridden his newspaper route as an apple-cheeked lad in Raleigh, N.C. The banked bike passed within ten feet of the baffled Grillid Shig's jaws. Brish peered back over his shoulder just in time to see the unholy fate now suddenly awaiting the first horde of galloping, hapless Ice Wolves.

"Cccghuggheccch!"

The Grillid Shig, sucking up what its enzymes had fully thought would be a mouthful of humanity, made a glottal expostulation as a dozen Ice Wolves, yapping regretfully, disappeared into its steamy maw.

From a distance, Brish watched the quick, appalling sequel. Choking on the furry hors d'oeuvres, the Grillid Shig paused in its attack. Instantly, enraged by the consumption of their fleeter fellows, the second battalion of Ice Wolves swarmed over the monster's



twisting corpus, biting every polka dot. Thus by the time the Grillid Shig had ceased to cough and recovered itself sufficiently to inhale the last of its tormentors, the stupendous southern serpent was a mass of painful wounds.

Sighing, the Grillid Shig withdrew toward the horizon, its interest in sucking humans blunted—at least for the duration of this episode.

LAUGHING a long, virile laugh, Knute Brish made a gesture of defiance toward the scarlet sky. It

pleased him to think that earthly horse sense had thwarted the schemes of those unholy gods now glowering impotently down from above. Brusquely, he nudged Raoula to consciousness.

"Whaaa? Did the alarm go off?" asked the gorgeous cretin, still in a stupor.

Brish slapped her vigorously with handfuls of glacier ice.

"Oh, Knute," she purred, awake now and dewy with gratitude. "Won't you crush me now?"

"That depends," said Brish, scanning her heaving chest. "If we're after the straight fantasy-adventure sci-fi audience composed mainly of pimply



adolescent boys who are so frightened by society's deformation of sexuality that they want to forget it completely, apart from a few hints of chivalry, then no. On the other hand, if we're after the middle-aged salesmen who feel they have missed their chance to be heroes and try to blame their condition on their wives, who have mostly given up imitating magazine models, then yes. Meanwhile, if we're after the grad students in biophysics, then my crushing you will be desirable only if it can be considered *speculative*—that is, pregnant with implications in re the future of civilization."

"Huh?" said Raoula. The dim light of imperfect comprehension illuminated her visage with masochistic desire.

Brish stood over her, zipping and unzipping his space windbreaker in perturbation. She lifted her arms to him. "Oh, Knute . . ."

Five minutes passed. Then:

"Omigosh!" Knute Brish had remembered the *third danger*!

He tried to raise himself from Raoula's passionate embrace, staring wildly through the clean cold air about them in search of that vast, unseen presence. It was far too late. The Great Duh had triumphed again!

—MARK HALLIDAY

PEOPLE IN A DIARY~I

IT is a strange experience reading entries in your own diary forty or fifty years after you've written them. I began a diary while I was an undergraduate at Harvard, in 1915. I have kept it up ever since. I don't know what impelled me to start it—perhaps an impulse to salvage each day from the void. Reading this diary—sixty volumes—which I have done in order to write this memoir, is far different from reading history. There the characters are all strangers and are all dead; here they are alive and present. Characters keep appearing whose very existence I had forgotten, and yet there they are, vivid ghosts, taut in their momentary preoccupations, clamped, as I myself was, in the imperatives of *now*. Reading through these pages, I can foresee their destinies, their futures are laid out, I know all the crisscross lines at which my life intersected theirs. It is terrible to become possessed, suddenly, of all that foresight. By com-

parison, they seem blindfolded. As I myself was.

I once asked Somerset Maugham whether he would ever write his autobiography. He replied, rather sharply, "No. Never." I asked why not. "Because it is not possible to tell the truth," he said. More copiously than Maugham, Mark Twain expressed himself on the impossibility of writing an autobiography. His reasons differ from Maugham's. I borrow from a preface he wrote while standing morosely on the brink of the impossible:

What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself. All day long, and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding, and his *thoughts*, not those other things, are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible, thin crust of his world, with its scattered snow-summits and its vacant wastes of water—and they are so trifling a part of his bulk! A mere skin enveloping it. The mass of him is hidden—it and its volcanic fires that toss and

boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life, and they are not written and cannot be written. Every day would make a whole book of eighty thousand words—three hundred and sixty-five books a year. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man—the biography of the man himself cannot be written.

I suspect that Twain, who was an embittered man, with many shattering private griefs, didn't want to descend publicly into the abysses to which his private thoughts led him. I was told by Brander Matthews, when I was in his drama class at Columbia, that William Dean Howells, who had the run of Twain's house, walked into his living room shortly after the death of Twain's daughter. Twain had fallen asleep on the sofa; Howells' entrance woke him. Howells was horrified at what he had done—committed the unpardonable sin of snatching a sleeping friend from oblivion and impaling him abruptly on the sharp spikes of reality. He cried out, "Good heavens, did I *wake* you?"

There will be no abysm-dropping in what follows, except for the descents made by others. What Mark Twain felt he couldn't do, I shall not presume to do. This will be a memoir—a category of writing much more relaxed and easygoing, more vagarious and permissive. By this time—seventy-five plus—I have had just about all I can take of myself. I am a mild manic-depressive, difficult at times to distinguish from an acute one. To show how far it can go, I will relate a simple incident. Not long ago—February—I woke up and smelled the polluted air that comes into my city bedroom. It was a mild morning; I thought that I sniffed, even through the sourness, an intimation of spring. Immediately, then, I felt the pain of past springs, the stifled upthrusting longings of spring which have no resolution. I took lien in February on the cruelty of April. I thought, This is going too far—to borrow angst from a problematical spring that I may not even live to see. I put forward sensible arguments, but the still unborn spring nevertheless had its way. The sinking of the heart persisted. What is a sinking of the heart? Is there a physiological change? Can it be registered on an electrocardiograph? Has anyone a clue?

An odd quirk of destiny has put a great many people in my way. I want, in this memoir, to return to them. I want to revive their company, to share it.

TO be brought up in a poverty-stricken household, to know nothing but poverty in childhood and adolescence, is not so bad while



Modell

"See here! The ad distinctly said 'No salesman will call.'"

you are enduring it; it is quite tolerable, in fact—at least, it was in my case. It is in later life that it takes its toll. In the Providence Street ghetto in Worcester, Massachusetts, everybody else was as poor as we were. The rich man on the hill, who had a stucco house with a stained-glass window, and who owned a Winton Six, was still devoured by a passion to become the president of the Providence Street Synagogue, directly across the street from us. He was illiterate in Hebrew and therefore had no standing. My father, on the other hand, who didn't have a penny, was learned in the sacred books and did have standing. There used to

be an expression on the hill—"Does he know the little black dots?" The reference was to the symbols for cantillation under the letters of the Hebrew texts. If you didn't know them, neither stained-glass windows nor Winton Sixes could save you. I realize now that the Providence Street community was a theological aristocracy, in which money gave you no status. But I have been haunted by dreams of poverty all my life, through all the years since I emerged from it. I dream that I am in hotel rooms without the money to pay for them. I dream that I am jobless and can't get a job. A favorite disagreeable dream is that I am walking, in a heavy rain, and carrying a leaden suitcase, from Boston to Worcester. When I get to Worcester, there is nowhere to go. Everyone is dead. I go to the Bancroft Hotel, go up in the elevator, and walk down a corridor. Exhausted from the walk, my shoes and my clothes soaking, I open a door, see a bed, and sink down on it. Then I see that the room contains somebody else's possessions. I must not fall asleep, lest the occupant come in. I struggle to remain awake. I fall asleep. . . .

I went for two years to Clark University, in Worcester, then switched to Harvard, to study playwriting with George Pierce Baker. Harvard was idyllic then. Forty-odd years later, I was invited to Kirkland House for a week "to talk to the boys." The difference between the Cambridge I had known and the one I saw in 1958 was shattering: the difference between a small,



"I suppose when you're through with me I'll go into the shredder, too."

manageable town and a swollen segment of the Boston-Washington conurbation. After leaving Harvard, I used to dream, in many inhospitable, jobless years I spent in New York, that I would wake up in Weld Hall, on the Harvard Yard. And yet the two years at Harvard were a clouded fantasy. I was haunted by the incessant query: What would I do when I got out, how get a job, how make a living? Providence Street had got its licks in. My fears proved not to be chimerical; I did have a terrible time getting a job in New York—and in other cities as well.

I have a vivid memory of the June day when I sat in Soldier's Field in Boston waiting for my degree. It is of John Singer Sargent, magnificent in his scarlet robe and bright-yellow, nicotined mustache and beard, who rose to get his honorary degree; it was pinned on him by Abbott Lawrence Lowell in person. After Sargent and I got our degrees, I was assailed by a problem that I am sure did not bother Sargent but that had for years been eroding me: What to do next? With the production of a successful play, which came about for me eleven years later, you acquire overnight a new identity—a public label. But this label is pasted on you. It doesn't obliterate what you are and have always been—doesn't erase the stigmata of temperament. These I brought with me to New York, where they were deepened by years of unsuccessful job-hunting. I went to every newspaper office in New York, and then in Philadelphia and

Baltimore. I had a half-dozen plays, but I was allowed to keep them. In desperation, and financed by my older brothers, I went to Columbia to get an M.A. in English. I joined a seminar in nineteenth-century French drama with Brander Matthews.

Matthews was a tall, thin man with rather wispy muttonchop whiskers. He was an established man of the world, easy and anecdotal, a friend of Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, and William Dean Howells—in fact, of everybody whom most people didn't know. We in his seminar read a lot from and heard a lot about the two most popular French playwrights of the nineteenth century, Scribe and Sardou. As an example of Sardou's skill as a technician (or was it Scribe's?)—how quickly and easily he could establish his leading character as a sophisticated man—Matthews drew attention to a restaurant scene in which the protagonist enters and says casually to the headwaiter, "Good evening, Henry." This established, dexterously, that the hero knew his way around expensive restaurants. One day, I made the mistake of bringing into class a copy of the *New Republic*. Actually, I had a contribution in it. Matthews looked at the *New Republic* and said, "I am sorry to see you wasting your time on that stuff." As a staunch Republican and an intimate of Theodore Roosevelt, he had to do his duty. Still, Matthews was a kind man. He gave a classmate and me cards to visit the Players Club, which thrilled us, and he gave me an invita-

tion to hear Henri Bergson lecture in English. I was startled by the immaculateness and decorum of Bergson's English. When I reported this to Matthews, he said, "It is the English of a foreigner who doesn't know English—only the English classics."

The M.A. gave me a leg up. My newly acquired knowledge of nineteenth-century Parisian play techniques qualified me for typing up and classifying the want ads for the *New York Times*. The hours were from three in the afternoon to three in the morning. I worked on the widest machine I had ever seen; it was like driving a truck. At three in the morning, I walked—it was then a safe and lovely walk—to my room, on West Thirty-eighth Street. I have forgotten how it happened, but from the third floor of the *Times* I crept up to the tenth and got a job with Dr. Clifford Smyth, the editor of the Sunday book-review section. I never learned how Smyth achieved his doctorate; maybe it was for marrying a granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne. One day, early in 1920, he sent me out to interview Siegfried Sassoon, who was here to read his "War Poems." I can't remember the printed interview, but this visit was the beginning of a friendship that long outlasted my job on the *Times*. After a few months, Smyth put me in charge of the "Queries and Answers" column. The flood of inquiries about obscure Midwestern poets began to bore me. I got the bright idea of sending myself inquisitive letters. ("What has become of Ambrose Bierce?") It turned out that "Queries and Answers" was the pet column of Adolph Ochs, the *Times'* publisher. He cherished it. He doted on the obscure Midwestern poets; he found their view of life uplifting. He put an end to my fascinating correspondence. The tenure I didn't have lapsed. I had been a *Times* man for about six months. I was prodded by the same old question: What to do next?

The involuntary leisure enabled me to spend a lot of time with Siegfried Sassoon. He had a leisure problem, too, but it was far different from mine. He was lacerated by a private agony. He said that when he got an idea for a poem it took him very little time to write it; what made his situation intolerable was that he therefore had so much time to brood over this agony. After I got to know him better, he confessed to me the source of his suffering. I think it did him good to have someone to confide in. I was then so naïve and uninformed that it shocked me, though I did my best not to show it.

Siegfried told me his story. His anti-

war sentiments had led to a Parliamentary inquiry. What made the military scratch their heads in bewilderment was the perplexing fact that Sassoon's war record was recklessly heroic. He had twice been cited for bravery. But nothing is beyond the military mind. It came up with a solution: that Sassoon was crazy—they called it shell shock. He was institutionalized. Had it not been for the accidental presence there of a great man—Dr. William Halse Rivers, a famous English psychologist and anthropologist, for whom Sassoon's duality as a war hero and a militant pacifist was not in the least paradoxical—he would never, Siegfried told me, have lived through that experience.

I recalled a remark of Charles Townsend Copeland's in English 12, a writing course at Harvard—that poets wrote the best prose. I nudged Siegfried toward trying his hand at

RAIN

The rain types out
90 w.p.m. of another life
Against the windows of the night
Lifting up the blinds
You have a badly developed print
Hazy smoke rising
From branches across a pier
Through the glass lane
Someone you know keeps moving
You stand there
Confused forgetting which plane
You're waiting for
You see the graveyard through the bus window
In the rain and you're writing
The same letter for over a year
Your legs cross and uncross
In the movies the radio
Keeps reporting the same news
You have never understood
Any of this you are almost asleep
Your life is this thing you have
You're trying to read pages of rain
But in your sleep you only hear
The pages turning and then finally
It's over you go for a walk
You switch to filters
The weather knocks you out
You smoke for company in the dark
You're living these photographs
A series of still-lives
Framed by years by feelings
Slowly you realize you're getting old
You're falling asleep
And you keep repeating the same scene
Half asleep going through rooms
Later just as you are almost there
It reappears
Here in this other life
That the rain keeps erasing

—DEBORAH DEUTSCHMAN

prose. I still have some pages, in his beautiful handwriting, of a novel he began that summer but never completed. The prose project kept our correspondence alive after he returned to England. The eventual result is an exquisite classic—"Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man."

Siegfried couldn't get over a feeling of strangeness in his position as a famous war poet who had been summoned to lecture in America. In his youth, up to the outbreak of the war, his life had been devoted to horses and to hunting; all his friends had been sporting people. To them he was known, satirically, as old Sieg. If they knew—and many of them must have heard of it—that he had written anti-war poems, they probably dismissed it as an aberration and wondered when poor old Sieg would return to his true vocation, foxhunting. Siegfried was





"Whenever Nixon pops up in the news, Fred's right there with 'Hail to the Chief.'"

sent to Marlborough and Cambridge for schooling. He had a hard time absorbing useful knowledge. Aware of this limitation, and in a gallant effort to make up for it, he spent a great deal of time, when he had to do papers, in illuminating the first letter of each paragraph. He supplied himself with pencils of all colors and with gold leaf, and devoted himself to imitating the lettering in medieval manuscripts. He found written on one of his papers, "Very beautiful the calligraphy, but, alas, no content." Siegfried was ploughed. He went back happily to his horses, and to his piano, at which he spent hours playing Bach and medieval lute songs. During all these years, he'd been writing poetry—a secret vice. That was his situation when he enlisted in the First World War. Up to then, he had never felt deeply about anything. What he saw in the trenches made him feel. The war poems were the result.

On a Sunday morning in April, 1920, I went to hear Siegfried read his poems in the Free Synagogue, in Carnegie Hall. Siegfried was tall, lithe, and extraordinarily handsome. He read quietly, without striving for effect—indeed, without inflection. I remember still the stunned silence that followed the reading of one of his

poems. I copy it from the little book of his war poems that he left me when he returned to England:

DOES IT MATTER?

Does it matter?—losing your legs?...

For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind

When the others come in after football
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter?—losing your sight?...

There's such splendid work for the blind;

And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering

And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter?—those dreams from the pit?...

You can drink and forget and be glad,

And people won't say that you're mad;

For they'll know that you've fought for your country,

And no one will worry a bit.

Except when he was away on his poetry-reading tours, I saw Sassoon constantly for the rest of that spring, and through most of the following summer as well. He lived in Westover Court, on West Forty-fourth Street, and he invited me to use his

suite of pleasant rooms while he was away. Westover Court was a real-estate folly of Vincent Astor's. In a book published twenty-five years later, "Siegfried's Journey," Sassoon described the extra illumination in his room: "My nocturnal outlook was dominated by the Putnam Building, above which blazed the electric sign of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Flanked by two peacocks whose tails were cascades of quivering color, about a square acre of advertising space contained the caption: 'Don't argue but stick it in your face.'" That was the biggest sign in New York; it dominated Times Square. There was a story about it: A New Yorker was showing the sign off to a visiting Englishman. As the Englishman seemed to be insufficiently impressed, the native filled him in. He said, "There are three hundred thousand electric bulbs in that sign." "But, my dear chap," said the Englishman, "doesn't that make it frightfully conspicuous?" Westover Court was an unlikely place to find in New York even then: four stories high, built around a court, with a tree in the middle. On winter nights, when you came home late, the bare branches of this tree would be covered with birds, who thought they were in a forest. Westover Court was a bachelor establish-

ment, with small apartments; it was like a dormitory in a New England college. Actors and artists and singers lived in it.

I was avid to learn about the English literary scene; Siegfried took me to the heart of it. The Georgian poets, theretofore names to me, were all friends of his. His love for some of them—Edmund Blunden and Wilfred Owen, for example—was passionate. He read their works aloud to me; he talked for hours about their distilled virtues. I was delighted to hear him talk about Max Beerbohm, whom he adored. Whenever he talked about Max, he chortled with glee; he imitated his light, penetrating voice, and the stories he told illustrated the style, surgical and elegant, in which Max trepanned the pretentious and the pompous. Dr. Rivers, who, as Siegfried always said, had saved his life, had also made it possible for him to employ it. Rivers had told him he must get “an outside interest,” and had suggested the labor movement. Siegfried had taken his advice. He had become actively involved. He was a friend of Harold Laski’s, and he was introduced by Laski’s American publisher, Ben Huebsch, into labor circles here. There was no one to whom Sassoon was more devoted than he was to Ben, who was one of the founders of the American Civil Liberties Union. I was devoted to Ben, too; I have never known a kinder or more lovable man. He came to my aid once by giving me a part-time job on the *Freeman*, which he published, and which many literary people considered the best-written magazine in America. We saw a lot of Ben and of Louis Untermeyer. Siegfried hated Society; he had an instinctive prejudice against the rich, and resolutely turned down the invitations that rained in on him from the well-heeled.

After poetry, Siegfried’s second passion was music. Ben Huebsch and Louis Untermeyer arranged evenings of chamber music for him. He and I went to Carnegie Hall concerts in the winter and to the Lewisohn Stadium concerts in the summer. One bitter afternoon, I took him uptown to meet a college friend’s sister, Emily Gresser, who was a concert violinist. We had a pleasant time at the Gressers’. Emily’s father, a nineteenth-century Russian liberal, seemed to be awed at meeting Sassoon. He asked questions about his ancestry; Siegfried didn’t appear much interested. Mr. Gresser ran to the bookshelves and brought over the “Samson-Talmid” volume from the *Jewish Encyclopedia*. He confronted Siegfried with pages about the Sassoon

family, enlivened by engravings of turbaned ancestors in India. One dignitary, with an immense white beard and a magisterial expression, did seem to appeal to Siegfried. Staring at his ancestor, Siegfried murmured, “Sweet character, isn’t he?”

I got free tickets for a play that had an engaging actor in it named Lynne Overman. I induced Siegfried to come with me, as there was no concert he wanted to go to that night. In the first act, very tight, the character played by Overman goes to see some friends off on a boat to Europe. At the party in their cabin, he gets drunker. The second-act curtain goes up on the man fast asleep in an unoccupied cabin. There is a long pantomime. The man wakes up. He looks around the unfamiliar environment. He sees a strange, round window. He gets up, walks groggily to the window, and peers out. He is bewildered. He returns to the bed, picks up the telephone, and says, “Say, clerk, what’s the idea of all this water?” Neither Siegfried nor I ever forgot that line. We used it in all sorts of situations that seemed incredible to us.

Siegfried kept asking me to come to England. I longed to go; I had never been abroad. I longed to see the London theatre and its marvellous comedians. I knew everything that was playing there and who was in it. Without any belief that I should ever be able to manage it, I said I would try to come. I was jobless, and had a gnawing suspicion that I would never get a play on. I had too many plays now; it seemed pointless to keep writing more. In “Siegfried’s Journey,” Siegfried describes our meeting in New York and how, when it came time for him to leave, we discussed the improbable project of my coming to London. “Somehow,” Siegfried says in his book, “I couldn’t foresee Sam Behrman as a successful writer.” Neither could I. Nevertheless, it was fun to talk about my visiting England, as it is to wander about in any fantasy. I asked, if the impossible should happen, where I might stay, as though there were no hotels in London. This lit Siegfried up. “You’ll stay where I once stayed—at 40 Half Moon Street,” he said. “You’ll be taken care of by ‘Dame’ Nellie Burton. You’ll wonder how you ever man-



aged before you met Burton.” I inquired about the house at 40 Half Moon Street and about Burton. “Hazlitt lived there during his last days in London,” Siegfried said. “Later, Robbie Ross lived there. Robbie was, like Rivers, my great benefactor. I can’t tell you what he did for me—for everybody, in fact. He got Heinemann to publish my war poems. He apologized to me for helping me. ‘Forgive me,’ he said, ‘but I am an incorrigible chaperon.’ Arnold Bennett, who loved him, said to me, ‘Our friend Robert is the most indirectly creative character I have known. He causes works of art and letters to occur.’ Robbie was just on his way to Australia, to advise the museum people in Melbourne. The next night, before dinner, he died. Gosse said that he ‘wore himself out in deeds of active kindness.’”

Siegfried’s speech came in little spasmodic geysers. “Robbie . . . he loved to support lost causes. . . . The stupendous thing about Robbie was . . . his loyalty. . . . I’ve seen heroic acts on the battlefield. . . . But I think loyalty is the greatest heroism, the noblest; it’s a steady, unheralded thing . . . it goes along without fanfare. . . . It is unrecorded . . . unrewarded . . . except by those who remember it. And, you know, Robbie, he was a great conversationalist. . . . He’d stand there . . . I can see him now . . . in front of the fireplace in the parlor at Half Moon Street.” Siegfried smiled in recollection. “One night . . . we were playing a game . . . improvising epitaphs . . . what epitaph we’d want for ourselves. . . . Robbie, you know, was always jumping in . . . flushing his friends out of troubled waters. For his own epitaph Robbie picked ‘His name was writ in hot water.’ He was Oscar Wilde’s



literary executor... he was with him in Paris when he died. When Wilde's body was exhumed... the men were about to lift his body with their spades. Robbie stopped them... He got down into the grave and lifted the body in his arms... Yes, Robbie was loyal."

As for my future London caretaker, Dame Nellie Burton, she had been, Siegfried told me, Robbie Ross's mother's lady's maid. It was Ross's mother who had first owned the Half Moon Street house. When Mrs. Ross died, Robert inherited the house. He also inherited Dame Nellie. When Robert died, Dame Nellie inherited the house and Robbie's friends—among others, the Sitwells, Lord Berners, and Siegfried. When Sacheverell Sitwell married, his wife became, in effect, Dame Nellie's daughter-in-law. Dame Nellie let the upstairs rooms. Lord Berners had rented one for a while. So had Siegfried. I asked for a description of Nellie. "I can't describe her," said Siegfried. "She's indescribable. She's Shakespearean. You'll just have to meet her. You see now, don't you, that you simply have to come to London?"

This remark made me feel that out of caprice, through some failure of the imagination, I was perversely rejecting the most beguiling of invitations. And yet the chance did come, improbably and grotesquely and much sooner than I could have anticipated—not through my selling a play of my own but through a play that someone else had sold.

I saw Siegfried off when he sailed, in August. Two film stars, Jack Pickford and Alma Rubens, who were standing at the rail of an upper deck, had the excited attention of the crowd. Pickford was so drunk he could hardly keep his feet. "In the morning, he's

going to have hard work recognizing the water," Siegfried said.

THERE followed a series of sleazy jobs. Two of them I got by answering *Times* help-wanted ads on *Times* stationery. This gave me the aura of a veteran journalist. One was from a Houston oilman who had got his photograph in the *Times* rotogravure section because he had flown his own tiny plane from Houston to New York. He hired me to publicize his oil wells in Burkburnett, Texas. I went to Houston, and flew in his plane from Houston to Burkburnett. That flight and the return one induced a nervousness about plane travel that is with me yet. When I got back to the Rice Hotel, in Houston, I got into a hot bath and stayed in it for hours; the tub was stationary. The man's name was S. E. J. Cox. I inspected his holdings at Burkburnett but was unable to form a critical judgment on them. Mr. Cox had a handsome office in Houston, and a staff. His general manager was an impressive-looking, soberly dressed middle-aged man who was a Christian Scientist and was in God's confidence. I returned to New York with him. He took me to Christian Science meetings, at which he gave testimony. Close though I was to the *Times* as an ex-employee, I couldn't get the Burkburnett enterprise on the front page—or, indeed, on any page. The job lapsed. Another employer was a man named Finch whose older brother had an important government position in Washington. I got the feeling that he was jealous of this successful brother and wanted to outdo him in distinction. His idea was to send news abstracts to country papers throughout the United States which didn't have the A.P. wire serv-

ice. I had to get to his office at three every morning to abstract from the early editions of the New York papers. He actually got some subscriptions, but not enough to pay his office rent or me, though I was getting very little. Mr. Finch was a serious, well-intentioned man who wanted the whole country to be on the *qui vive*. He was very sad when he had to acknowledge defeat.

During all the six or seven years I worked for the *Times* and Mr. Cox and Mr. Finch, I was also working on various plays. I was enticed by a scandal that rocked Johns Hopkins University late in 1920. It concerned Professor John Broadus Watson, the leading behaviorist psychologist in the United States. He was forced to resign from Johns Hopkins because of a non-academic relationship with one of his pupils, whom he later married. Unfrocked, Watson joined the executive staff of the advertising firm of J. Walter Thompson. He spent the rest of his now affluent life conditioning the behavior of the consuming public. This seemed to me a social waste. I wrote a play about it, called "The American Way." The influence of advertising in American life—and this was before the day of radio and television—interested me profoundly. The first encouragement I got in New York came from Francis Hackett, then associate editor of the *New Republic*. He printed as a "light middle" a piece of mine called "The Advertising Man"—the piece I didn't dare show Brander Matthews. (A light middle was a brief, light article. That one of mine made the point that advertising was the Fifth Estate; it was reprinted not long ago in a *New Republic* anthology of its first fifty years.) When the scandal broke about Professor Watson, I felt I had a con-

crete and dramatic story to pin my feelings on: the confusion of standards which condemns a valuable citizen, because of unconventional sexual behavior, to put his talents to second-rate, and even anti-social, uses.

"The American Way" brought Jed Harris into my life. My agent, Harold Freedman, sent it to him in Chicago, where Jed, who had made it known that he was looking for plays to produce, was then press-agenting some show. Harris wrote to me to say that he wanted to produce it, and would, as soon as he could raise the money. But he couldn't raise the money. Moreover, he reported that the established managers to whom he submitted it with the offer to co-produce it with them couldn't get excited about a play whose chief character was a professor. There was something about professors that seemed undramatic to them. Similarly, a great many years later, in Hollywood, I urged Pearl Buck's "The

Good Earth" upon Winfield Sheehan, the production head of Fox Film Corporation. He sent for me after he'd read it. The book was before him on his desk. He shook his head. "Listen, Sam, nobody ain't going to take no interest in no Chinaman," he said.

A few years later, Jed did find the money for a play by John V. A. Weaver called "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." Harris was then unknown, and he came to New York to produce it. He asked me to be his play reader and press agent. I knew nothing about this highly specialized vocation. The dean of New York press agents, Richard Maney, who was an entrancing character and a very nimble writer, took me in hand. He tutored me. No one could have been greener than I, but on the first Sunday, surprisingly, I got a lot of stuff in the papers. There were then fourteen papers in Manhattan, and about sixty theatres. The theatre was the great entertainment medium

for the United States. "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" closed after a modest run, but it was a critical success.

Jed, who has been inactive in the theatre in recent years, became an apparition in the city. There was a Sven-gali look about him, and also a propulsive, avid look. He was very dark and very thin, and handsome in a saturnine way. He was highly articulate; he talked about the theatre, about acting and directing, in terms of fine arts that had so far been only rudimentarily explored. He had a corrosive humor and was an infectious storyteller. He wowed everybody, and was for years an obsessional subject of conversation. Plays and novels were written about him. Actresses swooned over him; they lived only to be directed by him, and some even died as a result of it. At least one beautiful actress of distinguished family was said to have committed suicide over him. That added to his prestige and amplified his legend. There was gossip of seductions. Every script came to him, and any star he wanted. By the time he was thirty—in 1930—he had made a million dollars, and had the New York theatre, which was then the American theatre, in the palm of his hand. Those in his orbit became his devotees, and for quite a while I was in his orbit. As his legend grew, so did his belief in it. In the end, this credulity undid him.

Jed's phenomenal career really started from a dingy play script brought into the office one morning in 1926 by Philip Dunning: "Broadway." Dunning was a friend of mine, and he asked me to read it. I did and Jed did. Jed decided at once to produce it. How to finance it? Jed made a suggestion. How about my giving it to my friend Crosby Gaige? The pains of those years were mitigated for me by the friendship and hospitality of Crosby and Hilda Gaige. Crosby Gaige had been a partner of Edgar and Archibald Selwyn, who had three theatres on Forty-second Street and two in Chicago. Gaige had a panelled office in the Selwyn Theatre Building, on West Forty-second Street, with a pornographic collection in the drawer of a Sheraton desk. He was tall, affable, and enigmatic. Jed and I often wondered about his being in the theatre at all; his chief interest was in real estate, and I suppose that was why the Selwyns found him useful. He was bookish; his hobby was collecting first editions of living English authors. He had "contacts" with them—with, among others, Arnold Bennett and Liam O'Flaherty. He had a beautiful country place, Watch Hill Farm, at Peekskill, on the Hudson. Alexander



"Today I'm going to be unaware, uninvolved, uncommitted, and self-centered."

Woolcott, Franklin P. Adams, Arthur Krock, George Kaufman, and Moss Hart, and the Lunts, Gregory Kelly and his wife, Ruth Gordon, and many other actors and actresses were steady weekend guests—you could meet almost anybody at Watch Hill Farm. The croquet court was the scene of passionate tournaments.

Hilda Gaige was slender, with questing blue-green eyes and shimmering chestnut hair. There was sympathy and affection between us always, and, on her side, an unwavering belief that I would emerge from press-agentry. She had a wonderful laugh. She was elfin—an adorable elf with a shadow over her. I wondered for a long time about the shadow. It came to me one day: it was her husband, it was Gaige. For reasons I was never to learn, she was afraid of Gaige.

I brought Jed and Gaige together. Gaige read the script, though Jed said that Gaige had no equipment for reading a script and that Gaige's enthusiasm for this one was simply an echo of his own. They made an arrangement to produce the play together, each putting up half the production cost. In about the third week of rehearsal, on a Sunday morning at Watch Hill Farm, Gaige took me for a drive. He told me about the financial arrangement he had made with Jed for "Broadway." "I put up my half right away," he said. "That's what we're going on now. But so far your friend Jed hasn't put up his half. Not a penny so far from him." Gaige made it clear by his inflection of "your friend Jed" that Jed was my friend and not his, my responsibility and not his. But the play opened soon afterward—directed by Dunning and George Abbott, who by then had become a co-author—and was an enormous success. Everybody connected with it tasted euphoria except Jed. He was eaten with resentment that Gaige owned half of it. On the surface, things went on amiably between the partners. Jed liked Hilda, and she worshipped him, as she worshipped all creative genius. She took him to a tailor to dress him up to his newfound station. He was, she assured him, very



"That'll be thirty-six dollars and seventy-two cents."

handsome, and it would be apparent to the world once she had provided him with some decent clothes. He had always been a genius, but henceforth he would be a well-dressed genius.

I saw a great deal, in those days, of Arthur Krock. We had practically adjoining offices—he at the *Times* and I at Jed's, in the Selwyn Theatre Building. Krock was a theatre buff; he was teeming with ideas for publicizing Jed's show. He was fascinated, as everyone was, by Jed. He was a regular member of the Gaiges' weekend set at Watch Hill Farm. He was fond of Hilda and had what I thought was a not completely admiring intimacy with Crosby. A sentence in my diary for November, 1926, reads, "A publicity idea of Arthur Krock's for 'Broadway,' a picture-story series for the *Evening World*, sent me scurrying." The *Evening World* ran the story, and Arthur was pleased to see his brainchild in the flesh. In the four and a half decades since, I have not seen him at all. Having no longer to devise publicity ideas for "Broadway," he has employed his time becoming eminent on his own.

During that period, I developed a telephone phobia, which has stayed with me. I have never since been able to dissociate the ring of the telephone from the imminence of danger. "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" hadn't required

much tending, but a big hit is demanding. Jed would call me up at two or three in the morning to berate me for something I had done badly or failed to do at all. A telephone call I got one morning, though, was from Osbert Sitwell, about whom I had heard a good deal from Siegfried. Siegfried had asked him to get in touch with me. Sitwell was in town only for the day; he had to go to Washington. Could we meet for lunch? I said that I'd love to but that I had a lunch date with Jed Harris. Sitwell said he'd love to meet Jed. We made a date. Sitwell was young, very handsome, full of vitality and good humor. He had the look of a Hapsburg prince. He at once told me Siegfried's news: that he was working on a prose book, and seemed very happy and absorbed in it. I said I was glad to hear it. Sitwell was full of curiosity about the play Jed was doing; he loved the theatre and listened with absorption to Jed's satirical account of "Broadway" and the actors and the "dictated" performances—dictated, naturally, by him. I asked Jed to tell Sitwell a funny story about a Jewish ham actor—a tragedian with a big voice and no talent. Jed loved to tell stories and went to it. Sitwell was delighted. Jed's success with the British aristocracy temporarily mollified him. He had been very angry with me that morning. The

moment Sitwell was gone, he let me have it.

Although the New York theatre was a multifarious enterprise then compared to what it is now, it was also cozier then. Production costs were not high. There were three or four extra-string critics on each of the papers, since there might be several openings each night, but there were only ten or twelve accredited producers. Most of them invested their own money in their productions, as the Theatre Guild did in its first, glowing years. (Much later, things had changed to the point where George Kaufman told me that to finance a play of his he had to appeal to a hundred and four investors—all strangers.) There were marvellous actors who could play high comedy—a genre that has practically passed out of existence. (For a time, Philip Barry, Arthur Richman, Paul Osborn, and I were the only American writers of high comedy.) There was Holbrook Blinn, an actor of such skill, subtlety, and magnetism that I am sure he could have matched the famous English specialists in high comedy—Charles Hawtry, for instance. There was Ina Claire. (Arthur Richman and I were both lucky enough to have Ina in our plays.) There were press agents who were beautiful stylists. There was Richard Maney. Above all, there was Samuel Hoffenstein. He was press agent for Al Woods, an unwashed and illiterate one-eyed manager who had made a fortune producing melodramas. Woods would get on boats to Europe at the last minute without baggage, or even a toothbrush. He was a well-known character. The producer Sam Harris was a character. So was William Harris. (They were unrelated to each other and to Jed.) There was David Belasco, who was a clerical fake; there was Arthur Hopkins, who was a genuinely spiritual man. I used to wait for Sundays to read Hoffenstein's publicity pieces about Al Woods. They were based on the assumption that Al was a shy, scholarly man who locked himself in his office to decipher palimpsests. Sam would invade Al's lucubrations with vulgar monetary information—how the Wednesday matinée had sold out, what this week's gross, barring accident, would certainly come to. At the mention of money, Al would shrink away. He would implore Sam to leave him alone with his studies, but Sam wouldn't go. The fun came from the fact that the cozy small town knew about Al. We didn't know, as we laughed over these pieces, that their author was to write "Poems in Praise of Practically

HOME

There's a house on the tip of a branch.
It sways in the spring breeze.
The great tree won't let it fall
Even when the neighbor comes to shake it.

Its only door is a beak. It opens
To steal the starlight. Inside
You can see the ribs. It's a house so tiny
It can fit in the dark of my eye.

When I close that eye, I can hear the sea in the other.
It bears the house through the night.
With my tongue I touch its prow from within,
With my breath I blow
The candles in the captain's cabin.

When sleep overtakes me,
I say goodbye to the house.
I lower into my heart
All that it cannot ferry on.

—CHARLES SIMIC

Nothing," a book that was found on Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's bed table when he died. There was the producer Henry Miller. Arthur Richman was a friend of Miller's and used to stay with him in his house in Connecticut. Miller had a limousine with the biggest tonneau Richman had ever seen in his life—a special model. Driving into town one day with Miller, Richman said, "Do you really need a car this size?" Miller, melancholy, stared at the vast empty space. "I know," he said. "It's beginning to get on my nerves. It's like a Wednesday matinée in Baltimore." There were playwrights, and there were plays, and, on a level of their own, there were plays by Eugene O'Neill. The theatre in the twenties was organic, lively, and multifariously cozy.

With the money pouring in from his half interest in "Broadway," Gaige took a magnificent apartment on Fifth Avenue. It had a walnut-panelled living room. I went up there to inspect it; Hilda showed it off to me. She was forlorn. She drew the curtains and lit the drawing-room lights to show me how it would look at night. Suddenly, she gave up. She sat down and stared at me. "I can't," she said. "Do you think I'm terrible? I've got to leave Crosby. Haven't you known it?"



"I didn't know it was as serious as that."

"You'll be my friend, won't you? You'll see me through it, won't you?"

When I left her, on the way downtown, I saw it as an inescapable fact of life: walnut panelling could not patch up an unhappy marriage.

A new excitement arose. "Broadway" was going to London. Jed asked me to prepare a glossary to explain the esoteric Broadway argot to English audiences. I was longing to go. Jed vetoed it—because, I think, he knew how passionately I wanted to go. I could feel my hope of seeing London and seeing Siegfried again crumble. Hilda knew how I felt about going. The idea of the trip had made a great change in her. She was wildly excited. She had a consuming interest in the English Royal Family. She read and read about them. She knew their homes, their most distant connections, their habits. She forgot how unhappy she was. She was transformed. She asked me up to dinner with Gaige. At this dinner, Gaige droned on, mostly about the eccentricities of my friend Jed. Halfway through, Hilda couldn't stand it. She burst out at him. "Why don't you tell him?" she cried.

"Oh, I've been working up to it." He addressed me. "You're coming with us," he said. "You're going to do that glossary in London." He lifted his wineglass. "Let's drink to the voyage. For Hilda and me, it'll be a second honeymoon. Won't it, darling?" Over his wineglass, he winked at me.

IN December of 1926, we sailed on the Majestic, formerly the Bismarck—an emolument of the First



"Father, I cannot tell a lie."

World War. The ship was immense, luxurious, confident. It had swimming pools and Ritz dining rooms. Few of the passengers gave any thought to its history or had any curiosity about it. The other day, I read about this journey in my diary. I was astonished at what I found; it was like reading someone else's diary. I had been a great admirer of Joseph Conrad; I had read most of him. But until I read this diary I had forgotten that on that journey I met Richard Curle, one of Conrad's closest friends—indeed, his literary executor—and that he talked endlessly about his hero. Curle—his name, his appearance—had vanished from my consciousness until he made this reëtrance.

Philip Dunning was on board. I worked with him on the glossary for the ignorant Londoners and helped him prepare the play script for publication. He was a very decent man, in a state of shock over the bonanza that had overwhelmed him. Novelists with a first success have usually had years of writing experience behind them—short stories or journalism or other novels—but you can have a theatre success without such experience. Dunning had simply hit it, as you might strike oil or a mining lode. The London company was on board, second class. We were constantly watching rehearsals. A fellow-employee, Paul Streger,

was there. He was ambitious to be a director, and Jed had sent him to take charge of the company. This was a boon to me. At home, Streger and I and Herman Shumlin, another Jed recruit, had formed a triumvirate to console each other under the lash. Shumlin and Jed had grown up together, in Newark, New Jersey. They were boyhood friends, before their lives really got started, and when their lives did get started, the friendship ruptured. It took each of us a long time to alleviate the traumas that were inescapable when one was employed by Jed. From my diary I see that I was forever trying to escape from the frantic social life of the ship and from rehearsals of "Broadway" to the privacy of my cabin, to work on one or another of three plays I had on tap. I wonder now how I could have worked on them with such intensity. Couldn't I see that they were dubious ventures? I couldn't. I didn't suspect how inadequate these plays were until they were produced. But then you have to believe in what you're doing while you're doing it, no matter how deluded that belief may be. The trouble is that when you get older and your critical faculty sharpens, the generation of excitement over an idea becomes less and less frequent, until, finally, it is extinguished altogether. I once asked Maugham why he had

stopped writing plays. "Because I no longer get ideas for plays," he said. He meant, of course, ideas he could believe in.

Always on the scent of first editions, Gaige spotted the name of Richard Curle on the passenger list. Curle had been in America lecturing on Conrad. I still don't remember what Curle looked like—only that he was a morose man, who seemed to be carrying a burden too heavy for him. He talked incessantly and with tragic concentration about Conrad. He had been with him on his last day. Curle had arrived at Conrad's country place the night before. Conrad, who had been suffering from attacks of rheumatic gout, which had tormented him for years, had gone to bed, but they sat up into the early hours, talking. Conrad, Curle said, was a great talker, and that night he was at his best. In the morning, after breakfast, the vein continued, and Conrad, in wonderful spirits, insisted on driving Curle to see his new house, about eight miles away. He became ill again on the way. They turned back. The next morning, he was dead, of heart failure. "On this ship—on this very ship—he returned from his American visit, and I met him at Southampton," Curle said. "He was adored by your people. It was touching for me, deeply touching, after my talks about him, to have

your countrymen come up to me—yes, they come up to me and they make me feel that because I loved Conrad . . . well, they looked on me as a friend because they loved him, too.”

Alone in my cabin after one of these sessions with Curle, I brooded about Conrad's death. Curle had said that Conrad's mind was teeming with ideas that he longed to set down on paper, and that he was tortured by the conviction that he never would—a conviction Curle did not share, because Conrad's

conversation was so vigorous that Curle could not associate it with death.

Gaige invited Curle to dinner with us. I asked Curle an unfortunate question. I asked whether Joseph Conrad had ever written a play.

“He hated the theatre—despised it.”

“Didn't he admire Ibsen?” I asked.

“He despised him. He called him ‘an old fake,’” Curle said.

“So he never wrote one?” said Gaige.

“He did, as a matter of fact. ‘The

Secret Agent.’ Dramatization of his own novel.”

“Did it succeed?” asked Gaige.

“Disaster. The whole thing nauseated Conrad. Nothing about the theatre could he stand.”

“I hope that you don't share Conrad's aversion to the theatre,” Gaige said to Curle. “I'd very much like you to see the rehearsal of the play I'm doing in London. It will be valuable to my young friend here, as he is preparing a glossary.” He turned to me.

“Whatever Mr. Curle doesn't understand you'll have to explain.”

Curle, who perhaps felt a bit ashamed that it had slipped his mind that he was with a theatrical crowd, and feared that he had been perhaps too vehement about Conrad's contempt for the theatre, said he'd love to see the rehearsal. Hilda begged off. I sat with her for a few minutes. A steward handed her a cablegram. She tore it open. She began burbling with delight. “Wonderful! Seats for the last performance—Gerald du Maurier. I never thought I'd get them! You'll come with me.”

“What will Crosby be doing?”

“Oh, he's seeing some English author. Imagine! Our first night in London—and ‘The Last of Mrs. Cheyney!’”

Hilda was as elated about Sir Gerald du Maurier as she was about the Royal Family.

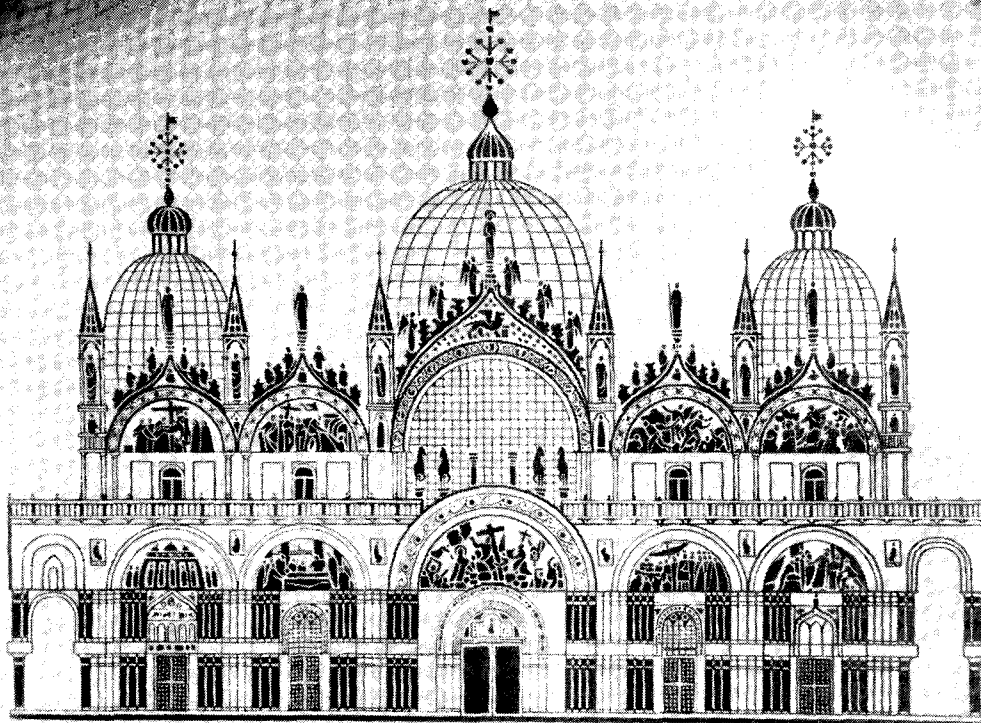
I HAD had, all my life, a nostalgia for England. On the boat train, I had a thrill of recognition when I found that we were in Surrey. I knew Surrey—its fields and its sheep and its houses—from the photographs in *Country Life*, which I used to study in the periodical room of the Worcester Public Library. I never missed an issue either of that or of the *Illustrated London News*. The streets of London were



“Oh, no! Not another political flipflop!”

Collector's plate, 1972.

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strange but familiar, too. In a deep sense, it was a return. I had grown up, on Providence Street in Worcester, in the nearly constant company of William Shakespeare and Charles Dickens. When the taxi turned into Half Moon Street, I recognized it and felt snug in it; it was exactly my idea of what a London street should be. The parlormaid who admitted me took me upstairs to my room. She told me that Miss Burton was expecting me and would soon summon me for tea. I drew the curtains back and looked up and down the street. I was pleased to see at one end of it the shop of Trumper's, the hairdresser, because Siegfried had told me, with a certain fine edge of reproof at the self-indulgence, that Osbert Sitwell sometimes went to Trumper's twice a day. I was in a state of scarcely controllable excitement. I was in London! I had dreamed of it—tried, with some success, to imagine it. I had gone innumerable times to see friends off who were going to London, but that I would ever be going myself was not conceivable. Here I was. There, actually, was Trumper's, an appointed servant of His Majesty.

Presently, I heard a light tap at the door. It was the maid. Miss Burton was in the parlor, awaiting me for tea. I went downstairs. Siegfried had not prepared me for the Presence that greeted me. Dame Nellie was short, almost spherical, with a large expanse of face and innumerable chins. She had

prominent blue eyes, an encompassing smile, and an expression of benevolent innocence. She was highly decorated; spangles and ornaments of odd shapes were pinned to her bodice. She had a mass of gray-brown hair piled up in a minaret; semiprecious, pale lights gleamed from the minaret, too. It was a congeries of ornaments and unclassifiable styles, but somehow I was soon aware that Miss Burton securely dominated her effects—that she had a style of her own. There was a quickening reassurance in her directness; you felt that she was a force of nature—that nothing could swerve her from a decision or a loyalty. She became a fixture in my life at that moment and remained so.

Miss Burton welcomed me warmly.

I asked how Siegfried was.

"Oh, you know 'im. 'Is usual—broodin' an' moodin'."

A tall, middle-aged, ectoplasmic, lemonish man made a tentative appearance. Miss Burton introduced him. "Mr. Fleming. 'E's in rear double. I'm sure you'll 'ave plenty in common."

Miss Burton held a chair for me. Mr. Fleming sat opposite. Miss Burton took command at the head of the table and began to pour. It was an immense tea: plovers' eggs, meat sandwiches, bread and butter with strawberry jam, crumpets, scones, and a heavy cake that looked like a Christmas cake.

"Mr. Fleming is a Theosophist," Miss Burton said.

Mr. Fleming's head, perched on a long neck, nodded vehemently, as if pulled by an elastic. I had not yet heard Mr. Fleming say anything.

From where I was sitting, I was looking directly at the fireplace. I began to populate this room with the artists who used to come in late at night for advice and encouragement from Robert Ross—poets, painters, composers, playwrights. I saw Ross, a keen-eyed, subfusc figure, standing in front of this very fireplace coining epitaphs.

But Miss Burton was dredging around for subjects that Mr. Fleming and I had in common. "'E is, in fact," Miss Burton was saying, determined that Mr. Fleming should not be underrated by a visiting American, on whose previous conditioning you could not count, "a very 'igh-placed Theosophist."

Mr. Fleming, busy at the crumpets, made a deprecatory gesture and shook his head.

"We do a bit o' crystal gazing 'ere and there, don't we, Mr. Fleming?"

Mr. Fleming, agog over the plovers' eggs, nodded.

"And would you take it amiss if I told Lieutenant Sassoon's friend 'oo appeared to us one day in the crystal?"

Mr. Fleming shook his head.

Miss Burton leaned a bit across to me with a stentorian whisper: "Mme. Blavatsky."

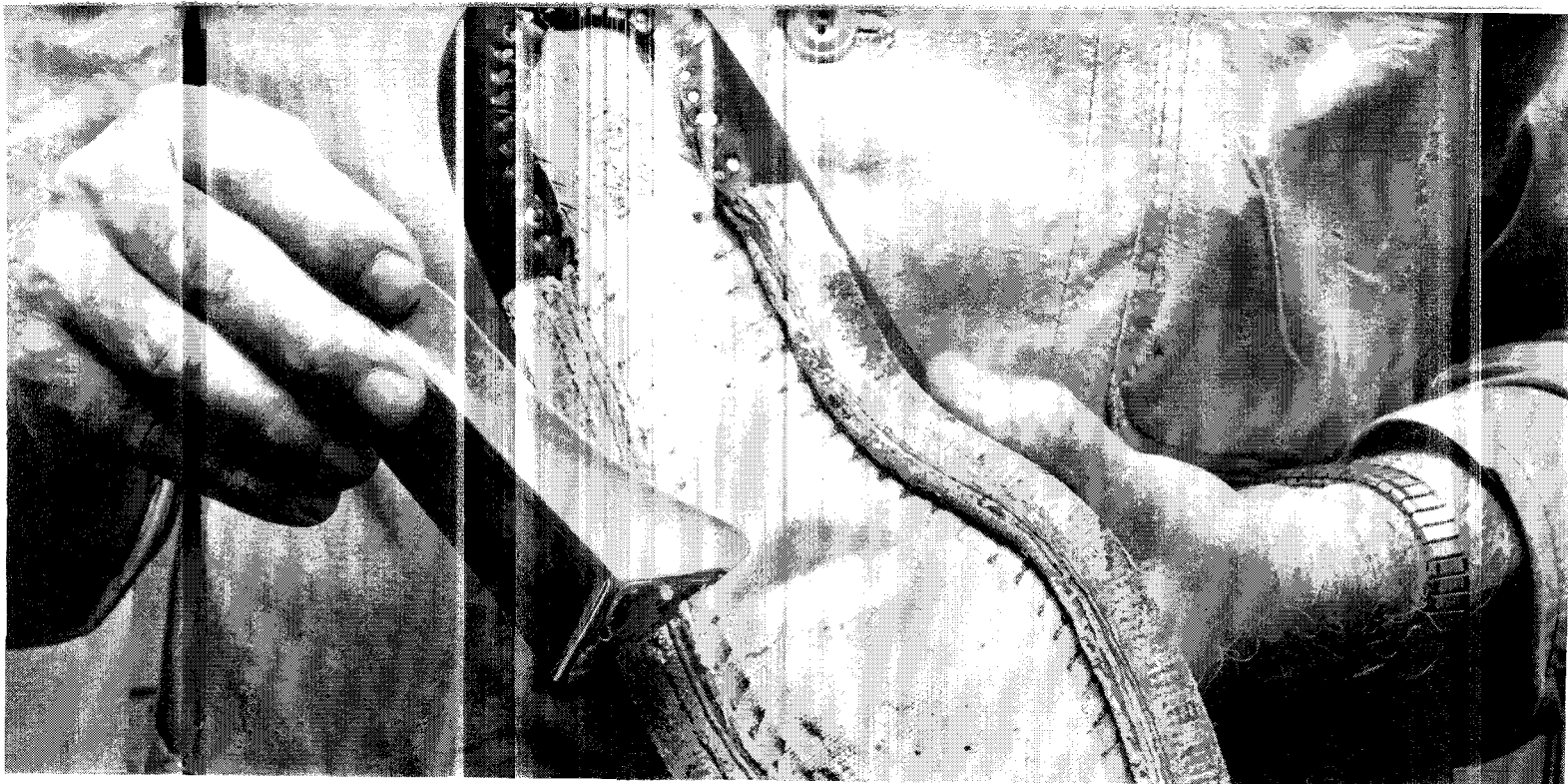
I felt I was under false pretenses with Mr. Fleming and Miss Burton. Theosophy was not in my realm. I didn't know what it was. I didn't know who Mme. Blavatsky was. Miss Burton made things worse by adding a cubit to Mr. Fleming's stature in Theosophy. "'E 'as the very 'igh regard of Mrs. Besant," she said. "In fact . . ." Miss Burton cupped her mouth with her hand. "Not only," she said portentously, "did Mrs. Besant come 'ere to see Mr. Fleming but she brought . . ." Her voice dropped, as if she didn't want herself to overhear. "She brought Messiah!"

The parlormaid came in and whispered to Dame Nellie.

"Oh, yes," Dame Nellie said to me. "Lieutenant Sassoon on the phone for you. Brenda will show you—in the 'all."

I followed Brenda into the hall. I told Siegfried that I had to go to the theatre. I promised to come to his flat, in Campden Hill Square, right afterward. I made my excuses to Dame Nellie and Mr. Fleming, went to my room to dress, and took a taxi to the Berkeley, where the Gaiges were stay-





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ing. At dinner, I told Hilda about the wonderful new experience I'd just had—meeting Dame Nellie. She made me promise that I would take her to Half Moon Street. We taxied to the theatre. As the cabby held the door open for us, he sighed. He looked very melancholy. He said, "It is indeed the last o' Mrs. Chyneel!"

Hilda adored the play. She was starry-eyed. She missed no scintilla of the somewhat narrow panoply of Sir Gerald's public behavior. But it made me restive. I was impatient for the streets of London. I wanted to roam them, to possess them. The last thing I wanted to do that night was see a play; I resented the play for keeping me off the streets. I longed to see Siegfried and Campden Hill Square. (How idyllic that sounded in itself!) From there, I determined, I would walk back to Half Moon Street, no matter how late or how far. The play over, Hilda and I joined in the fervent farewell ovation given to Sir Gerald by his admirers. When I said good night to Hilda, I told her I was going to see Sassoon. She longed to meet him as well as Miss Burton. I promised to arrange that meeting, too.

In the taxi, I looked for the street signs. I was aware, suddenly, of the joy of not being encrusted in numbered streets. To go up Broadway or Fifth Avenue is like tracing a trial balance; there is no mystery in arithmetical sequence. The streets of London had caprices of their own; they took no dictation from the rigidities of arithmetic. I tried to memorize the streets as I passed them, in order to facilitate my intended walk back from Siegfried's apartment. The taxi began going up. Campden Hill Square was a plateau. As I climbed the stairs to Siegfried's apartment, I heard, on the piano, Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue—Siegfried's charming welcoming ode, because he used to play it all the time at Westover Court. I used to tease him over his "fumbled fugues."

After we had greeted each other, he said, "Osbert told me about meeting you in New York. Jed Harris made a great impression on him. He was very taken with him."

"Oh, Jed makes a great impression on everybody. He's a fascinating character."

I sat on the sofa. Siegfried pulled up a chair. He offered me a cigarette. "You look well, Sam. How long has it been?"

"Six years. I was glad to get Sitwell's message about your book."

"Yes." He pointed to a mass of pen-written manuscript on his desk. "I've

been struggling. I find I can't do it unless I shut myself off completely. Ghastly life."

"I got a bad report on you from Miss Burton."

"What did she have to say about me?"

"She says you're broodin' an' moodin'."

Siegfried slapped his knee hard; he always did that when he was greatly amused. "Leave it to Burton! No one can sum up the truth in a few words the way she can."

"But explain to me about Mr. Fleming. I am a little confused about Mr. Fleming. Does Burton believe in all that crystal-gazing stuff?"

"I'm sure she thinks it's all flim-flam. She's a realist, if ever there was one. About Fleming she says, 'Mr. Fleming, 'e belongs to the spirit world; 'e's a man of the spirit, but 'e likes 'is food regular.' She's a great character part. You ought to write a play about her."

We both sat for a moment in a marvel at the phenomenon of Burton.

Siegfried said, "What's new with you—about your plays? Any luck with them?"

"Harold Freedman's got the Theatre Guild to take an option on one of them."

"What does that mean?"

"They pay me five hundred dollars for six months. They're supposed to produce it by spring."

"This spring?"

"I hope so."

"That would be wonderful."

"Meanwhile, here I am where I want to be. In London. And I am, I'll have you know, a lexicographer." I explained to him about "Broadway" and my job of translating its dialogue for the English.

He looked at the clock on the mantelshelf. It was after two. "You must be tired. I can always go back to that

thing." He pointed to the pile of manuscript.

"What are you calling it?"

"Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man."

"I'd love a look."

He got up and picked up a chapter. "About fifty pages. Take 'em along to Half Moon Street. They'll put you to sleep." He slipped the fifty pages into a manila envelope.

"Fine," I said. "I was going to walk, but with these I'll take a taxi."

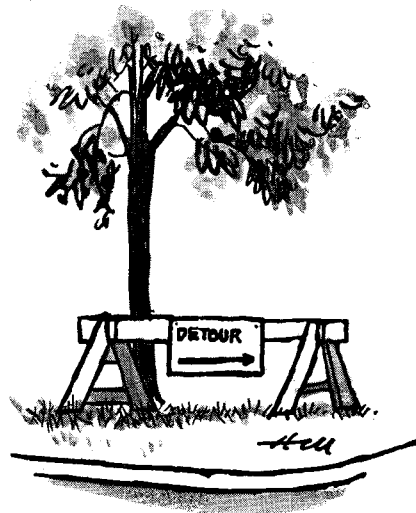
"You'd better. It would be a considerable walk. You'll find a taxi rank—bottom of the square. Will your lexicography permit you to have lunch?"

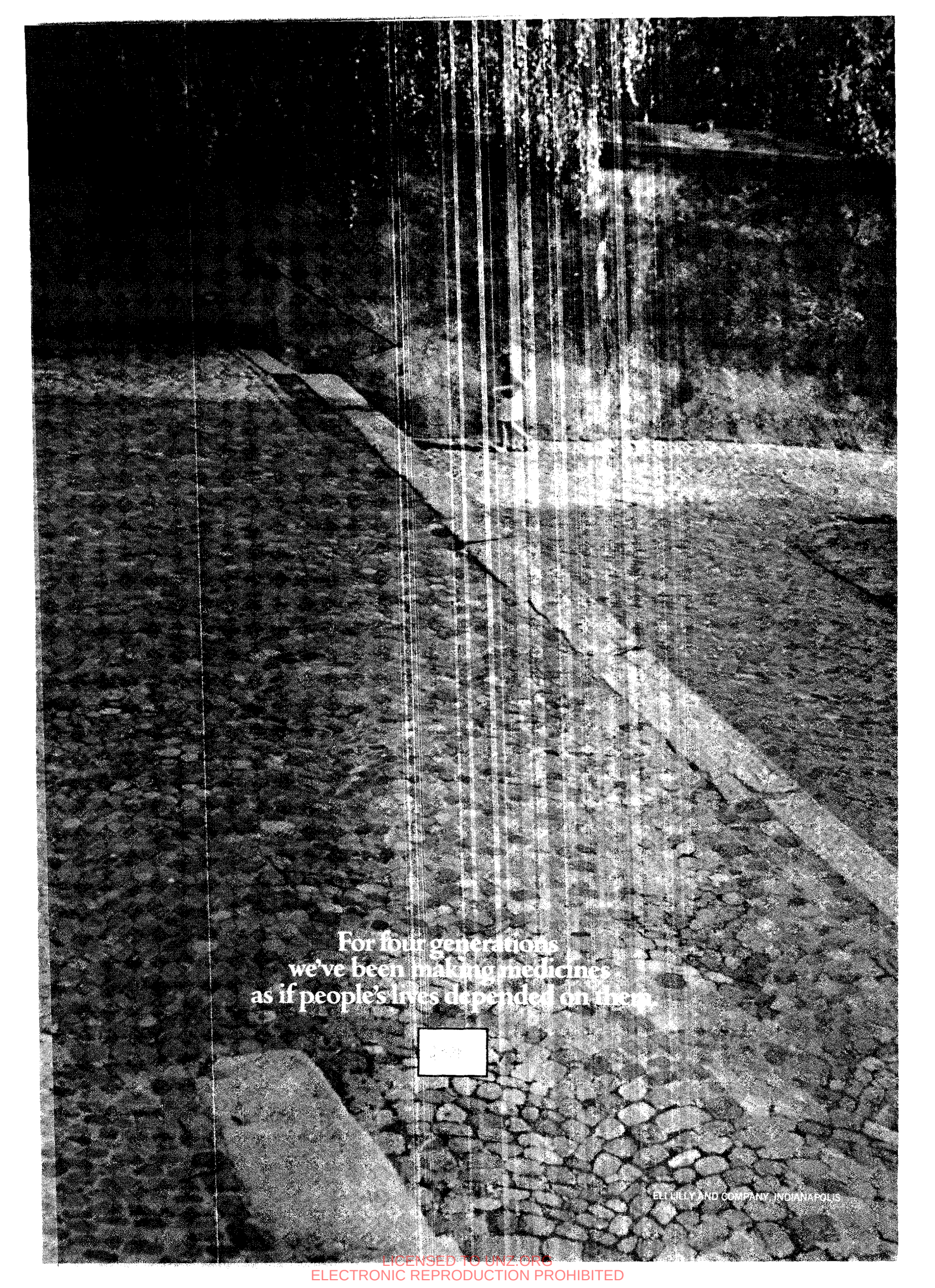
"Of course," I said. "My staff does the heavy work."

"Naturally. Friday, I'll take you to my club."

We said good night on the landing. Campden Hill Square was asleep—an expanse of darkness. I walked to the corner and found a taxi. It was cold. I let myself into Half Moon Street with the key Miss Burton had given to me, found my room, with the bedside lamp on, undressed, and got into bed. I was startled. There was something warm and furry in my bed. I jumped out to investigate. It was a flat, hot stone covered with a fur wrap. It was a mercy. I said a prayer of thanks to Burton, stretched out comfortably, and immersed myself in Siegfried's memories of the—to me—least likely of enterprises, foxhunting. I'd never heard of anyone in Worcester, Massachusetts, who engaged in so bizarre an occupation.

I was entranced. I slipped mesmerically into Siegfried's handwritten fifty pages—scarcely an erasure in them. I had never before read anything that brought so close the feeling of the earth, its scent and taste, its contours, the zest of open air, the voices of birds and animals, the lives of foliage, hedges, flowers, the excitement of the chase, the community of horses, dogs, huntsmen, and grooms galvanized by a single impulse, their consciousness merged in sky and forest. In Worcester, somehow, though it was surrounded by nature, there was, at least around me, no cult of nature. There was also in Siegfried's impassioned pages involvement with golf and cricket. I came nearest to him when he wrote about cricket, because it reminded me of the involvement of my crowd on Providence Street in our scratch baseball games on lopsided, gravelly sandlots. But the chief delight was Siegfried's humorous sensitivity to the people of his world: the grooms, the farm-



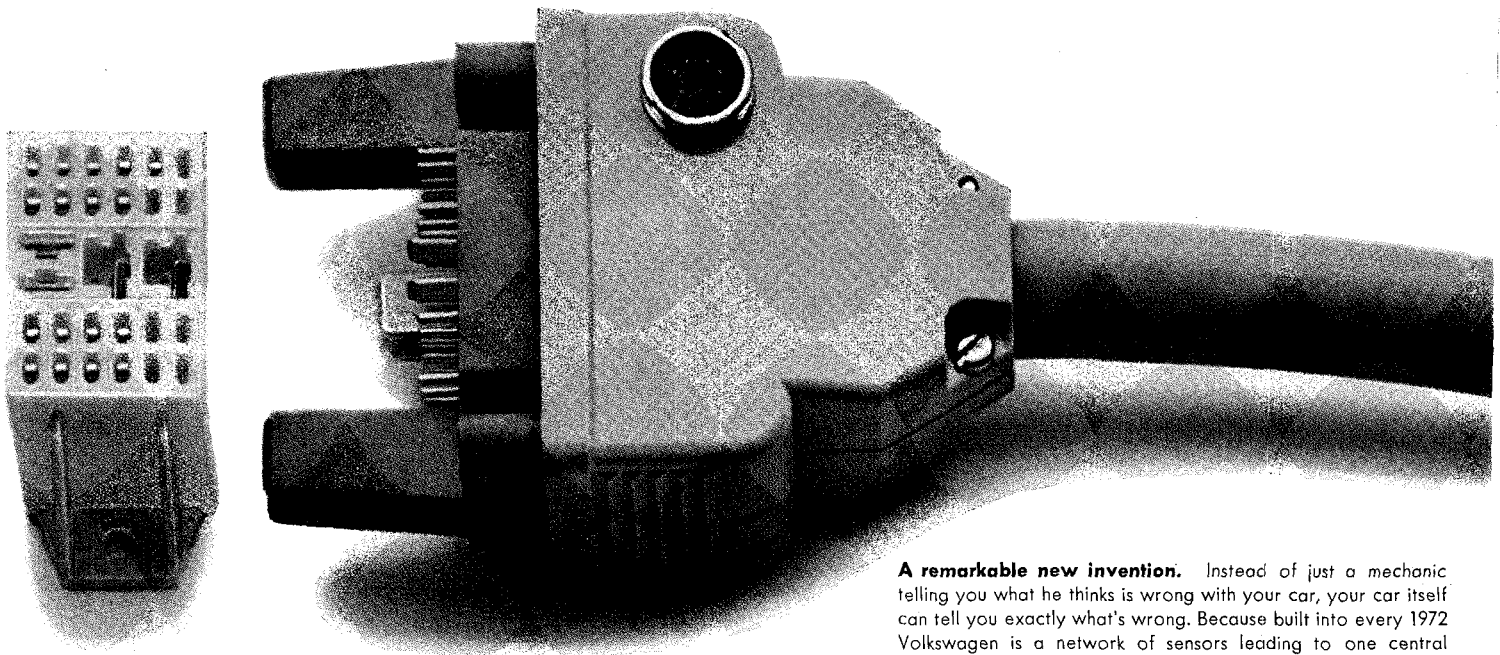


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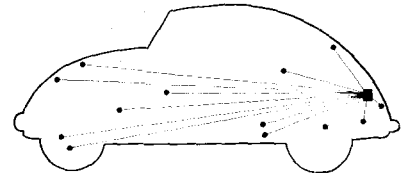
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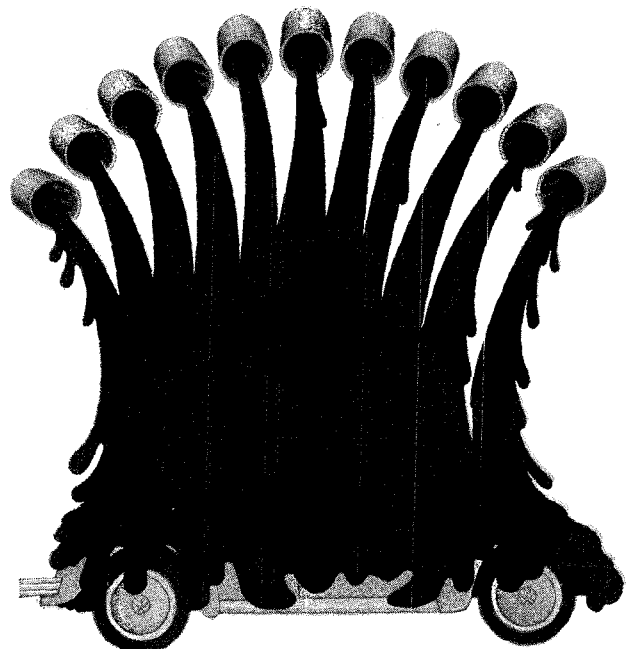
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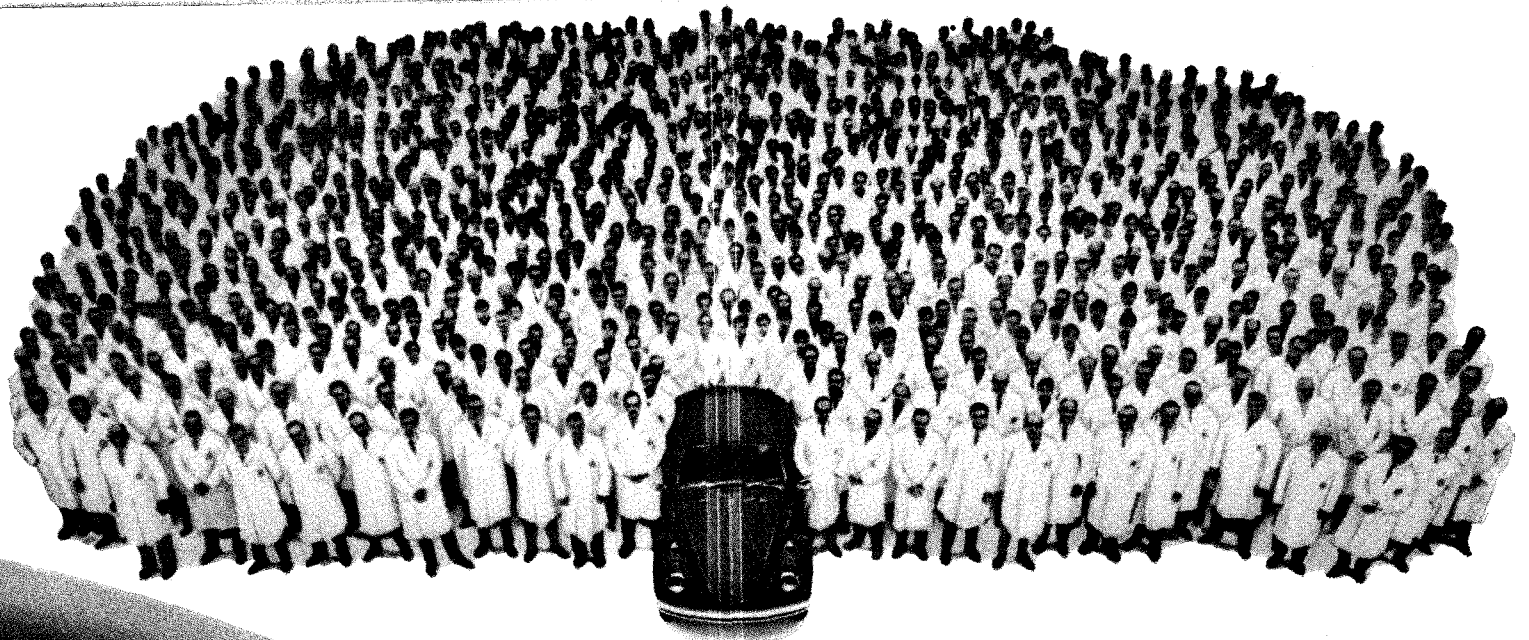
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ers, the clergymen, the noble lords who mastered the hunts. What struck me was the homogeneity, the classlessness. The Horse was the cynosure. When I finished the fifty pages, I fell into a dream. What must it be like, I wondered, to have been born as Siegfried was born, in the English country, in an established hierarchy, with these fields and wealds and streams and forests to roam and hunt? Mr. Gresser, the father of the girl violinist whom I had taken Siegfried to see, had told me when I next saw him that the Sassoons were the oldest Jewish family in existence—that compared to them the Rothschilds were upstarts. I began to muse on this. My family was as old as Siegfried's; there are no age differences in human families. What Mr. Gresser must have meant was the oldest *recorded* Jewish family. When I asked my father about his father and his father's antecedents, I couldn't find out very much. My father himself didn't know. He came out of darkness, out of mystery. The ancestry he knew was traditional, impersonal. There were no people in it, no individuals, nothing idiosyncratic. There were historical concepts. Carnage. Persecution. No people. Victims. No games. Escapes. I scanned a sentence before I put the light out: "Rooks would be cawing in the vicarage elms, and Butley, with its huddle of red roofs and square church tower, was a contented looking place." Worcester looked neither contented nor discontented—just somnolent. I fell asleep trying to effect a transposition of locales: What must it be like . . .

The next morning, just before noon, Jed telephoned. He had arrived the night before from Paris. He had called me; I had not been home. He had just called the Gaiges; they were out shopping. There was something in the way he said this that boded ill. By this time, I knew him well. They were out shopping on his time, and even at his expense. I could tell that he resented their presence in London; the detail that Gaige had financed the entire production constantly escaped him. He was in a bad mood. So was I. I had, just an hour before, received a devastating cable from Harold Freedman. It was open before me. It read, "Guild unable to produce play this season. Think can get them renew option. Maurice Wertheim wants to see you on return. No hurry. Best Harold."

Jed asked me to meet him at the Strand Theatre, where "Broadway" was to open. I said I'd be there. I took the cable back to my room to ponder

it, though there was nothing much to ponder. It had killed two dreams; the intertwined one was of the moment when I could tell Jed that I was quitting. It was a dream the three of us shared—Herman Shumlin, Paul Stenger, and I. We lived for the moment when we would give up our jobs. I decided I wouldn't tell Siegfried about this cable; it would distress him. I wouldn't tell anyone.

I found Jed at the Strand with a Captain Troubridge, the manager of the theatre, and John Balderston, the London correspondent of the *New York World*. They were both eating out of his hand. Jed was in wonderful spirits, fed by his conquests, and was perfectly charming to me. Balderston had dramatized, very successfully, Henry James's unfinished novel "The Sense of the Past." Balderston called his play "Berkeley Square." It was later to run in New York with Leslie Howard—an enchanting performance—and was now running in London with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Lawrence Anderson. Everything was milk and honey. I owed Captain Troubridge and Balderston a lot just for being there. They didn't know what they had saved me from.

I was to see a great deal of John Balderston and his attractive wife, Marion, on this visit and on subsequent visits to London. Balderston worshipped Jed. Indeed, Jed's effect on people was extraordinary; the forward thrust of his personality, the physical embodiment of his total self-belief, was hypnotic. He simply knew that he was destined for mastery, that his success with "Broadway" was merely the first

rung of a career in which he would be omnipotent. And it was so—for a long time, it was so. No managerial personality in the theatre since has so magnetized attention as Jed did for a decade. He was so articulate about the plays

he produced that he gave the effect of directing them, even though he engaged directors. Jed became bewitched by England and the Parliamentary system. One day, sorting out his ambitions, he said to me, "You know, I think of settling down in England. And, you know, if I did, and if I went into politics, I think I could have the same career Disraeli did." I repeated this one day, as a kind of joke, to John Balderston. To my surprise, Balderston said, with perfect gravity, "I have no doubt whatever that Jed could."

My friendship with Siegfried enabled me to shuttle between Captain Troubridge's office in the Strand The-

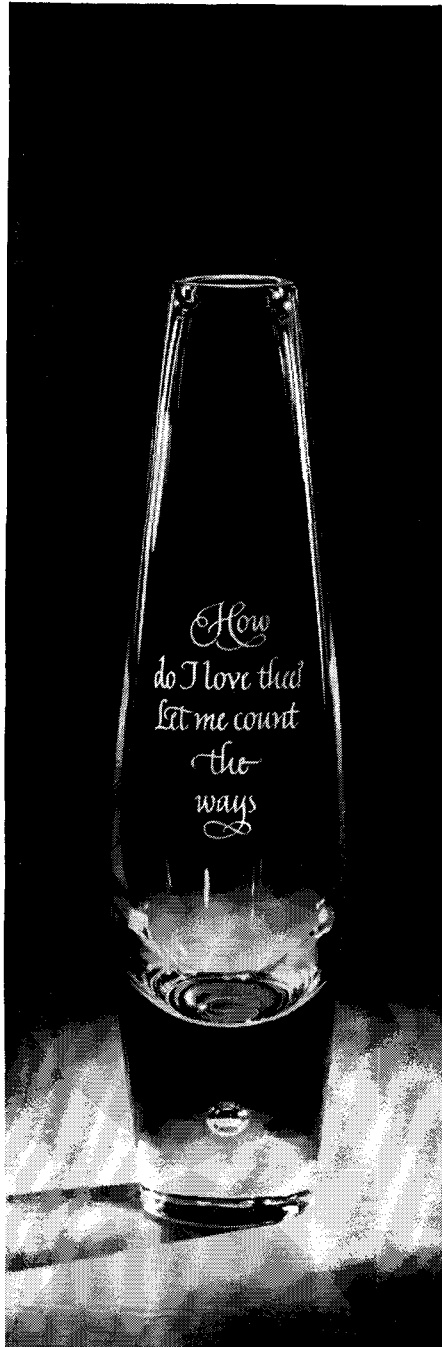
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atre and the élite of the London literary world, to which I had no valid admission ticket. Siegfried invited me to go with him to a tea party at Sir Edmund and Lady Gosse's. The cable from Harold Freedman about the rejection of my play by the Theatre Guild made me more than ever conscious of having no admission ticket. There was a great crowd; I heard storied names—Edith Sitwell, Geoffrey Scott. What was I to do? How was I to survive? I felt completely out of my depth, a yokel who had stomped into a Parnassian séance. Gosse was talking about "my substantial political victory in Italy." Was Gosse running for office in Italy? Was it a private joke? Then Gosse rose to greet me, a tidy man with a booming voice. His gray hair was parted in the middle; he wore a patch over one eye. Siegfried told me later that he changed the patch from eye to eye as it suited him. Gosse went on to tell of a transatlantic crossing he'd made to America after the Civil War. The passengers all ate at one long table. He told of the super-elegance of an American lady. There was a great salmon in the middle of the table. "Do you mind, Mr. Gosse," she said, "if I assist the salmon?" I wondered what she thought she could do for the salmon that the salmon couldn't do for itself.

My life was saved by Lady Gosse, who spoke as softly as her husband boomed. She took me into her confidence about an indiscretion of Viscount Haldane's. She told me of a great party at the Duchess of York's, and Viscount Haldane's inspiration for getting out of it. He made a tour of the drawing room admiring the pictures; he admired and admired, till he found himself out in the hall. "Wasn't it wicked of him?" she said, smiling delightedly at me behind her hand. I'd have liked to sit with Lady Gosse forever. Siegfried took me away, though, to show me an early Sargent of Gosse and a caricature of Swinburne. We returned to the tea table. I sat beside Miss Sitwell. I got fixed on her fingernails. Her hands were beautiful, the nails abnormally long and of what was then a strange color—pale silver, the color of a fish's belly. Gosse was talking of her verses in a just-published book. He made a critical comment on one poem. Miss Sitwell bridled. Gosse rolled over the bridle. To console Miss Sitwell, I asked her whether she would care to go to the opening of "Broadway." She said she'd love to go. Miss Sitwell was impressively cozy. Siegfried and I took her home. In the cab, she expanded on

Gosse's effrontery; I was rather astonished at the ferocity with which she attacked him. "He rapped me on the knuckles as if I were a schoolgirl," she said. Then she remembered that I had invited her to the opening of "Broadway." She asked Siegfried if he would take her. Siegfried consented.

"Broadway" opened at the Strand Theatre two nights later. The house was full, the audience dressy. I sat with Anita Harris, Jed's wife. I saw Siegfried and Edith Sitwell. I saw Richard Curle with Hilda. I saw the Balderstons. I saw Arnold Bennett—a hero of mine, because I greatly admired "The Old Wives' Tale." "Broadway" is a gutter play, about the lowest forms of human life, set in a degraded cabaret frequented by rival bootlegger gangs with guns at the ready. I wondered how this genteel audience could respond to it. When I looked at Curle, I wondered, What would Joseph Conrad, who despised Ibsen, think of this? That it was better than Ibsen, probably. What was Arnold Bennett thinking? I was never to know; he does not mention this first night in his published journals.

I spoke with Siegfried and Miss Sitwell in the intermission. Miss Sitwell said she was having a lovely time. Gaige, Hilda, and Curle joined us. Miss Sitwell and Siegfried begged off coming to the Gaiges' opening-night party at the Berkeley. Jed was threading the lobby, eavesdropping on comments. Hilda waved to him. He waved back but did not join us.

At the party, everyone felt that the play had gone very well and would be a hit. Balderston telephoned a newspaper from the party and had St. John Ervine's notice read to him. "It's a money notice," he announced.

At one in the morning, Jed said he was leaving, and asked me to go to his suite with him; he was also staying at the Berkeley. When we got there, he called room service and ordered coffee. He was quite amiable. "One thing about you I'll never understand," he said, "is how you can spend so much time with the Gaiges."

"I like them very much," I said. "Gaige has always been very kind to me. I love Hilda."

"A lot of good that'll do you." He was smiling. He had anticipated this conversation. He had decided to play it friendly. "I've bought a play. 'Coquette.' I'm putting Helen Hayes in it. That'll give you a nice little job when you get back."

"Not me. I'm quitting."

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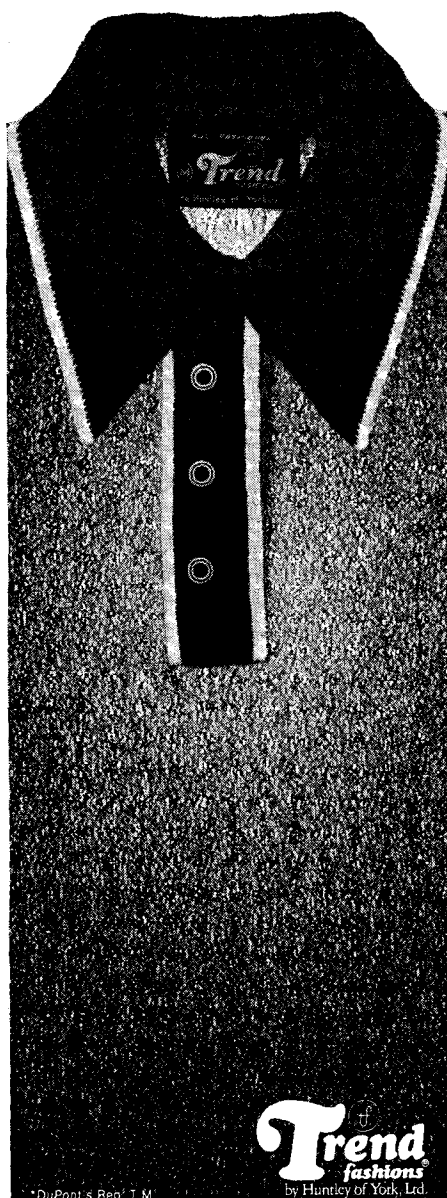
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ing on a terrific play for me. Chicago newspaper life. 'The Front Page.' What I've seen of it is terrific. You'll have a ball with that. You'd be very foolish to quit. I've read your plays. You'll never get anywhere with them. They're thin."

"The Guild doesn't think so."

Jed looked at me pityingly. He was silky. "Poor, deluded boy. Why do I call you boy? You're at least five years older than I am. I don't like to break it to you. But I'd better, to keep you from making a mistake. You know, I'm a master of espionage. My spies are everywhere. I know what's going on in every office. The Guild will never do your play. They have other plans. You'd better stick with me."

"There's one thing you don't understand about me."

"There are many things I don't understand about you." Jed sipped his coffee. "Your devotion to the Gaiges, for instance."

"You keep harping on the Gaiges. You forget that Gaige has financed this whole production. You never put up your share. Is that why you hate Gaige?"

"You're a stooge for Gaige. You're in love with Hilda. Just because she hates Gaige doesn't mean she'll give you a break. Get on to yourself."

"I'm on to you."

He got up, walked over to me, and said quietly, "If there were no penalty for homicide, I'd kill you."

I left. I walked down the hall to the lift. I was blind with rage and frustration. Jed was right about the Guild. Harold Freedman's telegram was the proof. I wondered whether the Gaiges' party was still on. I had left my overcoat in their suite. I went back there and rang the doorbell. Hilda opened the door. She looked very tired. She managed to smile at me—wanly. "Party's over. Crosby has gone to bed."

I apologized for intruding on her. "I'll just pick up my coat and run."

"Please don't. Sit for a minute and talk to me. I feel sort of—What did Jed have to say?"

I followed her into the drawing room. I sat wondering how I could edit Jed's remarks to make them presentable. She sat opposite me in a big armchair, her hand over her face. I decided how to edit Jed. "Oh, he's very high. Full of plans. He's got Helen Hayes for a new play he's doing, and he's crazy about another one, by Hecht and MacArthur. It's all about Chicago newspaper life. He..."

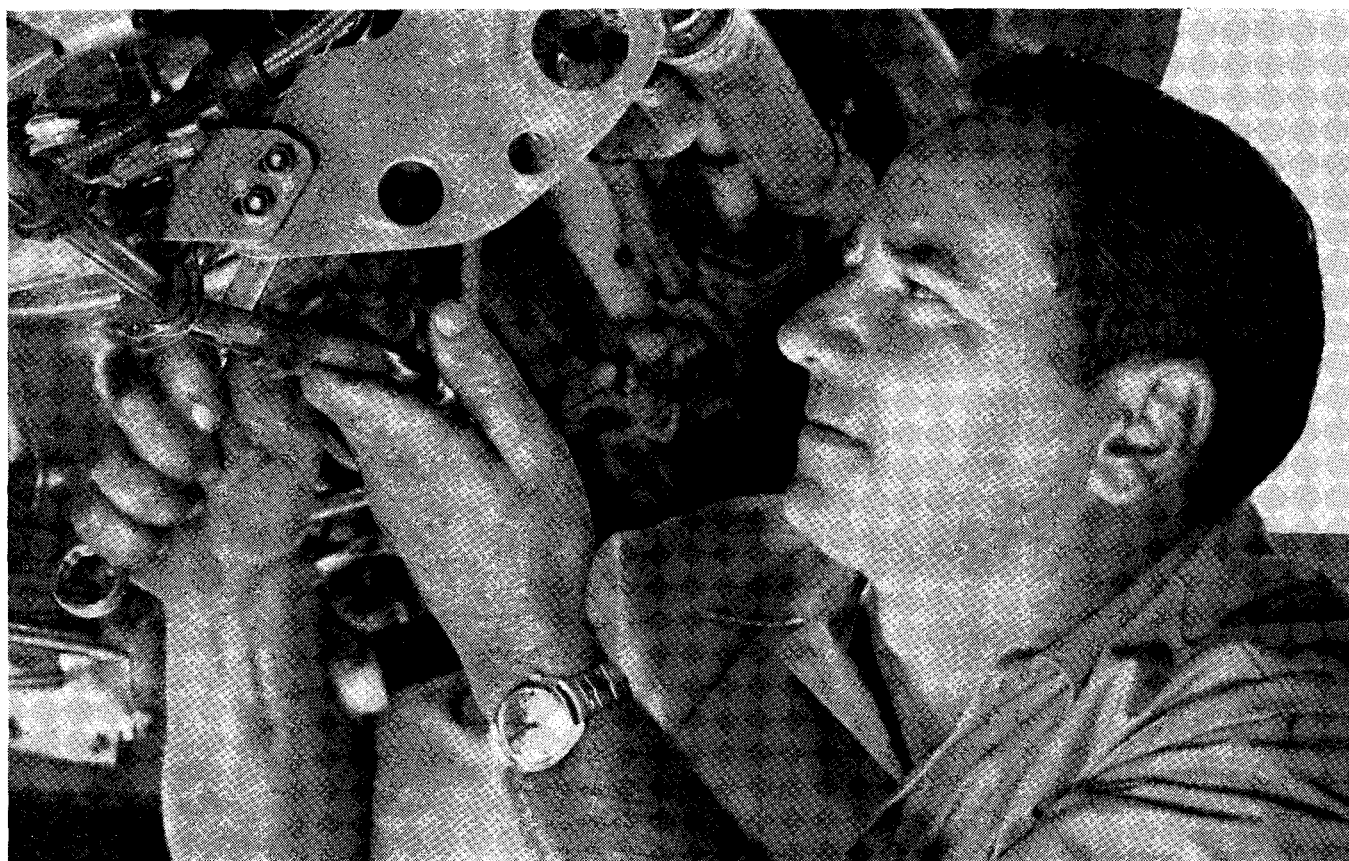
I saw then that Hilda wasn't listening. She was crying. She had given up, her head in her arms. I got up. I wanted to do something for her, to say something. I felt that the best thing I could do for her was to leave her alone. I went into the hallway, picked up my coat, and left. I walked to Half Moon Street. Second honeymoons, I reflected, were no more solace than walnut panelling.

The following morning, I went down to what Max Beerbohm called "the street of the ship-shops" and got myself a second-class cabin on a ship sailing next day. I rarely make a decision without regretting it. This was not a decision; it was a

compulsion. Freedman had cabled me not to hurry, yet I was hurrying. Jed knew about my vacillations and was counting on them. That's why he had told me in detail of his inviting prospects. But while these conflicts were going on in my incorrigibly wavering mind, I went through all the motions—paid for my ticket and put the seal on the compulsion. Siegfried, I knew, was about to visit Thomas Hardy, and I went at once to Campden Hill Square. I told him that I was going back to New York and that I had quit Jed. He was sorry about the former and glad of the latter. Then he began talking about Hardy. He venerated him beyond every other living writer. He described the village of Dorchester, in which Hardy lived; his simple house, surrounded by trees; his friendship with his beloved sheep dog, Wessex. Siegfried conveyed the simplicity and the greatness of his idol. He showed me some of Hardy's letters to him; the qualities he adumbrated were in the letters. "True Thomas,' Gosse calls him," Siegfried said. He told me he was leaving London. There were too many distractions there for the work he wanted to do. He was going to look for a suitable country house he could buy, where I could come to stay. On the chimera of this next visit, we said goodbye. I must let him know about my play; he would let me know about the house.

On the way back to Half Moon Street, I wondered, What must it be like to be going to the Hardy country on such a bright morning, to be welcomed there by its creator and proprietor? At Half Moon Street, I found a message from Hilda. I called her. I had left her, early that morning, weeping. Now she was excited. She told me that Crosby had left for Paris, but that wasn't what she was excited about. She was excited because Captain Troubridge had called her from the theatre





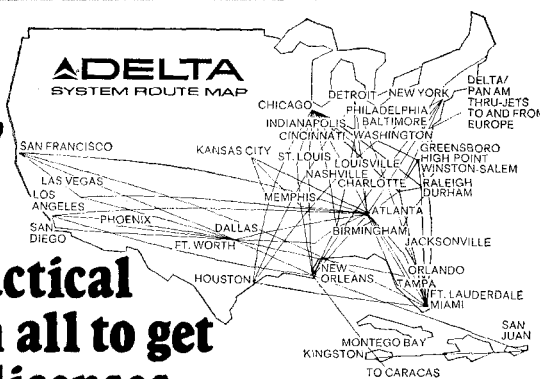
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to tell her that the Prince of Wales was attending the performance that evening. She must, of course, go, and I must take her. I had intended to spend the evening packing, but I promised. I sought out Miss Burton to tell her my problem. She brushed it aside. She was sorry I was leaving. So would Mr. Fleming be. "E 'as taken a shine to you," she said. As for the packing, she had always packed for Robbie's mother, and, she didn't mind telling me, "she 'ad more to pack than you 'ave, and she always said, 'No one can get so much in so little as you can. 'Ow do you do it?' she'd sy. I never let 'er watch me."

I granted Burton similar privacy. I carried my briefcase down to the study, took out my notebook, and tried for several hours to work. But my thoughts kept wandering to the simple, tree-surrounded house in Dorchester, to True Thomas and his sheep dog.

Captain Troubridge provided us with seats in a box, and we saw the Prince of Wales plain. He was, as a matter of fact, extraordinarily handsome and debonair. Hilda drank him in. She was a bit ashamed of doing so, but we were at a considerable distance—the Prince sat in an orchestra seat. We both noticed that the audience left him in peace; no one ogled him.

Hilda was upset when I told her that I was leaving the next day, but she didn't try to stop me. She knew how unhappy I was working for Jed, and she approved of my quitting him. To dispel the gloom, she said, "And I haven't even met Burton. Tell you what—I'll pick you up and take you to the boat train. I'll come early, so I can meet her."

In the morning, Burton knocked at my door. "Mrs. Gyge." She started downstairs. I followed. I was a bit apprehensive about her meeting Hilda; she had one day said to me, "I 'ave to sy I don't like women very well—they're fair to the eye an' rotten to the core. I'm speakin' general. An' that way I don't like 'em. I won't use their tricks." Nevertheless, she welcomed Hilda with enthusiasm.

Mr. Fleming was standing at attention in the parlor. He was presented to Hilda. He took to Hilda. It was the first time I'd heard Rear Double say anything: "I don't believe, Mr. Behrman, you've ever seen my room. I have some mementos I would like to show you before you leave. Won't you both do me the honor?"

Hilda and I said we'd love to. All three of us followed him upstairs. He ushered us into his room. It was a very commodious room, somewhat dark,

with shaded lamps. There was the smell of incense. The effect of the room was Oriental, Indian: buddhas; brass vases, heavily scrolled; ivories. There were three large photographs, elaborately framed in what looked like teakwood.

Burton pointed out to us the photograph of a dark, lowering lady with a deadly serious expression. "Mme. Blavatsky," said Burton.

As if compelled by her hypnotic expression, we all stood before Mme. Blavatsky.

Mr. Fleming breathed her name, staring at her reverently. "Dear Mme. Blavatsky. Dear Presence. She was often here, wasn't she, Burton?"

"Indeed she was," confirmed Burton. "In and out."

Mr. Fleming then stood, in a votive attitude, before the photograph of an incredibly graceful and handsome young Indian. "I hardly need say who this is," Mr. Fleming said.

But Burton did. "That's Messiah," she said crisply. "Looks it, don't 'e?"

Presently, Miss Burton was hugging me goodbye.

Hilda and I took a cab. I hadn't told Hilda about Harold Freedman's telegram. I hadn't the heart. At the train, she said, "Where will you be when you get back?"

"I don't know."

"Leave word at my apartment—address and telephone number."

"I will, of course."

"Goodbye, darling. I just want to tell you a little plan I have—have had for a long time for you. Your play will be a great success—I know it will. The minute it happens, I'll find you a nice apartment. I'll furnish it for you. You'll leave those mangy rooms you live in and walk into your charming apartment—your first home."

I ran onto the train.

On the way to Southampton, my thoughts were full of Hilda. I saw her beautiful blue-green eyes when she said goodbye to me. They were misted, not for this parting but for her own sorrow. I remembered the conjecture that Jed had flung at me about my being in love with Hilda. I was thirty-three. Hilda was at least ten years older. Jed couldn't have been more wrong; I am sure he knew it.

In my small cabin on the ship, I sat down and lit a cigarette. I tried to face the future. On a stupid impulse, I had made myself jobless. I was again prey to the perennial erosion: What next?

THE year before that, I had been introduced by an old friend and collaborator, J. Kenyon Nicholson, to

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the well-established and esteemed literary agent Carl Brandt, of Brandt & Brandt. Nicholson, with whom I had written three plays, was from Indiana and was a friend of the Hoosier novelist and essayist Meredith Nicholson (not related), who took an interest in Ken Nicholson—or Nick, as he was known. Nick was an extremely personable young man, and Meredith, who was the author of a successful novel, "The House of a Thousand Candles," thought that his own agent, Carl Brandt, might help him. Nick and I had this in common from the start: we didn't want to write literature, we wanted to write plays. Therefore, Carl Brandt, in his turn, introduced us both to Harold Freedman, whom he had just engaged to start a drama department for him. Carl told me long afterward that he couldn't for a considerable time understand why he had engaged Harold Freedman for a selling job. In the first place, no one he had ever met was less theatrical, in approach and style. Harold spoke almost inaudibly and with great difficulty; every sentence was interlarded with "er"s. He was practically inarticulate. He was also Scottish. His family had emigrated from Scotland when he was a boy, and settled in Pennsylvania, where they had a go at farming. That didn't work out. His parents and his three brothers moved to Washington and started a wholesale industrial-paper business, which still exists, and became very successful. Harold came to New York and enrolled at Columbia, where he majored in chemistry, with a side glance at drama. After his graduation, he joined the Washington Square Players, which was the matrix of the Theatre Guild. It was hard for Harold's friends to imagine him as an actor, but he was one for a time. In any event, the connection proved valuable, for him and his later clients, because he came to do a lot of business with the Theatre Guild. Among his early clients were Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, and Philip Barry. It was a useful connection for the Guild, too: at a moment when it found itself in the financial doldrums, Philip Barry provided it with Katharine Hepburn and "The Philadelphia Story."

Harold carried reticence to the point of mania. For him, secrecy was a way of life. He regarded the commercial Broadway theatre as a kind of stock market, where careers could be made or broken by the drift of rumor. I had been with him for a long time, and he had sold many plays for me and written many Hollywood contracts, before I knew where he lived. If we were

going uptown in a taxi, he would get out at a street corner, so that I wouldn't know which house he lived in. I was with him for a month in London once. I saw him constantly, because he was arranging a contract for me with Alexander Korda. I didn't know till I returned that his wife, May, who by that time was a friend of mine, had been there all the time. This foible of secrecy became a kind of trademark for Harold. Stories about it were rife. The director Guthrie McClintic was fond of telling how Harold called him one

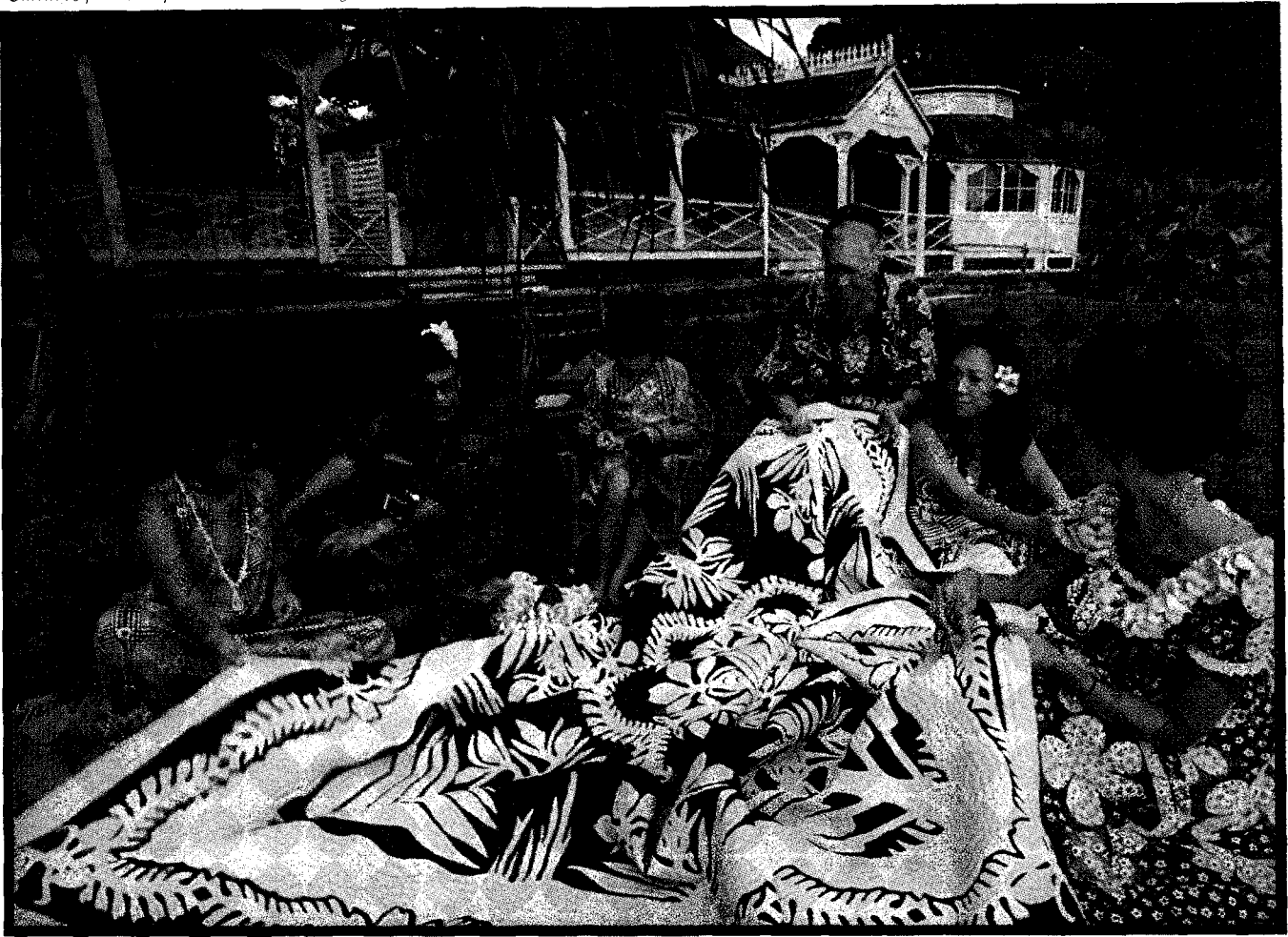


day and said he had something to speak to him about. Guthrie asked Harold to meet him on the stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre, where he was rehearsing. Harold came, as had been arranged, at five o'clock. Guthrie dismissed his actors and called Harold over. Harold made sure that the last of the actors had gone, but he still seemed insecure about transmitting his secret. He looked around nervously at the vast gloom of the New Amsterdam stage, lit by a single ghost light. Guthrie saw that Harold was nervous. Who could tell what spies were lurking in the shadows? Guthrie took him into Marilyn Miller's dressing room. Harold closed the door, which Guthrie had left open. By this time, Guthrie had begun to lose his temper a bit. He demanded communication. Harold leaned close to him and began to communicate, but, as Guthrie told it, "his voice was so goddam modulated that I couldn't understand a single word he said."

One episode involving Harold is an office legend at Brandt & Brandt. Carl Brandt had employed a young man of prepossessing appearance to come in and learn the business. He had been a football star in college, was very good-looking, genial, and a snappy dresser. He stayed about a year and decided that he would do better in Hollywood. He did. He married film stars. On his last day at Brandt & Brandt, he went around to say goodbye to everybody. Coming into Freedman's office, he put out his hand, and wrung Harold's with Rotarian fervor. He said what a pleasure and privilege it had been to know Harold and to study his working methods. To show his gratitude, he made a large offer. "Now, Mr. Freedman," he said. "Is there anything I can do for you in Hollywood? I'll be only too happy to do it." Harold's whispered answer was distinct. "Yes," he said. "Don't mention my name."

Harold's secrecy fetish, in an odd way, generated confidence. Though he drove film executives and the local managers crazy, they trusted him. In

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glass. Top with half an orange
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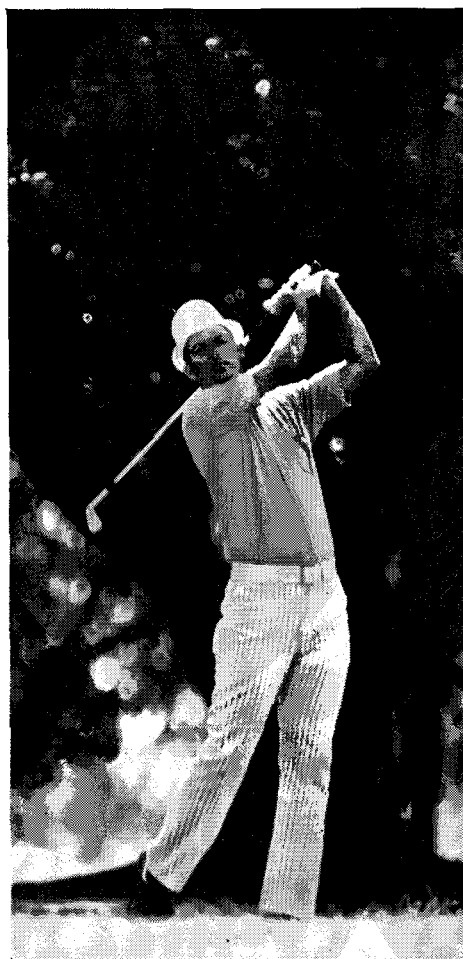
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Hollywood, visiting a friend, I met an august film tycoon. He asked me whether I had an agent. I said I had, and told him who. He was abashed. "Oh, have you got an agent!" he said. Harold was religious. He had high ethical standards; he expected the people he dealt with to live up to them. When they didn't, he remembered it and made opportunities to even the balance. The delinquents found themselves living up to standards that they had never professed. In time, Harold's stable of leading playwrights here and in England made his position very powerful. Terence Rattigan had an almost filial devotion to him. Harold represented John Osborne. In a coffee shop one day about fifteen years ago, I was asked to join Herman Levin (the producer of "My Fair Lady"), the writer Harry Kurnitz, and the actor Martin Gabel. Levin was very funny on the subject of the martyrdom involved in dealing with Harold Freedman. The pivot of his grievance was Freedman's inhuman choice of a summer place—an unmapped spot called Deer Isle, in Maine. Only Freedman would choose a remote place like that in which to spend the summer. First, there was the difficulty of getting him on the phone. It was always busy. Harold was always talking to Italy or to London. Then, when you did get him, there was the problem of understanding what he said. To converse with him, said Levin, was to be cradled in hesitation. I used to visit Harold summers in Deer Isle. It was indeed a difficult place to get to; after you thought you had arrived, you still had several hours to travel. Harold would be on the phone all day and into the night: to Ischia, where Terence Rattigan was on holiday, which meant that he was working on a play; to Manchester, England, where a play of Enid Bagnold's was opening; to San Francisco, where Ina Claire was living. There is an amusing caricature of Harold by Will Cotton that shows him grappling with a couple of telephones, both of which he is answering simultaneously, his eyes looking in every direction. Harold did not represent actors, but he did cosset them. In 1932, a play of mine called "Biography," which was about to be produced, urgently needed a star. Finding one presented a problem to which Harold devoted himself. I was in the Belasco Theatre one evening. In the intermission, I found Harold waiting for me. He had come to give me the glad news that he had persuaded Ina Claire to play "Biography." He performed a similar service in the case of another play of

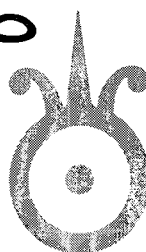
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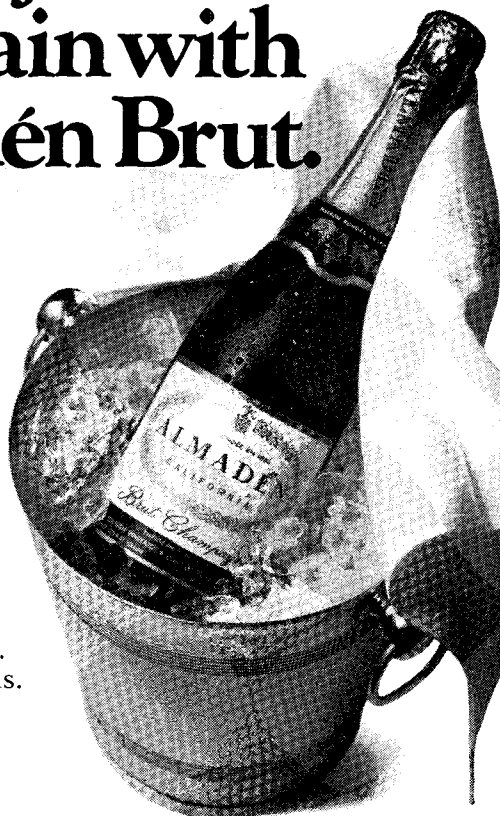
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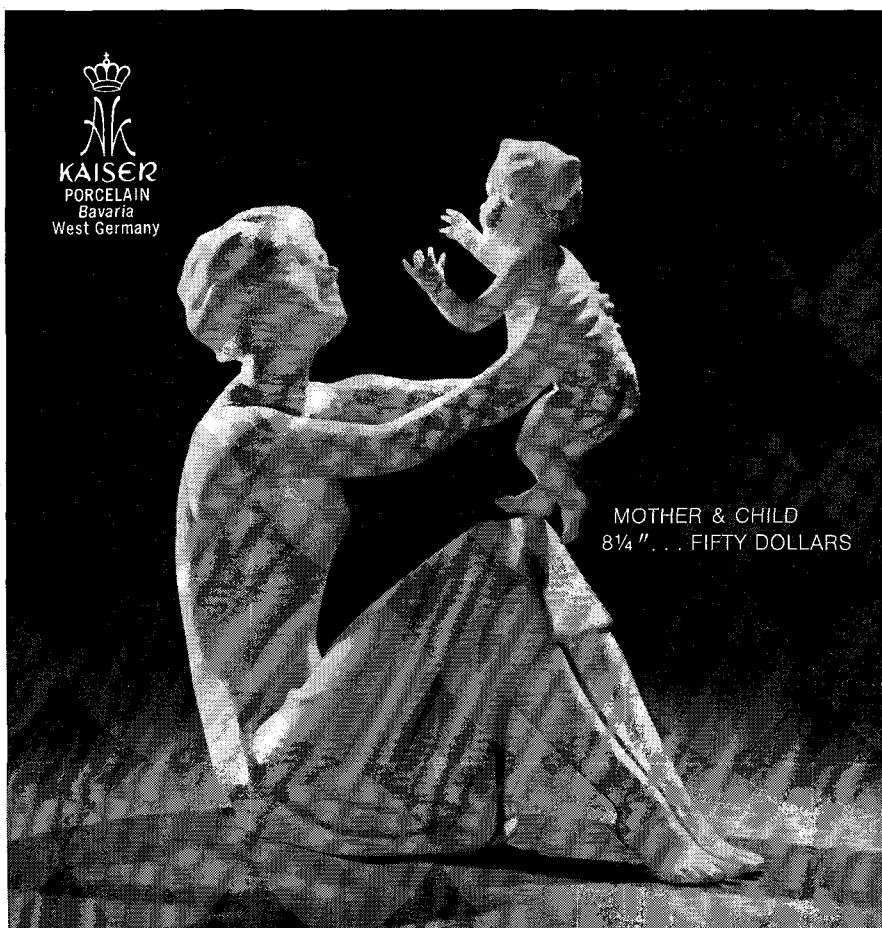
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mine, "No Time for Comedy," which urgently needed a brilliant leading man to play opposite Katharine Cornell. He provided Laurence Olivier. It was an enjoyable moment for him when he was able to tell me that he had persuaded Noël Coward to do Alfred Lunt's part in my first play, "The Second Man," in London, and, thirteen years later, that I could count on Rex Harrison for Olivier's part in the London production of "No Time for Comedy."

It has been urged against Harold that he preempted the functions of management—that he was a frustrated producer. He was not; he was a functioning producer. He had all the fun without having to bear the ultimate responsibility. He was one of the few men I have known who have done exactly what they wanted to do and have had no wish for extension. He was powerful and he knew it. He was pleased with being, for all practical purposes, a one-man business. He could have sold out to the giant corporate agencies for a very large sum, but he was never in the least tempted. He enjoyed the way of life he had made for himself. He lived in the Volney Hotel, on East Seventy-fourth Street, for thirty-five years; he built a house on Deer Isle because he had lived in a boarding house there in his vacations while he was still at Columbia. He loved the theatre. He loved plays. His loyalty to his clients was unflagging. When they died, this loyalty seemed to intensify; he worked unceasingly to keep their plays in motion. He had a very shrewd notion of the capacities and the limitations of all the producers. He did everything he could to supplement their limitations. These were sometimes so wide that they made Harold the virtual producer. But he never wanted to be a real producer. I once said to him, "You know more about the inside workings of the theatre than anyone else. Why don't you write a book about it?" "Because I can't write," he said. When he got difficult plays on—Mary Chase's "Harvey," Enid Bagnold's "The Chalk Garden"—and they were well received, he savored the joys of successful management. The vast success of Jean Kerr's "Mary, Mary" almost made him complacent. In my own case, he persisted with "The Second Man" after it had been rejected by every management in New York, including the Theatre Guild, which finally produced it. An odd quirk of Harold's relationship with producers was that although in many instances he liked them and they liked him, he became their deadly enemy when a play he had sold



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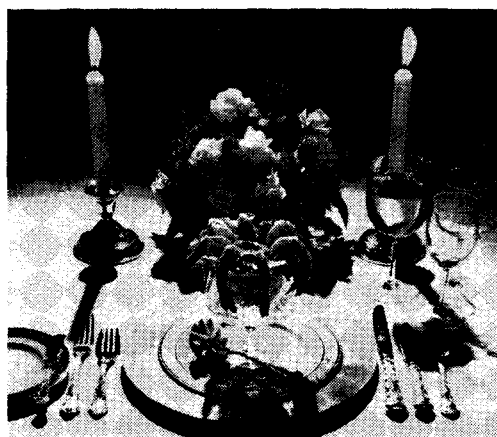
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them was in production, which was when their limitations, from his point of view, began to show. The source of the quarrel could be major or minor—publicity, what Harold thought an inept casting, a dress or a pair of shoes worn by the ingénue—but the intensity was fixed, and it was maximal.

Harold's sudden death, in February, 1966, affected his older clients grievously, and, for all I know, his younger ones also. Is it proper for an agent to build up so potent an influence over his clients that they feel crippled when he dies? Whether it is proper or not, his clients were certainly grateful for his influence while he was alive. Irene Mayer Selznick, in a letter to her friend Enid Bagnold after Harold died, spoke of his death with indignation. "How dared he!?" she demanded. I apologize to the shade of Harold Freedman for not complying with the request he made of the willing Hollywood-bound young man in the Brandt & Brandt office, but his life was closely and constantly intertwined with mine. From the day in 1925 when he began to sell my first play until the last day of his life, when he called me at five-thirty in the afternoon to advise me about a perilous project I threatened to embark on, he was omnipresent. In this last conversation, he asked me to think over the suggestions he had made; he would call me in the morning to check. In the morning, he was gone; he had died in his sleep.

WHEN I got back from London, at the very end of 1926, I found Nick established in a nice job. Because we had written three unproduced plays together, he had been chosen to teach dramatic writing at Columbia. He was also established in a grisly rooming house on West Thirty-sixth Street. As I was jobless, I moved in with him. Nick now had academic friends—girl students attracted by the looks of the Professor, though they were repelled by the looks of the Professor's quarters. The horrified glances of our friends at what they beheld after climbing four flights of uncarpeted stairs made Nick and me feel that we should put up some kind of ameliorative sign. I happened to read a novel by Gilbert Cannan about an English pacifist who was being sent to jail for his unpatriotic utterances on the eve of the First World War. His friends gave him a farewell dinner. One of them made light of his impending incarceration. "We are going to prison! Bah! What is that?" he said. "One must live somewhere." The last four words

struck me as a possible motto for our room. Nick agreed. We had them printed on a strip of cardboard, signed Gilbert Cannan, and tacked it up on the wall.

Nick and I wrote a series of stories about our fellow-boarders; some of them were printed in the *Smart Set*. We planned to make a book of them, and have often regretted since that we didn't. We were interrupted in our Balzacian labors by two accidents. A play written by Nick on his own, "The



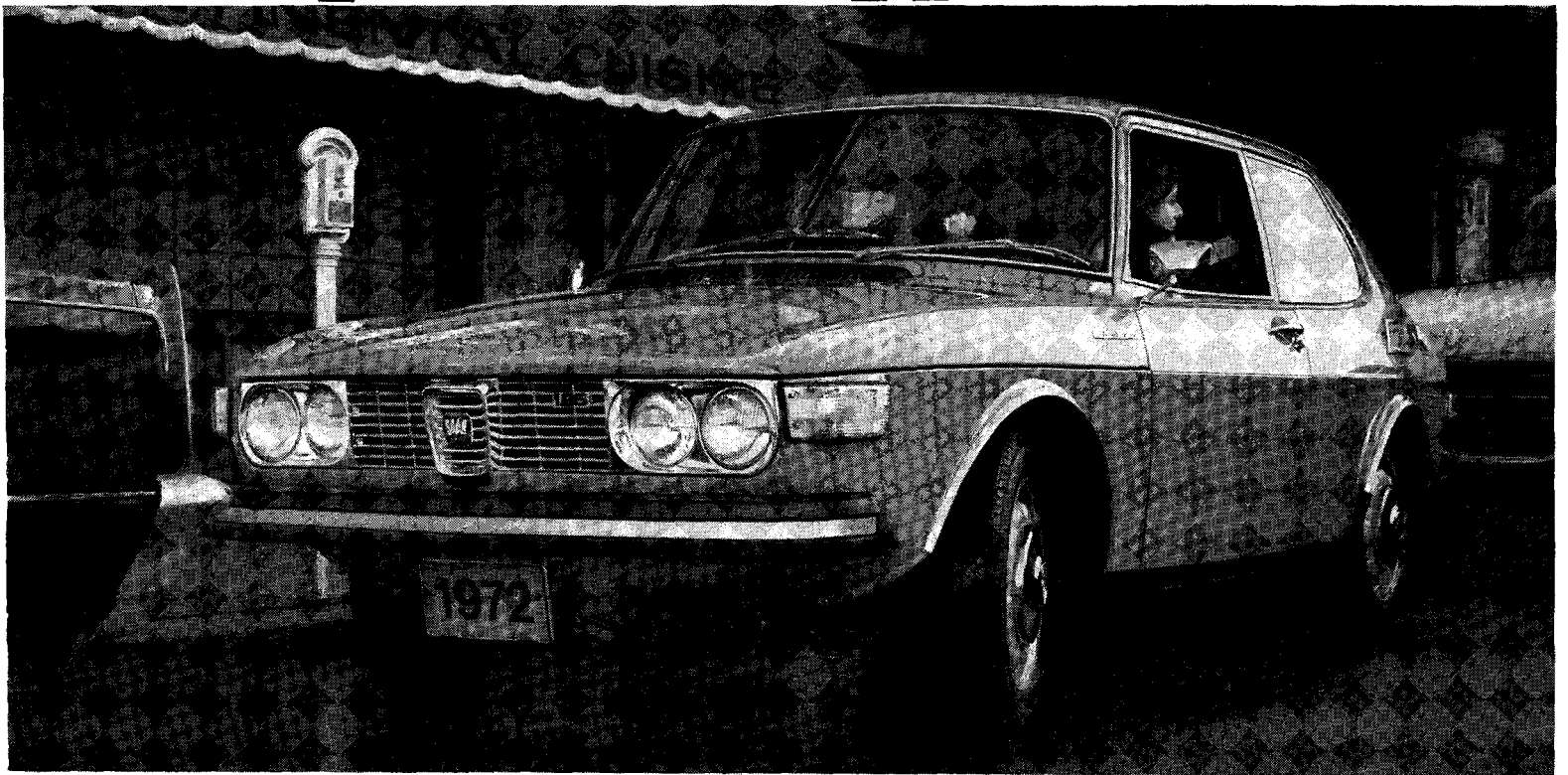
Barker," was produced and was an immediate hit. It had Walter Huston as its star, and it presented, to a famished American public, the alluring Claudette Colbert. Not long afterward, "The Second Man," which I had written on my own, was produced and was also a success. We took down Gilbert Cannan's sign, but we held on to it in case we should need it again.

The three plays Nick and I had written together were now, owing to their distinguished authorship, produced. They failed. Still, the production of these plays—the innumerable rewrites, the rehearsals, the tryouts—kept Nick and me and Harold Freedman fairly busy for quite a spell. One of them was produced and directed by Winthrop Ames, a grandee whose family had a town in Massachusetts named after it. Winthrop Ames was a director of great sensitivity. He kept asking me to rewrite the second-act curtain line of the play he was putting on. Nick was busy rewriting one of the other plays. I wrote nine curtain lines for Ames. He didn't like any of them. Neither did I. I never saw the play except in Mamaroneck.

Nick and I took these failures lightly. It is easier to stand failure in the lee of a success. I was swimming in plays. Novels were sent me to dramatize, and plays by fledgling authors (how narrowly I was now removed from them!) for the same purpose. By that time, I had made considerable headway with the adaptation of a little anonymous English novel that had somehow fallen into my hands and captivated me. It was "Serena Blandish: or The Difficulties of Getting Married," by "A Lady of Quality." Whoever she was, she certainly had it. The book is enchantingly written, with irresistible style and humorous invention. It also has a tough awareness of the metallic facts of life. I asked Harold Freedman to get me the dramatic rights. I had gone to work on it even before he got them and before my first play had opened.

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Jed Harris, whose mind it had slipped that my plays were thin, had gone for the idea of "Serena Blandish" when I told him about it. He decided that it was a starring vehicle for an uncannily skillful actress, Ruth Gordon. I have said that the New York theatre then was cozier than it is now. Alexander Woollcott helped cozy it up. He idolized Jed Harris. "Why don't you face it, Aleck? You are in love with me," Jed said to him once. "I am afraid that you suffer from delusions of grandeur," Aleck said. Noël Coward arrived from London. "I've simply passed out over Jed Harris," he told me. He applied to Jed the sobriquet Destiny's Tot, and this stuck to Jed for quite a long time.

One day, in the subway station at Times Square, I ran into Marc Connelly, by then a well-known playwright. He was excited. He had something to tell me. He walked with me to Jed's office. He'd read a book by Roark Bradford, "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," which had completely entranced him. He had already begun to dramatize it. He began rhapsodizing about it: a fish-fry; colored cherubs; all the characters colored, including De Lawd, who pays them a visit; "a whole mess of firmament." I'd known Marc for some years, and I'd never heard him so excited about anything. It did sound entrancing. I told him so. I said I'd speak to Jed about it.

"He'd be wonderful for it," said Marc.

I told Marc to go back to work, and repeated my promise to speak to Jed.

At dinner that night in Dinty Moore's, I told Jed about my meeting with Marc. I told him the idea of the play—that it sounded just up Marc's street and altogether entrancing. Jed was skeptical. Marc had a reputation for dilatory work habits. "Marc'll never finish it," he said flatly. "He can talk a play, but he'll never write it."

"I think he will. He's very hot on it. With some encouragement from you, I'd bet on it."

"You know Marc!"

"Call him up. Offer him an advance. It'll turn the trick. I'm sure of it."

Jed thought a moment. "What's his number?"

I gave him Marc's number. Jed went to the telephone booth. When he came back, he told me, with sardonic intonation, that Marc said he had enough done so that he could finish the play in six weeks. "I told him that was too fast—to take three months. What'll you bet that's the last I'll hear from him?"

I wouldn't bet.

One Sunday night perhaps four or five months later, I went to some kind of benefit at the Theatre Guild. There I ran into Marc Connelly for the first time since the day I had met him in Times Square. I asked him how he was getting on with Jed and with "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," by now retitled "Green Pastures."

Marc looked grim. "It's all off with Jed and me," he said. "Here. Read this letter Jed sent me."

He handed me the letter. I read, "Dear Marc, I cannot go on with your play, because you appear to be taking too great an interest in the production."

I was astonished. I looked at Marc.

"That's all you have to read," he said. "The rest just compounds my felony."

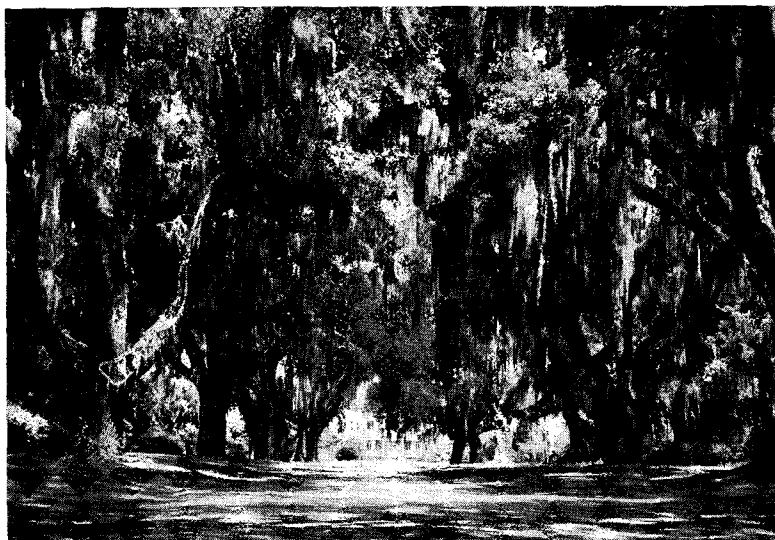
I finished the letter and gave it back to Marc. "Too bad," I said. "What are you going to do?"

"Find another producer. Have got one reading it this minute. I'm not worried. It's the best thing I've ever done." He smiled, his natural sunniness restored. "I've dug up a dream actor to play De Lawd."

We parted.

I went home troubled by this. I was troubled by the possible effect of this letter. The success of Marc's play, as of all plays, was problematical. That was not the point. Jed was rolling in successes, but wasn't it reckless of him to write a letter like that to a well-known and functioning playwright? I sat down to write in my diary; I noted the meeting with Marc, conveying my troubled feeling about it. My concern for Jed rather surprised me. Was I fond of him? Whether I was or not, I was fascinated by him. At his best, he was irresistible. No matter what else one might say, Jed was a primal force, an artist. He was not, as so many producers are, an assembler, an exporter-importer; he was an innovator.

BUT much happened before that. My first chore on my return from London at the end of 1926 had been to have lunch with Maurice Wertheim, one of the directors of the Theatre Guild. There were six of them—Lawrence Langner, Theresa Helburn, Lee Simonson, Helen Westley, and Philip Moeller were the others—and they were an unusual group of people. They were all, in the best sense, amateurs. No individual or group since has done for the American theatre what the Guild did. It brought the New York theatre into the twentieth century. It demolished the cliché that nothing in the theatre can be accomplished by committee; it accomplished everything



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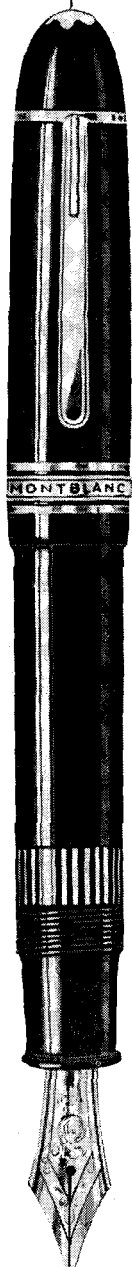
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that way. It produced Eugene O'Neill and Shaw, even to the eccentricity of devoting three evenings to "Back to Methuselah;" it taught an audience to come to the theatre at four-thirty in the afternoon, go to dinner, and return for the rest of the play, and, moreover, it made the audience like it. At the beginning of January, 1927, it had four hits, two of them by Sidney Howard. It had produced plays by Georg Kaiser and Franz Werfel. It was very successful; its directors had long since lost their amateur standing. They maintained it within themselves.

It was now, though, about two years since my first interview with Theresa Helburn, at the Guild Theatre, on Fifty-second Street. A small woman, she sat behind a glass-topped desk in a small office. Underneath the plate glass was a great ruled chart spotting the Guild productions all over the United States. Someone once said that Terry was the ablest executive in the United States—that she could have run General Motors. She could have. Terry smiled at me and said, "Well, we like your play." I thought there I was, but I didn't know Terry—not for a long time. I was to learn that she was not self-indulgent. She didn't put on a play just because she liked it. It had to be a passion. And even if she was impassioned, she was helpless unless her colleagues were equally impassioned. She would sigh, and reflect on the intractability of people—how difficult it was to move them to passion.

At last, Harold Freedman had got them to promise that they would do my play for a spring tryout. Maurice Wertheim had now invited me to lunch at a place I had never been to—the Bankers' Club, at the top of a building down Wall Street way. I had always found Maurice warm and friendly. I got from him vaguely the feeling that he would like to be hail-fellow-well-met but didn't quite know how. This was appealing. His appearance was the totality of correctness: beautifully dressed, of course, and manners in the pink of courtesy. He was good-looking. He had a short, flat-surfaced nose; he looked like a middle-aged kitten, a kitten with worries. I knew that he had been sent by Terry to break the news to me that they had to postpone my play, and that he didn't at all like the assignment. Mr. Wertheim began to explain. They were, at the Guild, suffering from an embarrassment of riches. Their plays were too successful. Therefore, the actors playing them were tired; they had overworked them. They had overworked the Lunts.

The Lunts demanded a holiday, and they deserved it. Here was the nub: they wanted the Lunts for my play, and the Lunts wanted it, too—Alfred had told him personally that my play offered him the best comedy part he had ever had in his hands—but they were adamant about going to Europe in the spring, and if they did my play, they could stay in it only seven weeks.

I said that I'd rather have seven weeks with the Lunts than seven weeks without them.

Maurice said he quite saw my point of view. Did I see his?

By this time, I was having a good time with Maurice and found myself liking him very much. I left him without knowing the fate of my play but with a nice feeling that I now had a friend who belonged to the Bankers' Club.

One morning, the phone rang. It was Maurice Wertheim. His voice was less modulated than usual. He seemed excited. "Well," he said, "we've had a board meeting. You said you'd rather have seven weeks with the Lunts than seven weeks without them. We're giving you seven weeks with them. Starting April 11th."

I could tell that he was elated, even triumphant, at being the transmitter of this news. I thanked him.

"Call Terry right away," he said. "See her today."

I said I would. I called Harold Freedman to report, then called Miss Helburn. At two o'clock, I went to see her in her office. Miss Helburn, her hair lavenderish, greeted me warmly. She had a disarming smile.

Terry turned to my play. It had not been easy, she said, to get Miss Fontanne, who was triumphantly playing the star part in "Pygmalion," to follow it up with a small and subsidiary part in my play. Her wish to give her husband the chance to play the leading part had helped. The Guild was going ahead, and was happy about it.

Should the play go over, the Guild wouldn't necessarily have to close it when the Lunts left. It could be recast and—with the help of Gray's Drug Store, a cut-rate theatre-ticket emporium—perhaps run all summer. I asked how you could possibly recast the Lunts. It wouldn't be easy, said Terry smoothly, but it might be contrived. Who would come to see a play in which the Lunts were not, I inquired dolefully. The vast audience that had never seen them, she said, as well as the selecter audience that had missed them in their brief engagement. She made it seem that the brevity of their engagement was an advantage, since it increased



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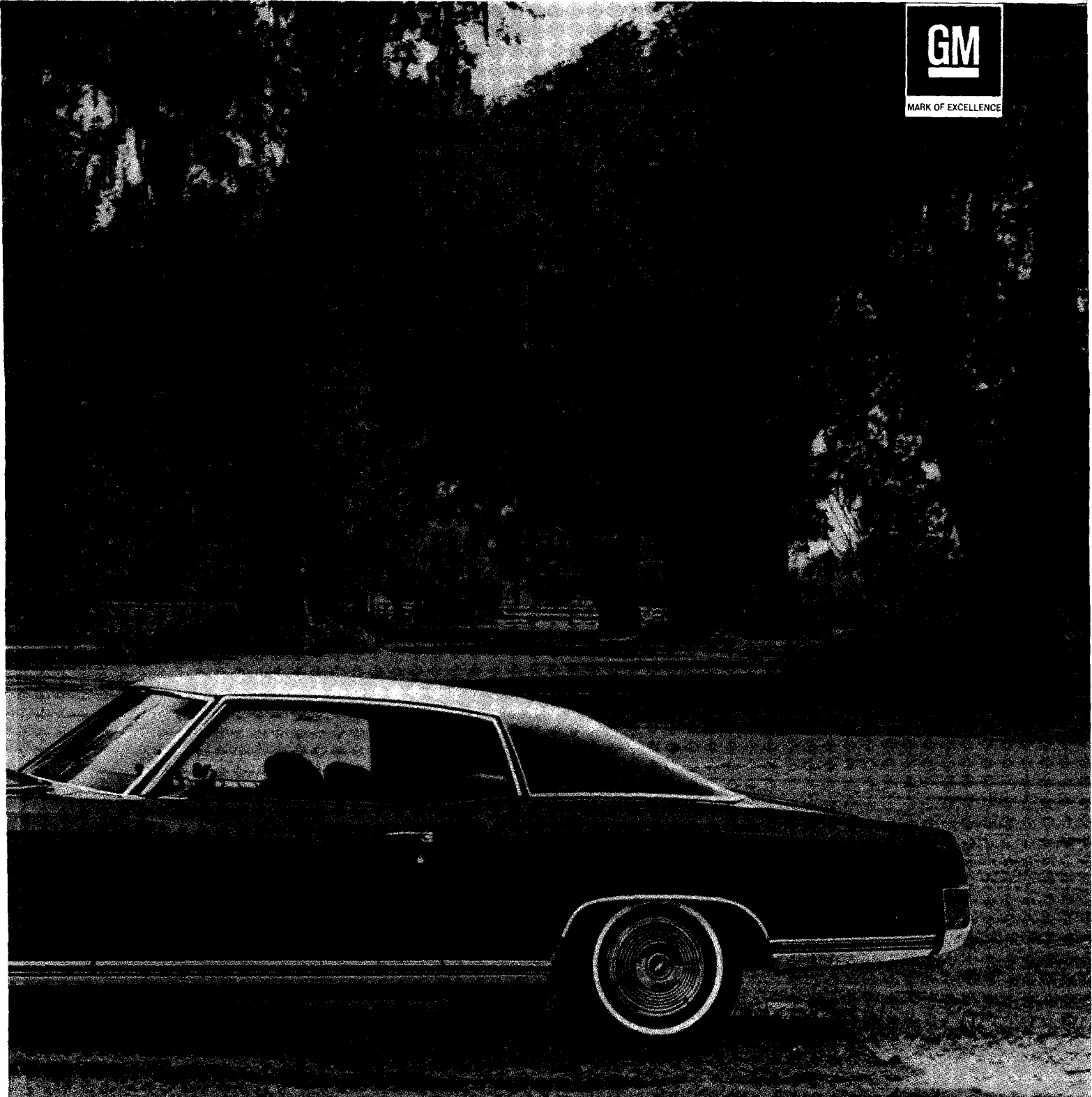
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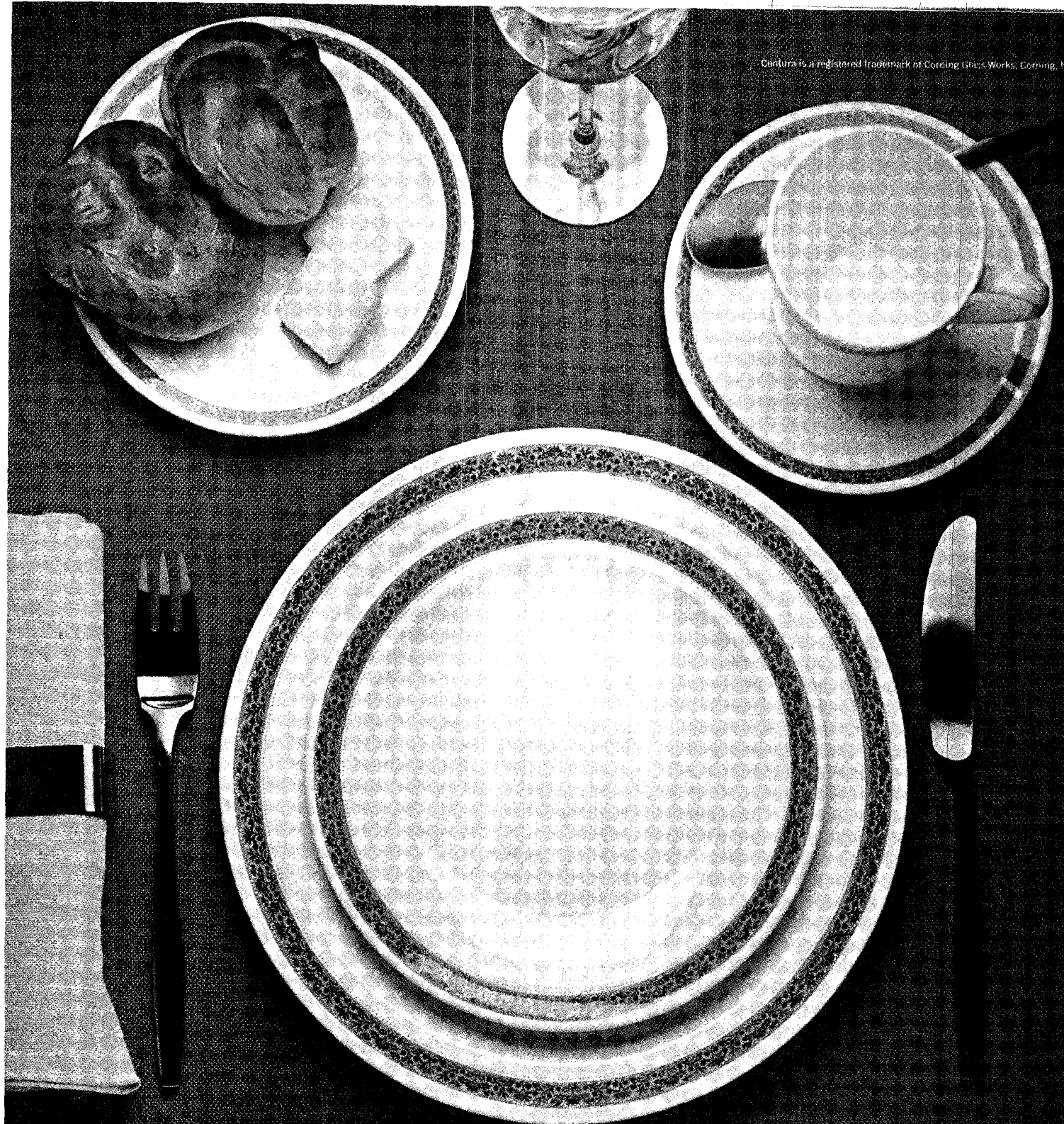
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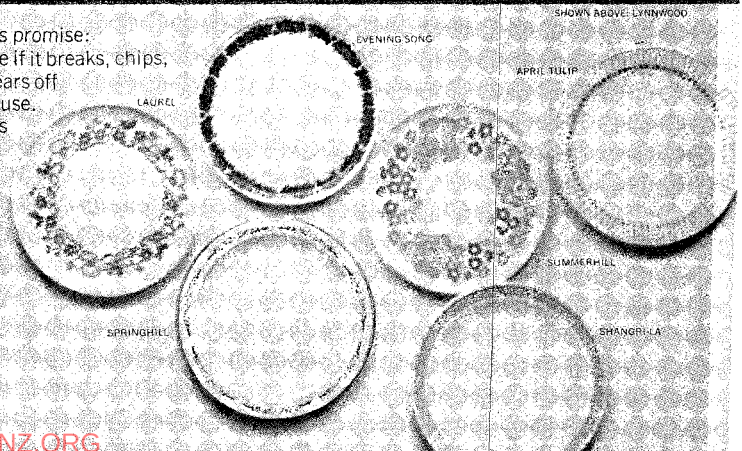
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the audience that hadn't seen them. She was extremely adroit.

I went to a pay phone across the street to call Harold Freedman. He laughed when I told him how Terry had transformed the horrid prospect of replacing the Lunts into a rosy vista. He knew Terry very well and appreciated her.

The moment I left the phone booth, I ran into Lee Simonson. He greeted me robustly. "You've seen Terry? Then she's told you! I'm delighted. I love your play. I wish I were doing the set for it. Congratulations!"

I thanked him.

Simonson was a medium-sized, dark man with a black mustache. He vibrated with energy; he gave the effect of a projectile about to be shot out from something. "We were all happy yesterday when we settled it finally about your play," he said. "You have a strong ally in Wertheim. Phil Moeller will direct it beautifully. We feel that you are our author." He dived across the street into the Theatre Guild.

I wanted more than anything to go home and collect my thoughts. Once there, I sat and thought. Well, here it was! Meeting Simonson gave me a clearer notion of the Theatre Guild. He said he wanted to do the set for my play. Why didn't he? He was a sixth of the producer. The whole, evidently, preferred Jo Mielziner, who did it. Terry! I couldn't get over Terry. She was very sophisticated, with lively humor. I had an intuition that her colleagues were children to her. She humored them. In the succeeding years, as the Guild did many of my plays, this first impression was confirmed, constantly and entertainingly illustrated, established.

ONE day soon afterward, my phone rang. It was Jed, in high dudgeon. "When in the hell are you going to get on with those 'Serena' rewrites?" he demanded. "The play is in poor shape. I don't have the nerve to send it to actors!"

I told him that I was going out of town the next day to work on it—something I had just decided.

"I've got a great idea for Martin," he said. "Alek Woolcott thinks it's a stroke of genius. A. E. Matthews. Do you know him? He could charm a bird off a tree. The part's so goddam marmoreal—Martin's such an inhuman bastard. Alek says Matty'll take the curse off it."

I added my congratulations to Alek's on Jed's stroke. Mollified, Jed went on, forgetting that he was ashamed to send the play to actors, "And I've got a great idea for the

**Your first vacation
in a good three years.
They say that's the last time
it rained like this.**

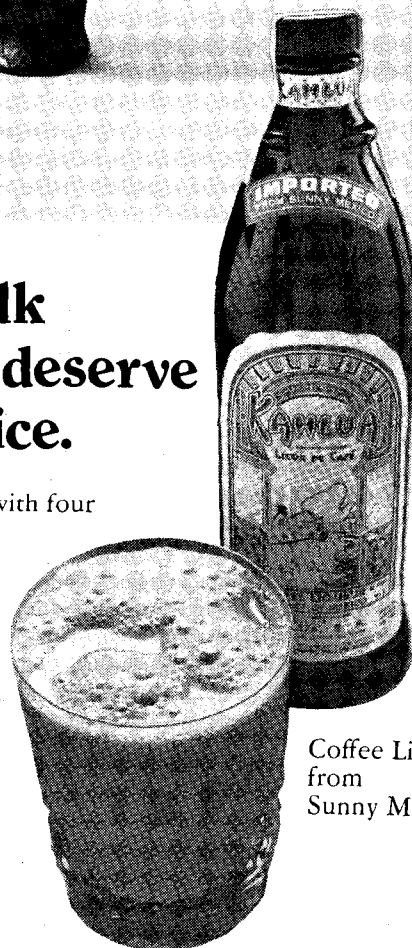


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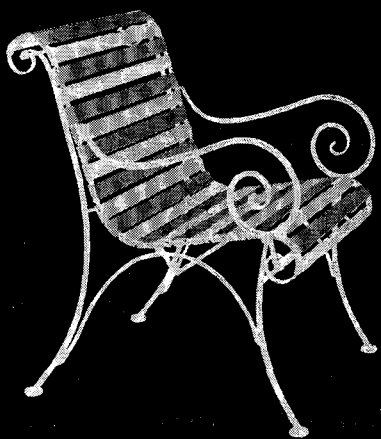
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Countess—Constance Collier. Aleck
thinks that's great, too."

I joined Aleck.

"Constance says she'd love to play
it. All I need is a *script*."

I promised to get him one. I re-
peated that I was leaving first thing in
the morning.

"Where you going?"

"Woodstock, Vermont."

"That's hell and gone out of the
way!"

I said that that was why I chose it.

"Guild's trying out your play, I
hear."

"Yes. In April."

"How long will the Lunts be in it?"

"Seven weeks."

"You're an idiot. So is Harold, to let
you do it. If you'd saved the damn
thing for me, I'd have given you a
regular production. I've been casting it.
Thought of putting Lou Calhern in it.
He'd be perfect for it. How stupid can
you be—you and Harold both? Call
me tomorrow from that swamp in
Vermont." He hung up.

I had discovered Woodstock through
an accident while staying, as a pay-
ing guest, at Aleck Woolcott's sa-
trapy—an island on Lake Bomoseen,
Vermont, about a half hour from Rut-
land. He had fallen in love with the
island. He bought property and built
a house there. As it was inconceivable
to Aleck to stay anywhere alone, he de-
veloped a scheme: he would fill the
house with his friends and, since he
could not himself afford to entertain
on such a scale, charge them seven dol-
lars and fifty cents a day. I went
up for a week, which was about all
I could afford. When I got there, I
found Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur,
and Harpo Marx. It was
very pleasant. Aleck presided
at all the meals, which were
good, and talked. It was all
he asked; I had never seen
him as happy or in such good
form as he was at Bomoseen.

He was possessive; he didn't like any
of his guests to go to the mainland.
The island was small and a bit claus-
trophobic. I had a longing to tread the
streets of Rutland once, and asked
him how I could manage it. He heaped
scorn on me for entertaining such a
vulgar impulse. A half hour or so in
Rutland made me quite willing to re-
turn to the island. Aleck was excited
about starting a series of pamphlets on
public questions; he bemoaned the ab-
sence of pamphleteering in this coun-
try and wanted to enlist Ben Hecht
for this. "Broad-sides!" he would cry,
"What this country needs are broad-
sides! To arouse controversy!"



At the weekend, two women ar-
rived—Cornelia Otis Skinner and El-
eonora Mendelssohn. On Saturday,
Miss Skinner wanted to take a drive
to show Vermont to Miss Mendels-
sohn. Aleck consented to this. I went
with them. Miss Mendelssohn was a
German actress of great beauty. She
had been a member of Max Rein-
hardt's company at home and had ap-
peared in several plays in New York.
While we were driving through the
beautiful countryside, on a perfect day,
Miss Mendelssohn became suddenly ill.
Greatly concerned, Miss Skinner di-
rected the driver to go to Woodstock,
where her father lived. He would get
a doctor Miss Mendelssohn could rely
on. I was quite excited at the prospect
of meeting Otis Skinner. He was a
hero of mine. I had seen him in the
Worcester Theatre as Colonel Philippe
Bridau in a play adapted from the
French, "The Honor of the Family."
I had never forgotten his swashbuck-
ling entrance, late in the first act.
Things were not going at all well for
the family, but the Colonel had such
immense authority and decision that
you knew he would turn the tide. It
began to turn with his entrance. I had
also seen Otis Skinner at the Colonial
Theatre in Boston as Hajj, the beggar,
in Edward Knoblock's "Kismet." I re-
membered him lying on his stomach by
a pool, holding an undesirable character
under the water and vaingloriously de-
fining himself: "To the Caliph I may
be dirt, but to dirt I am still the
Caliph!"

We drew up in front of a modestly
substantial house on a tree-lined street.
Mr. Skinner opened the door. He and
I went to the car to help Miss Men-
delssohn into the house. I
was engaged in a piece of
business with my hero. I felt
as if I were following a stage
direction. Indeed, I was—
Mr. Skinner's. He was very
definite and decisive in his
direction, and immensely gentle. I was
surprised at his size. I had remembered
him, from the stage, as gigantic; he
was an elderly, worn, and thoughtful
man of medium height. He looked like
a university professor at the end of
an exhausting seminar. I remembered
what an Englishman, W. Graham
Robertson, who had been a friend of
Henry Irving's, had said to me when
I asked him whether Irving was tall:
"He was tall when he wanted to be."
Mr. Skinner must have wanted to be
tall on the two occasions when I had
seen him. The doctor arrived. I wan-
dered to the back porch. I looked down
at the river that ran along the back of

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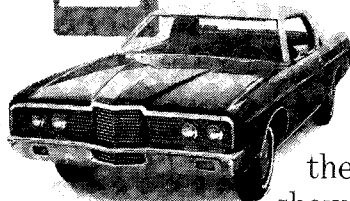
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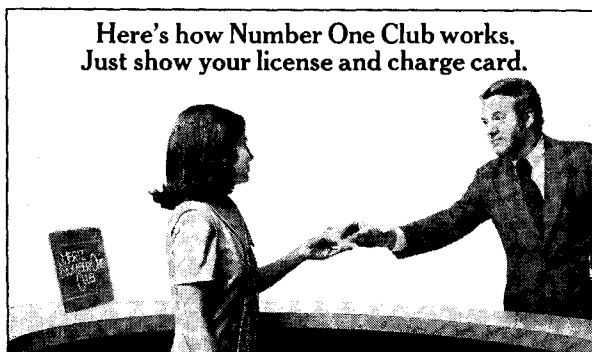
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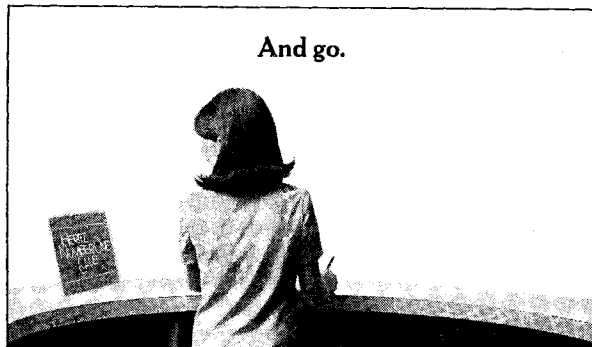
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the house. My eyes followed the river. Just a few houses above, it curved away and ran under an iron bridge. The back yards between the houses and the river were all garden. I walked back into the living room. Mr. Skinner was talking to his daughter. He got up when I came in.

"I've been looking at your river," I said. "It's so beguiling."

Mr. Skinner's face lit up with pleasure. "I'm glad you like it," he said. "We love it."

"Could I—do you think . . ."

"Take a ramble? Of course. Do. It'll soothe you. The doctor is with your friend. He's very good. Don't worry. He'll have her right in no time. Do take a stroll."

Cornelia encouraged me, too. Mr. Skinner took me to the front door. "Follow to the bridge. Cross the bridge. Then follow the river to the next bridge. We are rich in bridges." He smiled. "But come back to us." I had never encountered so benign a presence.

As I walked down the street, I could hear the river. Some of Mr. Skinner's neighbors had very large houses indeed. To the right of me ambled the village green. Beyond the green I saw a great porch-enclosed wooden building. The Woodstock Inn. It was built in the eighties, and looked it. Ladies were sitting on the porch in rockers. The street curved to the left to the bridge. Crossing the bridge, I stopped and looked back over the gardens running down to the river, including Mr. Skinner's. Looking the other way, I saw the uptown, or up-river, bridge. I walked toward it, about half a mile. The houses on this side of the river were less manorial—just nice houses among trees and flowerers. The road curved and was intermittently hilly. On the left, covering the side of a hill, was the village churchyard, well-populated but spacious. When I got to the next bridge, I stopped again. The river was turbulent here; I looked down on its cavorting. Walking up the incline from this bridge, I passed a series of very handsome houses and a beautiful church. Who were the people who owned these houses? Presently, I found myself treading a sidewalk. The street of residences had become a very leisurely business street: a drugstore, a market, a specialty shop. Some of these had benches in front of them for the weary. When I got to the end of this street, I found myself back on the green and facing the Woodstock Inn; the river almost encircles the town. I understood why Mr. Skinner had

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chosen Woodstock to end his days in.

For the next forty years, the Woodstock Inn was to be my working home. The walk I had just taken was to become my fixed walk, day and evening, for all those years.

When Jed hung up that day in 1927, I put in a call to the manager of the Woodstock Inn to make a reservation, and was promised Room 202. What a succession of managers I have dealt with since! I have outlived so many of them.

I arrived in Room 202 after a long trip by bus to White River Junction, from which I took a taxi to Woodstock. The village had done nothing to make itself accessible; you had to be single-minded to visit Woodstock. But I found a bridge table in Room 202 for my typewriter; the manager had kept his promise. There was also a message from Harold Freedman. I called him. He had had a letter from the author of "Serena Blandish"—the Lady of Quality. She was very much upset by the nomenclature of several characters I had added. In my first draft of the dramatization of her book, I had called one Roderick, with the comment from another character that his name conveyed a rugged strength that did not altogether conceal the hard fact that he was a poor weakling. I had called another—out of fanciful reaching for a highborn English name—Ottoline. Roderick, she wrote Harold, happened to be her husband's name, and Ottoline that of one of her friends. She was very much upset. Harold must write her that I would change these names. I changed them on a pad beside the telephone while I was talking to Harold. I told Harold to write her that the deed was done. I still didn't know who the author was. I asked Harold to tell me. He said he would another time, and hung up. (Eventually, he told me it was Enid Bagnold.)

For a period of several weeks, I walked the bridges daily and sat in my large room, full of light, going over the packet of notes I had gathered on the play: from Jed, from Aleck, from David Burton, whom Jed had engaged to direct it. The weeks went by. I thought I would like to live here the rest of my life. I had friends in the village: the drugstore man (New York papers, cigarettes, magazines, telegrams); the lady in charge of the Woodstock library, a tiny, ivied old brick building next to the Inn; the barber; the chauffeur supplied by the Inn, who kept the shoe store. He was a native and a charmer. He told me of bitter rivalries among the local

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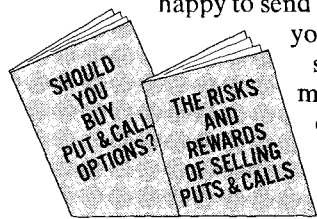
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hierarchies; they were intricate and fierce. He had an animus against a special hierarchy he always referred to as the Ladies on the Green. These ladies owned the beautiful houses that had made me wonder at their opulence on my first walk through the village. The ladies were very rich; they came from Chicago, Boston, and Detroit. They were a power; in fact, they were *the* power. A Hollywood company had proposed shooting a film in the village. Everybody was excited—the drugstore man, the Inn people. Everyone thought how great it would be for the village. But the shoe man was skeptical. He had told them, at their Rotary meetings, not to let themselves get excited. "The Ladies on the Green will never allow it," he said.

And, indeed, they didn't. The film offer was refused. Another town grabbed it. You could do nothing against the Ladies on the Green. They were ruthless. They had the power. They objected to the film on the score of its morality. As my chauffeur repeated this, he snickered scornfully. He knew them all; he knew their private lives and their diversions. Who were they to talk about morality? Situations like this made him cynical and bitter. The only thing you could do, he said, was to love your family and make as good a living for them as you could. You would get no help from the Ladies on the Green.

Jed called me frequently. He was very amusing—in good humor, because things in the theatre were all going his way. I would read him scenes written in longhand; he would ask me to type them up and send them. He would tell me all the gossip, and stories about Aleck's avid interest in "Serena Blandish." Aleck greatly admired Ruth Gordon; the fact that she was going to star in the play made his interest in it more than avuncular. Jed's comments on the works of his rival producers were trenchant. For most of them he predicted early closings. Then he would, without false modesty, enlarge on the felicities of his own productions.

Snow came. The snow got so heavy it was no longer practical to walk the bridges. This was a deprivation, but I could still visit my barber, whose shop was on the second floor of a building down the street from the Inn. He was a grizzled oldster, wiry and full of general comment. I complained to him about the snow and the bridges. "This is nothing," he said. "You should have seen this past Christmas." He pointed to the window. "Snow come up to

there. At lunchtime, I just walked out that winder. Saved me the stairs."

When I finished rewriting "Serena," I celebrated by commandeering the local philosopher and shoe man to drive me to the Hanover Inn, on the Dartmouth campus, for a festive dinner. I had already stolen away there several times for a treat. The food at the Hanover Inn was excellent; they served hot corn bread, which was delectable. I enjoyed strolling around the Dartmouth campus and visiting the library.

On the day I was to leave for New York, I was delighted to get a call from Alfred Lunt. A gourmet and a chef himself, he inquired how the food was at the Woodstock Inn. "Simple but bad," I said. He sympathized. He had been going to a cooking class, and

he was beginning to feel some confidence in his own authority. He would make it up to me when I got back. He would give me a bang-up dinner. Alfred had always fascinated me—on the stage and since I had got to know him personally. He had tremendous strength shadowed by tremendous vulnerability.

Alfred began to talk about "The Second Man." "Lynn'll be magical in it," he said. "We love it, but probably they won't like it." His voice swerved off at the dismal prospect of what "they" would do to it. I had noticed that Alfred often referred darkly to an invisible and malevolent force that existed, seemingly, for the sole purpose of destroying him. I had teased him about this before.

"Who are 'they'?" I asked. "The Ladies on the Green?"

"Ladies on the Green? How charming! Tell me about them."

Alfred fell in love with the Ladies on the Green. A villager himself (he grew up in Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, a village not far from Milwaukee), he loved small-town intrigue and small-town gossip.

"You must get Lynn to tell you her story of the lady on our green in Genesee Depot." (The Lunts lived in Genesee Depot now.)

He'd bought a suit in London to wear in my play, he said. It rather shocked Aleck. "He calls it my purple suit," Alfred said. He said he practically knew his part already—not from studying it but from reading it.

"I am doing it just to say one line in it," he said.

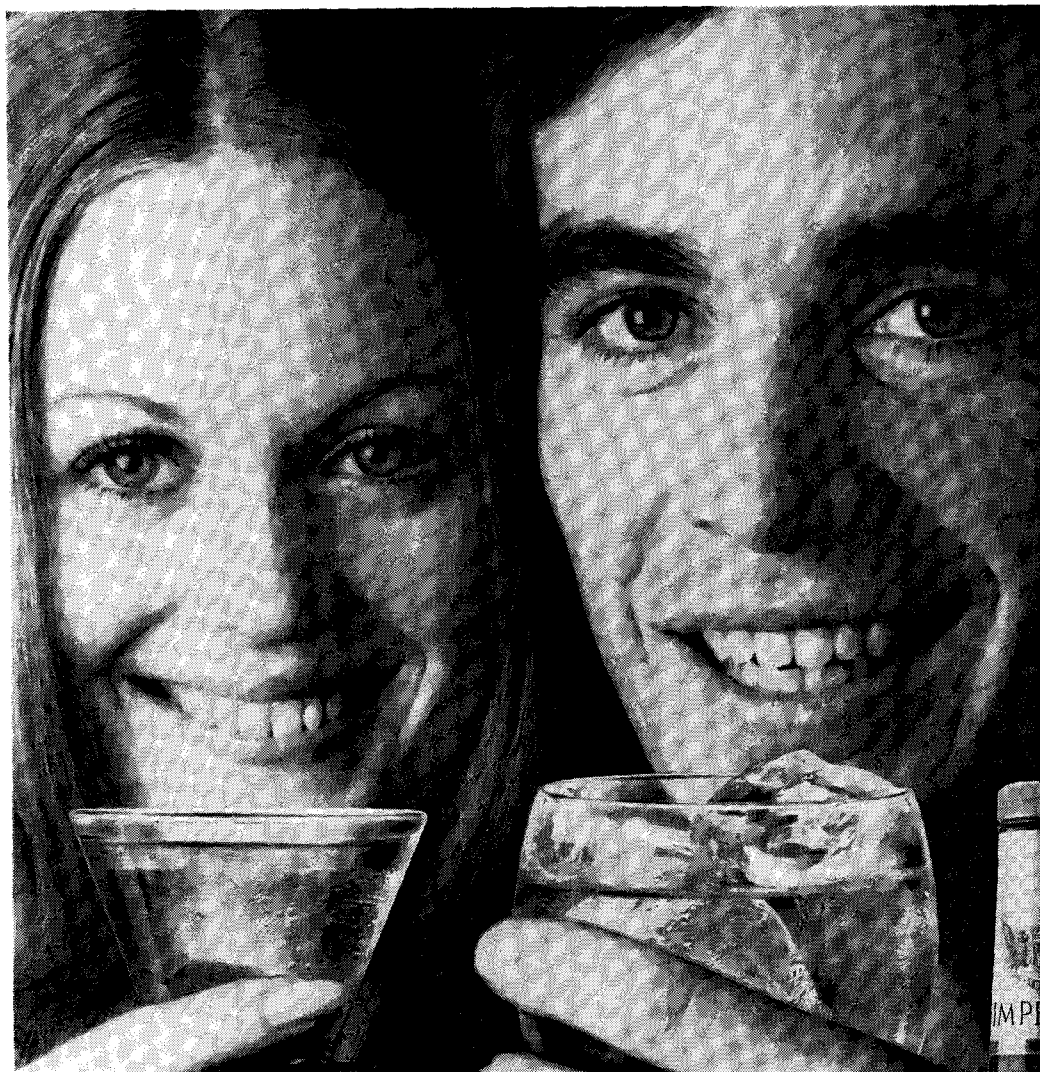
I asked what the line was, but he wouldn't tell me, and never did. "It would spoil it for me if I told you," he said.

This was one of the first of a num-



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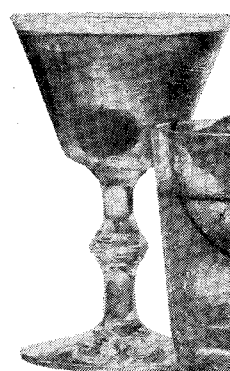
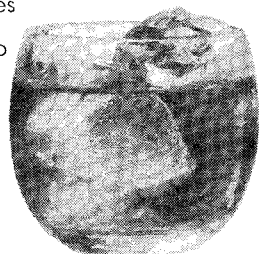
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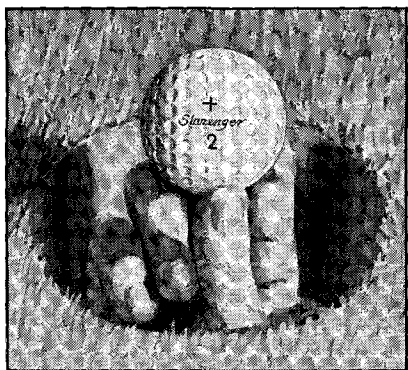
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ber of conversations I had with Lynn and Alfred over four decades. They have wildly humorous imaginations. Their feeling for human idiosyncrasy is instinctive and unerring, their gift for echoing it uncanny. Their repertory is practically endless, encompassing their vast experience—offstage and on—with an international assortment of people ranging from the Genesee Depot lady on the green to Winston Churchill.

SOME weeks earlier, in New York, Maurice Wertheim had called me up to invite me on a yachting cruise. He had chartered from Claude Graham White his yacht, Ianara, for an August cruise along the coasts of Norway and Sweden. He was inviting ten people. Would I like to come? I am never able to think on the telephone. I said yes, since my vocabulary becomes restricted to this one word when I am asked anything on the telephone. As soon as Maurice hung up, I knew that if my play failed I would be in no mood for yachting trips. Well, August was still a long way off.

Lawrence Langner called me. I had had various conversations with this protean man. He was Welsh, dark, and handsome. He came here, when young, from England and started out as a patent lawyer. By this time, he had his own firm—perhaps the leading patent-law firm in the United States. He was one of the founders of the Washington Square Players. He wrote plays and books, and had the courage to engage in acrimonious exchanges with Bernard Shaw. He held his own. On Broadway, he was known as the Persian. This was because he was so volatile that he was intangible. He was thought slippery; the truth is that he was absent-minded. He couldn't remember names, or even identities, so what were thought to be insidious evasions were, I came to see, genuine and innocent lapses of memory. Many years later, at the opening of my play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" at the Shubert Theatre in New Haven, I was standing with him and Miss Helburn in the lobby of the theatre. Looking around the lobby, Lawrence said, "Oh, there's Gene O'Neill's son. Teaches Greek at Yale. I want you to meet him." He hailed O'Neill, who came over. Lawrence said, "Oh, Gene, I want you to meet..." He couldn't remember my name. We had by then been working together for almost twenty years. I supplied my name, and things went along. (I told this story when I spoke at his funeral, and it got a titter of recognition from his friends in the con-

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gregation.) His mind was always teeming with large ideas. He was a remarkable man and a very decent one, with a strong, mystic faith in an underlying impulse toward justice. In the headlong rush of his activity, he found time to build and start the Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford, Connecticut, and also the Westport Country Playhouse. When Lawrence died, in 1962—not long after Miss Helburn, in 1959—the Guild died, too. Lawrence, in his phone call, spoke to me about casting. What would I think of Margalo Gillmore for the ingénue? As I adored Margalo, both onstage and off, I said that would be fine with me.

In the middle of March, Miss Helburn called to tell me that rehearsals were about to start. Here it was at last!

THERE is really nothing in the world so heady for a writer as theatrical success. It is instantaneous. It is unmistakable. That must be why so many novelists yield to the temptation to have a go at it. But it is (in spite of what many practicing novelists say) much more difficult to write a good play than it is to write a good novel. Many novelists have found that out. The author of a well-received novel never knows whether his book, even if it sells, is also read. Nor does he know where his reader yawns—at what page he may decide that he wants no more of it, and throw it aside in disgust. The novelist's audience is invisible; the playwright's is right there with him. With a successful play, the author is reviewed every night, and is in no doubt about what kind of review he's getting. Robert Sherwood once wrote a novel, and complained to me that it was reviewed under the heading "Other Books," and that was that. Sinclair Lewis was a friend of mine. Somehow, though I read most of his novels as they came out, I didn't read "Babbitt" till long after it was published. While I was reading it, with excitement and admiration, I was also reading a play that Lewis had just written and was backing with his own money. It is a quirk of my temperament that I am always lost in admiration of people who can do things that I can't do—like solving mathematical problems or writing novels. Reading "Babbitt," I felt distress that Lewis should abandon a field in which he was a master for one in which he was inept. His play was no good at all, and I knew that he would lose every cent he was putting into it. The very day I finished "Babbitt," I went to dinner at "21" and was hailed by Lewis. He was having dinner with the



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company that was rehearsing his play. He came over to my table. He was swimming in euphoria. I decided to be severe with him. "Look, Red, I've just read 'Babbitt.' It's—well, you know how good it is. Tell me, why should a man who can write a novel like that bother with plays?"

Lewis saw that I was serious. He sat down. "Listen," he said. "Do you know what a novelist's life is like? I sit up there in Vermont for a year writing a novel. When it's finished, I write to my publisher to tell him I've finished my book. He, to be nice, says he'll come up to see me. He comes up. That's it. Hell, I'm gregarious. I like *people!*"

With a schoolboy's grin of delight, he went back to his table in an ecstasy of gregariousness. The blueprint of disaster which those in the know had diagrammed for his play was followed exactly. The last time I ever saw Lewis, before he went to Italy, where he died, he told me what that particular venture had cost him. Gregariousness came high.

The heady experience of being present at a successful first night of one's own play came to me on April 11, 1927, when the Theatre Guild produced "The Second Man." The play had an extracurricular advantage working for it: it had only four characters and one set. The Guild did well by it: the four characters were played by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Margalo Gillmore, and Earl Larimore.

I owe this play to the most tenuous and untraceable of accidents—to the chance reading of a sentence. I have never been able to remember where I read that sentence. It was quoted somewhere—perhaps in a newspaper, perhaps in some literary review—from a letter of Lord Leighton's. The part of the sentence that impressed me reads, "... for, together with, and as it were behind, so much pleasurable emotion, there is always that other strange second man in me, calm, critical, observant, unmoved, blasé, odious." I wrote a short story based on Leighton's second man, which appeared in the *Smart Set*. One winter, stuck for an idea and jobless, I dramatized this short story. It took three weeks for me to write the play and almost two years for Harold to sell it.

It wasn't till 1928, when I went to London for the English production of "The Second Man," with Noël Coward in Alfred Lunt's role, that I found out who Lord Leighton was. I met a lady who had known him, as she knew everybody—Sibyl Colefax. London is very hospitable to new playwrights;

Sibyl was one of the first new friends I made there, and she remained my friend till her death. She'd been very excited, she told me, when she read the excerpt from Lord Leighton's letter in the theatre program. She had never before seen it; she wanted to read it all. She demanded to see the whole letter. As it had not been written to me, I couldn't supply it. But she told me how characteristic even this excerpt was of Lord Leighton's eroding self-dissatisfaction. He was, at the end of the nine-



teenth century, wildly successful, he had everything—very good looks and vast success as a portraitist. He was president of the Royal Academy. But this excerpt from a letter of his confirmed a suspicion she had entertained about him: that he wasn't taken in by his success—that, like the protagonist of my play, he knew he was second-rate. He was not deceived; he *knew*. His career could be summarized as Harold Nicolson summarized Lord Curzon's: "He had successes but no success."

A quarter of a century later, I was to run into Lord Leighton again. This was in the Villino Chiaro, Max Beerbohm's little house in Rapallo. We were going through Max's book of caricatures "Rossetti and His Circle." Suddenly, there was Lord Leighton.

I said to Max, "But he's the man who gave me my first play!"

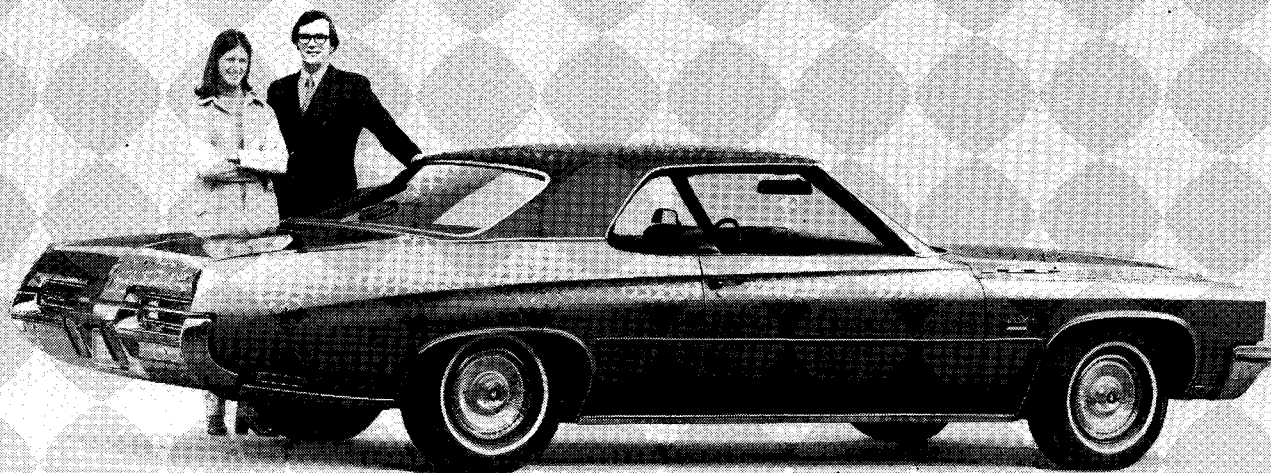
"I'm glad he did that," said Max. "He gave me this caricature. He was one of the hollow men."

The caricature is a masterpiece. Lord Leighton is handsome, elegantly bearded, and cravated to perfection. Rossetti is lying on a sofa; you see only his slippered feet. Leighton is haranguing Rossetti's feet; they are so relaxed that you are sure their proprietor is asleep. You are sure also that Leighton doesn't much mind; he is listening to himself. He is trying to induce an "up-and-do" attitude in Rossetti:

Think not for one moment, my dear Mr. Rossetti, that I am insensible to the charm of a life secluded, as yours is, from the dust of the arena, from the mire of the marketplace. Ah no!—I envy you your ivory tower. How often at some Council Meeting of the R.A. have I murmured within me that phrase of Wordsworth's, "The world is too much with us!" But alas, in all of us there is a duality of nature. . . . You smile, Mr. Rossetti, yet I am not disemboldened to say to you now, as I have often wished to say to you, in the words of the Apostle Paul, "Come over and help us!" Our President—I grant you in confidence—is not of all men the most enlightened. But I, in virtue of what is left to me of youth and ardour, conjoined with the paltry gift of

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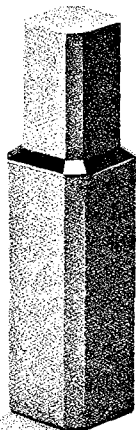
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tact, have some little influence at Burlington House. Come now!—let me put your name down in our Candidates' Book.

I was awfully green when "The Second Man" went into rehearsal. We were to open "cold," without a road tour. We rehearsed on the top floor of the Guild headquarters. The day before we started, I had a long talk with Philip Moeller, my director. He directed five of the eleven plays I did for the Guild over the next twenty years: two for the Lunts, one for Jane Cowl, two for Ina Claire. I was lucky to find Phil Moeller; he suited me perfectly. He was a restless and volatile character, impassioned about art. His great love was music; he studied scores, and when he was directing a play he was animated by ideas of counterpoint and harmonic structure. In one scene of "The Second Man" he had Lynn sit at the piano and play a haunting passage from "Der Rosenkavalier"—this at a time before that music had become familiar through repetition. He wrote plays himself. One, "Madame Sand," was well received critically, if not popularly. He was quirky, mercurial, and impulsive. He blurted out what was in his mind. This sometimes caused outbursts of temper between him and his actors, or his authors. He never retreated; he relied on Miss Helburn and Mr. Langner to patch the differences up. Mr. Langner sometimes made things worse, but Miss Helburn was infallible. There was an innocence about Phil Moeller. He lived alone, saw very few people. Miss Helburn used to be exasperated with him because he never went to the theatre. Aside from his directing, he cared about nothing but music and painting. When anything pleased him, he became incandescent.

The Guild headquarters was a transformed private residence. The top floor, where we rehearsed, must have been the ballroom. The stage manager had chalk-marked the floor, indicating the doors and windows—and the staircase and the gallery, for the hero lived in a duplex. In this area Phil Moeller deployed his actors. I sat in a chair on the sidelines to watch. I was fascinated to observe how, for these virtuoso actors, the stage space was measured in inches—for each turn, each approach, each retreat. They had to consider how their faces and bodies looked from all directions and from all angles. Half the time, I didn't know what they were doing or why. As for the words, they sounded like so much gibberish. At one point, during a murky passage, Lynn came up to me. "I suppose it all sounds like nothing to you," she

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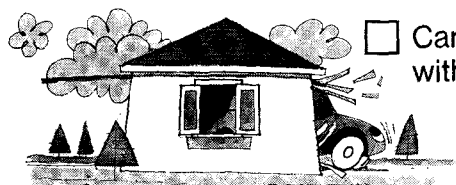
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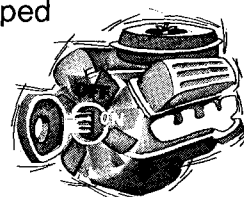
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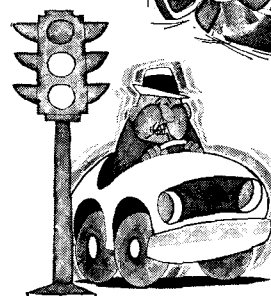
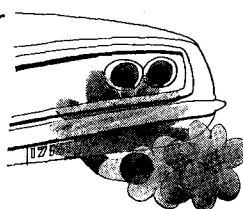
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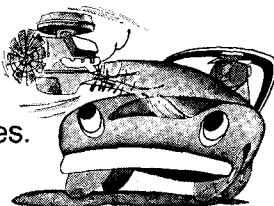
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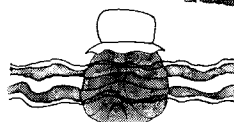
☐ Engine stalls frequently or is hard to start.

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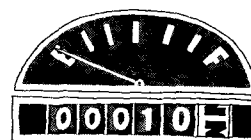


☐ Acceleration is sluggish.



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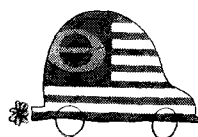
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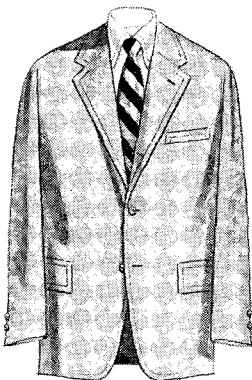
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said. I admitted that it did, rather. "You see," she said, "we're not thinking of the words now, just the movements, but I promise you—it'll be all right." She smiled at me and squeezed my hand. I have never forgotten this little errand of mercy. Alfred Lunt's readings—and not merely on the first day—were very casual, only sporadically vital, and, in the main, uninterested. I didn't know what his performance was to be like till the opening night. Some days, Lynn advised me not to come at all. I took her advice.

And then, suddenly, it was over. The play opened. I sat in the first row of the balcony and got a headache. It is the only time I have ever gone to an opening of my own in New York. Harold Freedman came up during each intermission to tell me how he thought things were going. As I watched that first performance, I realized that I'd had not the remotest idea of what Lynn and Alfred could or would do. The illuminations of the script provided by the actors dazzled me, because I had not perceived them during the rehearsals. Lynn's part was a small one, but now, in the performance, she gave it overtones that I hadn't known were there. For example, I had written a line for her about another character, who bored her: "He never has anything interesting to say." What I heard was "He never has anything interesting to say—never, never, never, never, never": a perfectly graduated diminuendo of "never"s, conveying an endless vista of boredom, the last "never" faint (but audible), faint with the claustrophobia of boredom. Alfred, all the way through, had the audience mesmerized; he did what he wanted with it—made it laugh and made it listen. In his last scene, on the telephone, when the character played by him calls up the character played by Lynn to win her back, at the moment when he says, "Thank God you're laughing," the audience laughed. Later, in his dressing room, Alfred told me what a lifesaver that laugh had been.

Just before the curtain fell, I saw an element in the play which I had not written—certainly not consciously: the dramatization of a terrible moment, a watershed moment, when you face nullity. The non-hero has been abandoned by the older woman who loves him and by the young woman whom he, if he had been less practical, might have loved. He has just seen the younger woman out. My stage direction reads, "He leaves the door, goes to the telephone." That walk from the door to the telephone shaft-

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ed a light on the play and the character which I had not foreseen. It was a moment of self-confrontation, of complete awareness. Why hadn't he taken a chance? Why hadn't he tested himself? Perhaps he was better than the louse he knew himself to be? When he picked up the telephone to get back what he didn't want, Alfred's eyes went insane. By arrangement, Harold Freedman met me before we went backstage. We took a turn around the block. We were both under the spell of Alfred's terrifying little walk to the telephone. He'd made Calvary out of an innocent stage direction.

The reviews, with one exception, were enthusiastic. The exception was Aleck Woolcott, in the *World*, who said I was like an outsider peering through the plate-glass windows of an opulent house to observe how the well-bred inhabitants behave. I was solaced for this by a review in the *Nation* by Joseph Wood Krutch, who went all out for the play. One of the daily reviewers said the problem of selection facing the Pulitzer Prize committee would be greatly eased by this production. But the committee spurned an easy out; it preferred the hard way. Nor has it ever deferred to me since, though I have nudged it about twenty times. I was solaced also by the fact that the play sold out at every performance. At the end of the first week, Alfred sent me a telegram in Worcester, Massachusetts, where I had gone to see my mother. "We sold out last night with thirty standees," Alfred wired. "That's pretty good for Good Friday." My first royalty check exceeded a thousand dollars. I stared at this check with incredulity.

What would "The Second Man" come to if it should be beautifully produced now? It would probably seem very old-fashioned and, in Jed Harris's word, thin. But for a time it had—and gave me—a lively reputation. Years later, during the war, when Harold Ross asked me to go to England to describe London in wartime for *The New Yorker*, I went to see Somerset Maugham, then in New York, to ask his advice. He gave me a letter to H. G. Wells. In it he introduced me as the author of "The Second Man." And just a few years ago I wrote a fan letter to Frank Swinnerton, because I had greatly enjoyed a reminiscent book of his. He answered with a charming letter in which he said that he was happy he had entertained me, because I had entertained him with "The Second Man." He wrote as if he had seen the play a week before. Ac-

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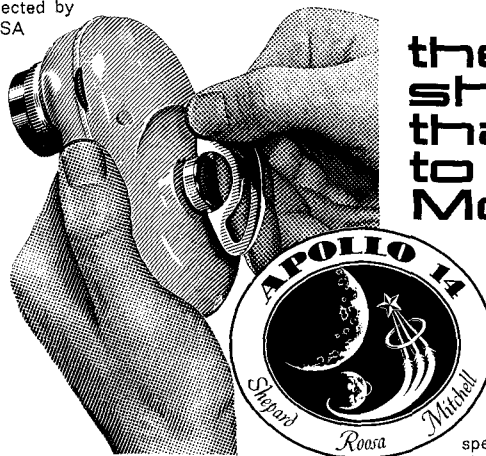
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tually, he had seen it when it was done by Noël Coward in London in 1928.

THOSE few hours in the Guild Theatre on April 11th changed all my circumstances for the rest of my life. I was deluged with offers. My diary lists them. Frank Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, asked me to write twelve pieces for him—one per issue for a year. I began to get film offers; they came rapidly. I put them off, because none of the material that was offered appealed to me. At about this time, I met Harold Ross. I loved him from the day I met him to the day he died. He asked me to write for *The New Yorker*, then two years old. I wrote a profile of George Gershwin. It was a vertiginous time. I found myself in a millstream of sociability in New York and in London: incessant contact with great theatre stars, with rich people and social people; at posh hotels, at parties, and on yachts. But through it all I never shook off the plaintive counterpoint of my origins—the memory of my parents, and their poverty. An odd illustration: Late one night, in Copenhagen harbor, on Maurice Wertheim's yacht, I'd been unable to sleep. The captain had invited me to join him on deck when I felt like it. I dressed and went up. He was a most agreeable man. I stood beside him as he steered the elegant, slim white craft through the shipping in the harbor. There was a moon; the scene was serenely beautiful. But I was not present. I was, unaccountably, in my father's insolvent grocery store in Worcester, Massachusetts. An itinerant huckster had advertised a show to be given in Mechanics Hall. Wonders were promised. Most of the boys in the Providence Street grade school were going. I longed to go. I asked my father if he would give me the admission price—fifteen cents. He looked at me with pain in his eyes. He had to refuse. I saw how keenly he wanted to give me the fifteen cents. He then told me he was going to be forced to close down the grocery, since it was doing so badly. I left the captain and the moonlit shipping and went back to my cabin.

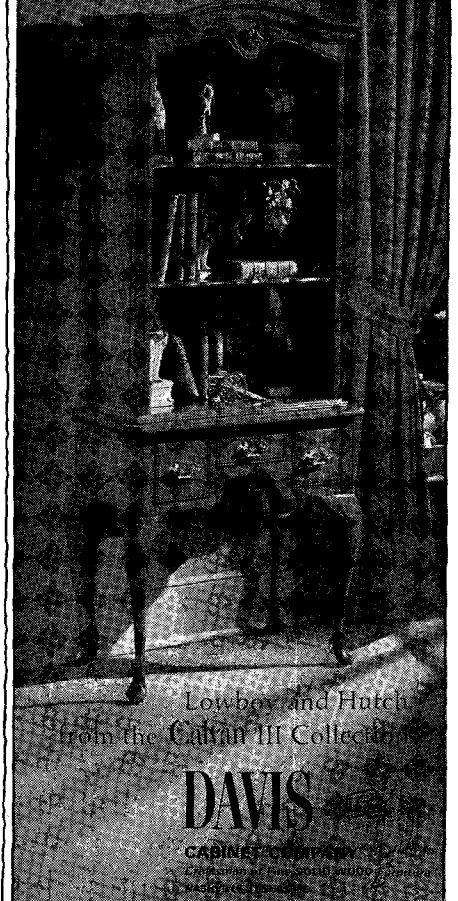
—S. N. BEHRMAN

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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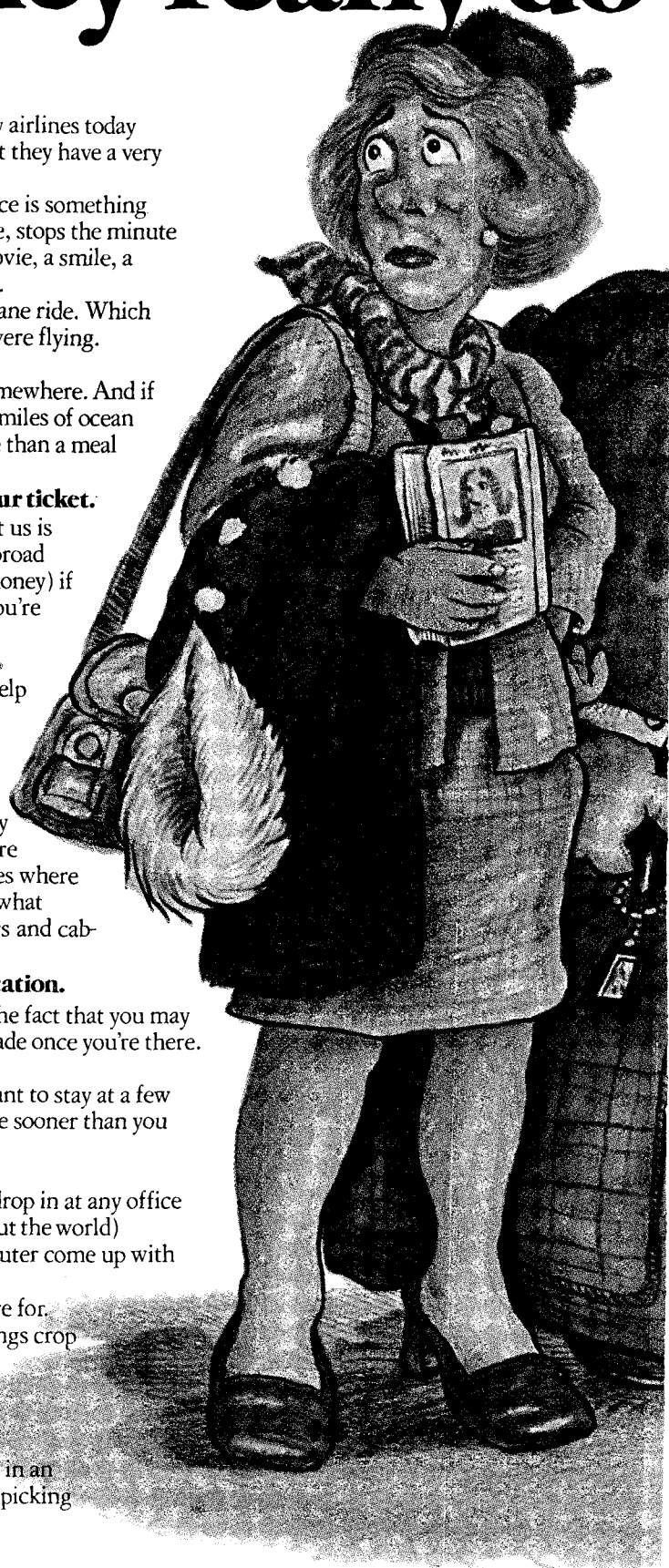
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from your favorite bartender?



ALMOST D.O.A.

LEAST said soonest mended, and I obey this maxim with particular pleasure because there were but two openings on Broadway last week, both of them of works so feeble that Cheyne-Stokes breathing could be readily detected a block away from the intensive-care units—I mean the theatres—in which they were being performed. The first work was an exceptionally stale marshmallow of a musical called “Different Times,” at the ANTA, for which Michael Brown wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics, and which he directed on what it will be kind to call an appropriate level of ineptitude. The story has to do with several generations of a proper New England family (cleverly named Adams); the family’s guilty secret is that the purity of the line has been contaminated by a Jewish boy who got an Adams daughter pregnant without benefit of marriage at the time of the First World War. In the darkling spring of 1972, if you were looking around for a guilty secret to possess, I doubt if the fact that a Jew had once upon a time fallen in love with a member of your family would strike you as sufficient to bring you and your children and grandchildren down in psychic ruin, but Mr. Brown appears to believe that this would be the case, and he certainly hammers away at such a case all evening long, and not by a light tap, tap, tap but by a heavy thunk, thunk, thunk. The most talented and appealing member of the cast is a young man named Joe Masiell, who makes at least one song seem better than it is. The setting and the costumes are by David Guthrie, and I liked them very much.

TOUGH TO GET HELP,” at the Royale, was a disgusting attempt at a comedy by Steve Gordon. His

notion was to make us roar with laughter over the antics of an Uncle-Tomming black couple in the domestic employ of a pseudo-liberal wealthy white couple in Larchmont. Much of the supposed humor of the evening consisted in having the blacks talk about themselves and other blacks as “niggers.” Mr. Gordon is evidently under the impression that because his heart is in the right place he serves the rest of us well by filling the dialogue of a play with words and phrases like “cullid,” “Ah’s powerful worried,” “He do,” and “She do,” and by having Abraham Lincoln, as a socko first-act curtain line, address the black man as a “jigaboo.” Well! No use discussing the lack of talent of a playwright so deficient in sensibility; let me simply say that I admired John Amos, as the black, and Dick O’Neill,

as his four-flushing white employer, and I wish them immediate success in some other play. Two questions remain: why would Carl Reiner consent to direct a play so unworthy of him—the matter of the treatment of blacks aside, the endless stream of two-line jokes was straight out of very old TV—and why would Ed Wittstein consent to design the set? It was certainly a hideous and unworkable one, and perhaps that was Mr. Wittstein’s unconscious revenge upon the entire enterprise.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Mr. Jason Miller (& Co.)

JASON MILLER, whose “Nobody Hears a Broken Drum” of a couple of years ago deserved to be much more successful than it was, has now written a serious, honorable, funny, and wholly original new play, “That Championship Season,” which opened last week at the Public. It is a play that means much more than it states, but it is so strong on its own that any interpretations and analogies can safely be left to the audience. The characters are five men—a



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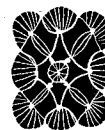
An American-Standard Company

high-school basketball coach, now retired, and four members of the team that won a state championship for him twenty years ago. The time is the present, on the night of their annual reunion, and the place is the living room of the coach's house in a small city in Pennsylvania. (Santo Loquasto's setting is extraordinary—so solid and so atmospheric in its small details that the audience is all but transported onto the stage.) The fifth team member is absent from the reunion, as he always is. His name comes up briefly at the beginning, and then, after we have forgotten him, it comes up again near the end—to jolting, perhaps slightly too melodramatic, effect. Three of the four team members are in local politics. One of them is the mayor of the city and is up for reelection; another, a rich businessman, has been financing the mayor's career; and the third, a high-school principal, has been his campaign manager. The fourth man, the principal's alcoholic brother, is a witty, despairing fellow with a wry, mocking tongue who functions more or less as commentator. The mayor is a foolish, childish incompetent. The businessman's business is strip mining; he has been involved in a number of sexual scandals, and he is a one-man ecological disaster, with no desire to pour good money after bad on what he considers a hopeless political campaign. The principal shows no talent for politics; embittered by lifelong family responsibilities and never enough money to meet them, he is set on becoming superintendent of schools in the next administration. All of them are Catholics. The opposition candidate, who looks like a winner, is a reformer and a Jew, and for that sorry trio and the coach it is hard to know which is worse. Upon the announced withdrawal of the businessman, they fall to quarrelling, and the coach, whose unconscious cynicism and bigotry are combined with a terrible, powerful, damaging simple-mindedness, sees it as his function to rally them together by summoning up their old will to win, appealing to their nostalgia, and infecting them—as one gathers he has always done—with his own shopworn, corrupt, unethical ethics. Except, of course, for dear, drunken Tom, whose final crack, delivered as the coach, bathed in light, is being photographed, is the funniest curtain line since "The son of a bitch stole my watch."

"That Championship Season" is not one of those moralistic exposés in which the characters are used as examples of depravity. As the evening progresses

and the men get drunker and drunker, everything is revealed about them and about the way they live and have lived and how they have been damaged and disappointed—and revealed in conversation, rather than in synthetic soliloquies. It is the dramatist's understanding of his characters, and therefore his sympathy for them, that gives his play such richness.

Mr. Miller's name is listed twice on the program—once as playwright and once as understudy to two of the actors.



He is himself a fine actor, as was proved by his Rogozhin in last year's "Subject to Fits," and he knows how to write for actors. He is rewarded with wonderful performances. The company, under the direction of A. J. Antoon, is the best I have ever seen Off Broadway (and better than most I have seen On). Richard A. Dysart (coach), Walter McGinn (alcoholic), Michael McGuire (principal), Paul Sorvino (businessman), and Charles Durning (mayor) are so good, singly and collectively—so indelible in their roles—that a whole review could be written of them alone. If you are still brooding about the future of the theatre in New York in these fashionably doomy times, go see "That Championship Season" at the Public and *stop worrying*.

"SUGGS," a comedy by David Wiltse at the Forum, is an entertaining set of variations on a sad, familiar theme—the erosion of innocence. George Suggs is an openhearted, romantic, and ambitious young man who comes to this city from the Middle West hoping for work as an announcer on one of the networks. At the beginning, everything he sees delights him; even the bums and panhandlers on the streets seem wonderful. He gets a clerical job at a large manufacturing outfit, sleeps with a succession of girls, and marries the one who refuses to sleep with him right away. Then, and bit by bit, the brutalities, large and small, of city life start to get to him—the burglaries, the muggings, the crowding, the intrusions of strangers, the terrible feeling of isolation, the empty competitiveness—until he himself slowly becomes brutalized and, in the end, is left alone. Mr. Wiltse's delineation of New York and his point of view on it are conventional, not to say threadbare, but he is a born theatrical prankster, and all his ingenuity and shrewdness have gone into the details of the play—the brief, clever episodes of which it is made. He almost pulls it off, but not

quite; he doesn't entirely convince us that it was really worth pulling off at all.

Productions at the little Forum in Lincoln Center get better and better. This one, under Dan Sullivan's direction, is bright and stylish, with never a false note or a temporary slowdown. Mr. Sullivan is very lucky to have as his leading man young William Atherton (recently seen here as Pavlo Hummel), who also gets better and better. His George Suggs, always seemingly unaware of what is happening to him as his jauntiness and trust slowly ebb away, is a first-rate comic performance. Ralph Bell is very good, too, as Suggs' cynical, fast-talking boss at the office; Lee Lawson is amusing as Suggs' wife and all his other girls; and Robert Levine, Joan Pape, and Charles Turner are both eerie and funny as a chorus of derelicts, among them a number of recognizable local nuts. The setting by Douglas W. Schmidt and the lighting by John Gleason are very helpful indeed.

—EDITH OLIVER

Doreen Murphy, the tall, buxom hostess of Cockney Pride, the new English restaurant on Doheny in Beverly Hills, may come as a shock to Los Angeles restaurant goers.

A local legend in the New York restaurant field, Doreen is known for making her customers feel at home in a very unusual way. "I'll stand a man on a chair and undress him in front of everybody, and he'll love every minute of it," says Doreen. "It makes him feel as if he belongs." Not only will she undress him, but she may cut off his tie or pour a pitcher of water over his head if he dares leave his table to visit the men's room without asking "permission."

Of course Doreen admits, in her unmistakable Cockney accent, that it will take some time to develop the uproarious lunch scenes she so firmly controlled at the Potted Lion restaurant in New York for several years, but she feels Los Angeles is ready for a "good restaurant with some fun in it."—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*.

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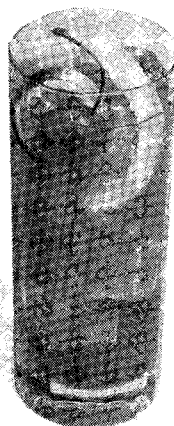
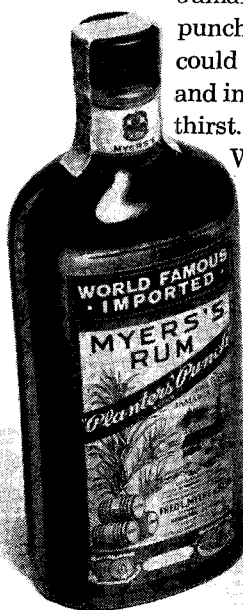
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THE RACE TRACK

Viva Riva Ridge!

THE Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge made every post a winning one in the Kentucky Derby last Saturday. Though sixteen three-year-olds came out for the ninety-eighth running of the classic at Churchill Downs, it was a two-horse race for most of the mile and a quarter. As they stormed out of the starting gate, Hold Your Peace was right behind Riva Ridge, and for more than a mile they went one, two—at times lengths ahead of the others. Watching them as they spun down the backstretch, I thought they were going much too fast—that they'd crack, and probably wouldn't be in the first three. (I've seen that happen in so many races.) Then, halfway around the turn for home, Riva Ridge forged relentlessly forward. Hold Your Peace was still running gamely, but No Le Hache, who had been moving up steadily, passed him in the last furlong. For Riva Ridge, it was a victory by more than three lengths and the high point of satisfaction to his stable and especially to Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs its operation for her father, C. T. Chenery, who isn't in the best of health. It was also a splendid performance. It takes a good horse to run ten furlongs in 2:01½ without a breather. But Riva Ridge is by no means the first to lead all the way in the Derby. To name a few, Old Rosebud did, and won by eight lengths. Morvich led all the way in the first Derby I ever saw, and so did

Zev, the following year. Then there was War Admiral, Johnstown (Mr. Fitz said he was as fast a horse as he ever trained), Count Fleet (the speed-chart handicappers gave him a higher figure than they gave Man o' War), and Swaps. The last one to do it was Kauai King, in 1966. All except Swaps ran the mile and a quarter in slower time than Riva Ridge, who did the first quarter in 0:23½, the second in 0:23½, the third in 0:24½, the fourth in 0:24½, and the last in 0:25½. Now he is at Pimlico awaiting the Preakness Stakes, the second of the spring classics, a week from Saturday. The race is a sixteenth of a mile shorter, and he'll probably be a correspondingly shorter-priced favorite.

Riva Ridge, whose papa, First Landing, finished third behind Tomy Lee and Sword Dancer in the 1959 Derby, was as handsome a two-year-old as he was brilliant, and he has grown into a big, powerful colt. He's also on his way to being one of the top money-winners. His share of the purse was \$140,300, bringing his total earnings to \$701,210. No doubt his victory occasioned some cheers across the border, since Lucien Laurin, who trains him, and Ron Turcotte, who rides him, are French Canadians. Laurin rode there in the thirties, and when weight caught up with him he campaigned a small stable in the hinterland. "For years, I made all the

leaky-roof circuits," he says. Training for R. N. Webster, he saddled his first Derby horse—Amberoid—in 1966. His second was Bull Hancock's Dike, in 1969. Turcotte was the leading apprentice rider ten years ago.

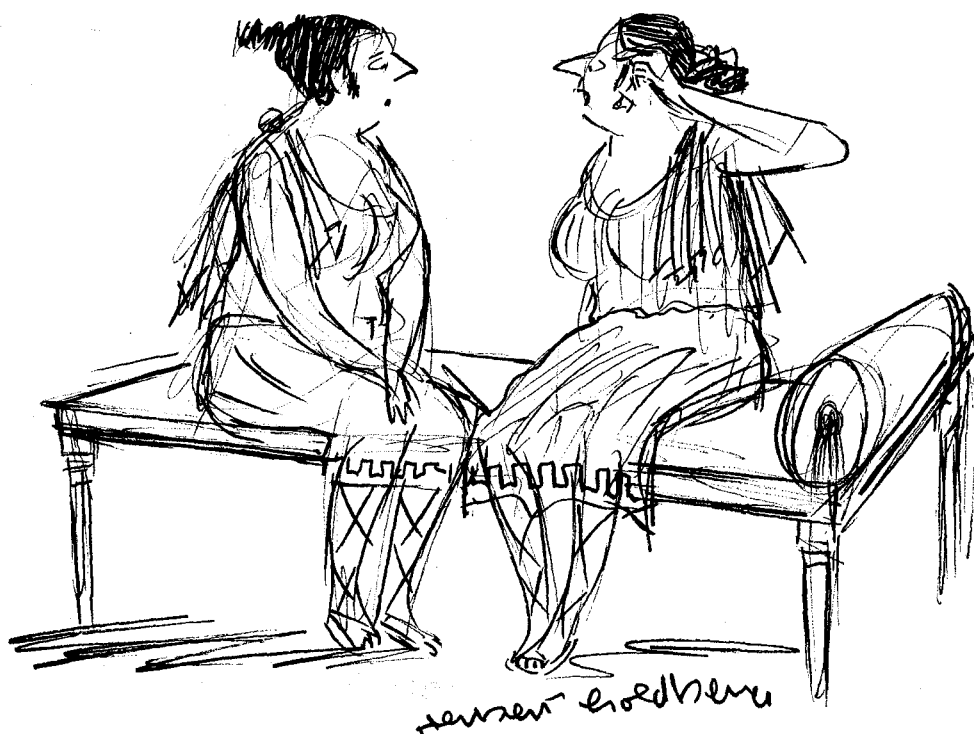
By the way, Juan Arias, who saddled Canonero II, the winner last year, if you need reminding, tried again this year, with Hassi's Image, and the horse was eleventh. Avila, who rode Canonero II, was on Pacallo this time; he came in last.

CHURCHILL DOWNS had its biggest day ever. A crowd of 130,564 filled the stand and the infield. Also, \$7,164,717 was tossed into the tote. Of course, there was betting on the Derby at the track the day before, and that money went into the pool on Saturday. Anyway, the total is a world record. New York's OTB didn't do too badly on the Derby. The shops around town took in \$2,452,403. Last year, the sum was \$1,030,432. The OTB payoff on Riva Ridge was bigger, too—\$6.80 on a \$2 ticket, as against \$5 at the track.

I caught the Derby on TV, and, if I must say it, the verbosity was interminable. I'd have gladly settled for someone just telling me what the horses looked like as they went to the post, the way Peter O'Sullivan does on the B.B.C. The commercials also seemed to be running on a five-minute headway. Most of all, I missed Jack Drees, who used to describe the race as it was being run but isn't there anymore. As for a half-hour program called "The Ballad of Canonero II," which preceded the Derby, it was pretty awful.

LUCK seems to have turned its back on Sigmund Sommer's horses and Pancho Martin, who trains them. Hitchcock and Paraje started in the Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, and neither was in the first three. Droll Role, who has been running on the grass—and not too well, either—won by a nose from Farewell Party, with Loud third and Pass Catcher, last year's Belmont Stakes winner, fourth. Good Counsel, the favorite, was sixth. Earlier in the week, Ogden Phipps's Numbered Account scared everybody out of the Comely Stakes except four fillies running for the shorter ends of the purse. Well, Numbered Account, 1-5 in the betting, left the gate slowly, and, though she finished fast in the stretch, was beaten by a nose by Stacey d'Ette. Numbered Account might not have liked the damp track. Ho, hum.

—AUDAX MINOR



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Our Woody; or, Tales of Tranquillizers and Romance



WHEN Carlyle said testily to emigrants, "Here and now is your America," he was speaking as a stoic realist to the people populating what was to be the greatest Romantic nation in the aesthetic history of the earth. Nowhere else has the Romantic period lasted the lifetime of a country. In other places, Romance has had definable times of acceptance and desuetude, though each definer is always telling you that the Romantic epoch began with So-and-So and ended with someone else. There was Burke's "Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful," there were Delacroix and Géricault and Goya, there were "The Castle of Otranto," and the Lake poets, and the Brontës, and pleasure in ruins; and there was Sancho Panza, long before any of them. You could say that sterner practicality entered at the time of Bertrand Russell and Feydeau; yet again, there is Bertie Wooster to think of—one of the very great Romantic creations, formed in the tradition of the gentleman-ass and his cleverer valet which helped to give us "The Marriage of Figaro," where the typically hot-cold breath of Romanticism blows through the Age of Reason like the nether air of chaos and brimstone alternating with breezes from Heaven.

Romanticism in art is a privileged state, rather noble, born of any wealthy time's peculiar conjunction of longing and satiety, and nurtured by the effort to flee a condition in which reality appears void and prosaic. American show-biz humor is terrifically Romantic at root, although it often rather prides itself on being sulphurous. For instance, it has created a vein of jokes about pills which by now amounts practically to a form of idyllic poetry in its feeling for flight from the substantial. The Romantic trade names of tranquillizers have become in dialogue as evocative to audiences as the classical names in heroic pentameter, reminding me of games we

used to play to counteract too much Marlowe:

Was this the drug that passed a thousand lips
And stormed the topless towers of Librium?
Sweet Miltown, make me opiate with thy kiss!
Valium, thou art not dead while lovers fret.
Is it not passing brave to feel a king
And sleep in triumph on barbiturates?

If the Romantic soul of show-biz wit were to peter out before the human race itself does, there would remain a passage about drugs in the new Woody Allen film, "Play It Again, Sam"—adapted by Woody Allen from his Broadway play and directed, with a beautifully matching sort of hysterical laconicism, by Herbert Ross—that would seem as distant to later audiences as some of the more remote apostrophes of "Doctor Faustus." In it, Woody Allen swaps brand names of pills with a girl he is falling for. "Oh, apple juice and Darvon are fantastic together," he says. "Have you ever had Librium and tomato juice?" she says to him, adoringly. Strong men's mixes, new style, replacing boring old bourbon-on-the-rocks. The film, often full of

flailing wild appeal, belongs to a contemporary offshoot of Romantic literature which could be called the literature of Neurotic Love. It has as strong a hold on American humor now as the language of the troubadours had on the poetry of Courtly Love, and Woody Allen is one of the funniest people practicing it. He incarnates the spirit of the nervy age in his very body, which looks always braced for escape. He abuses it mercilessly for being red-headed and too small. He tends to swagger to make up for it, but a swagger looks wrong on him, like a kilt on someone with white knock-knees. He has a poor opinion of his patently good mind, you feel, though he is damned if he is going to give up his com-fortingly sage-looking specs—because he couldn't see without them, among other fringe benefits, which include a certain amount of cover against a world that he has rather wanted not to ride for quite a long time, having degenerated into the shape and discontent of an unemployable jockey. He seems to live on the planet in a condition of drafty unfitness for it, although he squares up gamely to the Western world and takes on more than his quota of its predatory girls as if he doted on them all. The Woody Allen character is about a yearning for the unattainable (for prowess, for a sweet-natured love), which is the keystone of Romanticism. But, this being the derisive day it is in humor, the unattainable things he actually goes for are always

the size of your fingernail. The disproportion between the hunger and the hungered-for defines the character of the literature of Neurotic Love, and it is one of the things that have inclined it to take the form of humor rather than lyrics or tragedy (one of the things, box-office being another). Woody Allen is always lusting after a girl whom he could have in a second if he would stop being edgy. He wants to propose giving her the world, but he can hear himself being stingy, as if he were about to go down on his knees to her and passionately suggest that she take a three-month lease on the downstairs apartment and put in a connecting staircase at her own risk. His aspirations are always vast, but the objects of the as-



"The pivotal issue, then, is not whether you respond to my needs by cash or by check but for how much."

pirations very small; the energy expended is gigantic, but the lunge always just misses the thing lunged at, like the efforts of the Earl of Sandwich in Woody Allen's account in these pages, a while ago, of His Lordship's heroic plugging on to invent the sandwich out of two bits of turkey with a piece of bread in the middle.

In "Play It Again, Sam," Woody Allen is a movie nut, muddlingly called Allan, whose obviously spry intellect and giant intentness of purpose are bent on the midget task of knowing Humphrey Bogart movies backward. He watches "The Maltese Falcon" on TV for the umpteenth time with as much excitement as if he were discovering penicillin. His wife calls him one of life's great watchers, and rather sadly quits. His best friend, Dick (Tony Roberts), comes to the rescue. The best friend, who has characteristics born of a nice observation of the marks of the steely in modern life, is an eager beaver obsessed with telephoning his answering service every time he moves a yard to let it know the new number he can be found at. Dick's wife (Diane Keaton), the girl Allan is falling for, is a restful spirit, in spite of thinking she is hooked on pills and analysis, and in spite of going into the aforementioned excitement about pills with Allan. She does her best to find Allan a girl, not realizing that she is it. His encounters with the unprepared substitutes are constantly stalemated by his hallucinations of Humphrey Bogart's telling him what to do, which take up time, during which the girls lose patience, heart, or both. (The Bogart character is played by Jerry Lacy, a very plausible double, particularly in profile, and fine at the Bogey voice.)

Allan is a born bungler, especially when lust raises its tricky head. Every decision becomes a water jump at the Grand National. For instance, he can't decide between Oscar Peterson and Bartók on the hi-fi when one of the putative loved ones is to appear. She turns out to be a somnolent creature, quite ordinary, and rather run of the mill as far as her bust size is concerned. Allan feels earnestly about bust sizes but completely hopeless about coping with them in the event. The brand-new loved one of any particular evening naturally finds it odd that he should be behaving toward her already so elegiacally, as if they had packed in as much past as Tristan and Isolde in their last furies. His adopted Bogey casualness could fool no one, even though he has sudden assaults of practicality, like his confidence to the audi-



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ence that the thing about TV dinners is to suck them frozen. August makes him panic completely because August is the month when the analysts all go away. New Year's Eve makes him panic because he is the one man in the hemisphere who couldn't get a date for December 31st even when he was married. He sees himself, in fact, as the sexual flop of all time, which is the configuration that American Romanticism has found for its popular heroes at the moment. (The feminine equivalent is the comic prototype of the screwball, or kook: in "Two for the Seesaw," for instance.)

"Play It Again, Sam" is funny—not quite as good as "Bananas" or "Take the Money and Run," which were written as film originals and so perhaps had better chances of going off the rails and losing their minds when required, but still funny. One of the limitations, not crucial, is the parish-pump character of the jokes. Woody Allen's humor here belongs so forcefully to Manhattan that it jars somewhat that the picture should have been transplanted to San Francisco. Herbert Ross's direction ideas are loose-limbed and well tuned to the hero-figure of a lover with a jumpy stomach who quails at the idea even of getting a girl into a chair, let alone bed. We see the character in a laundromat, miserably talking to himself about his analyst's analysis of the marriage breakup. ("How can there be a sexual problem? We weren't even having *relations*.")

All the same, as Bogey holds, the world is full of dames; all you have to do is whistle. And in the meantime, only mingily bolstered by Bogey, Allan blows his pills out of the medicine cabinet with his hair dryer, resolves to brush *all* his teeth (no saying why this line is so funny, except perhaps that it is endearing to see a grown man trying hard to persuade himself that he has to be a nanny to himself), and bravely swigs after-shave lotion before a date. Every line Bogey feeds to him Allan messes up. "Tell her she has the most irresistible eyes you've ever seen," says the apparitional sex counsellor, casually interrupting a clinch. "You have the most eyes of anybody," says Allan. For such eager fouling up, you forgive a Romantic comic any parochialism. Woody Allen enshrines the idea that man is not only the one animal that blushes but the one animal that needs to.

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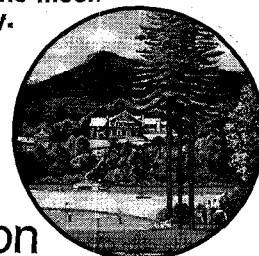


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in this age and society, unlike sexual emotions between analysts. "J. W. Coop" is a rather good, unpretentious film about rodeo riding. Cliff Robertson directed it, wrote it (with Gary Cartwright and Edwin Shrake), and stars in it as a rodeo rider who has been in jail for ten years. He will never do anything outside but go back to riding broncos as well as he can. "Too lazy to work, too nervous to steal." We begin with a tawdry spectacle described as "the world's largest rodeo behind prison walls." But then everything in the film is thought of by the characters as the world's largest, the film meanwhile knowing full well that the scale is really puny, except that it loses its head with a Pagliacci tragic ending when we see the hero dead in an emptied arena. Geraldine Page gives a high-key bit performance, energized by her own peculiar comic dash, as a distracted religious mother who is utterly at odds with her son and talks to him in nursery tags. In an air pocket of time, the released convict later hears only the thrum of hoofs in his head and comes bang up against licensed evil in the form of a salivating and malign Southwestern cop who hauls him up for driving without a proper exhaust on his 1949 Hudson. "Pollution," says the cop, snuffling, which is an official tic that he seems to have.

There is something politically dead right about the film's observation of the opinions of various drivers who give the hero a lift, reported with an amiable casualness. The Romanticism of the picture lies mostly in its view of winning. The time-hungry hero is doomed from the start of the film to come in always second; and "Second's the bottom, second's last," says the hero. Given its restrictions, though, the picture is finely detailed and modest, with some character set pieces that don't show off. It seems a true and simple expression of one of the forms that Romanticism can take at the moment. Its special sentimentality about victory, preserve us, will turn out to be a matter of the time. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

Miss Morgan is regional representative for Area 2, AARP. A slate of officers will be presented at the April 17 meeting by Mrs. Charles Laidlaw, nominating committee chairman, with the first annual election scheduled for the May meeting. Anthony Verdame is president. Church ha

—Passaic (N.J.) Herald-News.

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LETTER FROM LONDON



MAY 3 THE political weather this dauntingly chilly spring has suddenly turned so much brighter for Prime Minister Edward Heath and his Government that the angry mood following the miners' strike in February is almost forgotten. Because of a variety of events happening in quick succession, public opinion has noticeably warmed toward the Tories. The most important cause of the change, it seems, has been the first, galvanizing proof—startling to ordinary citizens and still not fully comprehended, apparently, by some confused trade-union leaders—that the Industrial Relations Act is now part of the law of the land. This vast and complex new charter of rights for employers and workers set up a court empowered to deal with complaints from both sides and to exact penalties. The Opposition, which had tried to bring in its own bill of industrial reforms when it was in office but had dropped it after the first growl from the unions, attacked the Tory measures bitterly as being “a lawyers’ paradise.” Before the bill passed Parliament, processions of workers from all over marched through London with banners demanding “Kill the Act!,” as though it were a hated person. To judge by what has happened, many of their leaders thought that if they ignored it completely it would indeed lie down and keep decently quiet until a Labour Government turned up and repealed its most abominated features—mainly, the introduction of courts and lawyers into the hallowed old free-for-all of industrial disputes. The early return of Labour to power, or even its presenting a sharp picture of an alternative Government, seems not very likely at the moment, however, and the Act is very much alive. The millions of people in all parties who have to live according to law themselves are sick and tired—in spite of a patience that is probably excessive—of finding themselves without lights or trains or letters because the unions feel able to hit them and the economy over the head at will.

The matter-of-fact opening operations of the new Industrial Relations Court gave great satisfaction. At the request of the also brand-new Minister of Employment, Mr. Maurice Macmillan, who was thrown in at the deep end during his first week in office by a

jostle of serious labor troubles, the Court ordered the railway unions to stop their highly unpopular work-to-rule, which had plagued the exasperated travelling public for more than a week, and to talk over the dispute during a fourteen-day “cooling-off” period. The railwaymen obeyed and are still talking. There was no sympathy with them from the passengers, particularly commuters, who wasted hours fuming in the stations while trains did not appear or crawled in cut to a shadow of their normal length, or who wasted as many hours in snarled-up traffic if they tried to come in to London by car. The speed with which the new authority brought these trials to an end—for a breathing space, at any rate—seemed novel good news to all. The dialogue—if you can call it that when one of the parties says absolutely nothing—between the Industrial Relations Court and the Liverpool dockers, who belong to the huge left-wing Transport Union, is also continuing. This is a far more crucial test of the Act and the unions’ ultimate willingness (or not, as some worried Britons think) to accept that it is there, however little they like it. The trouble began over a matter that the ordinary public would certainly not have noticed if the Act had not made it

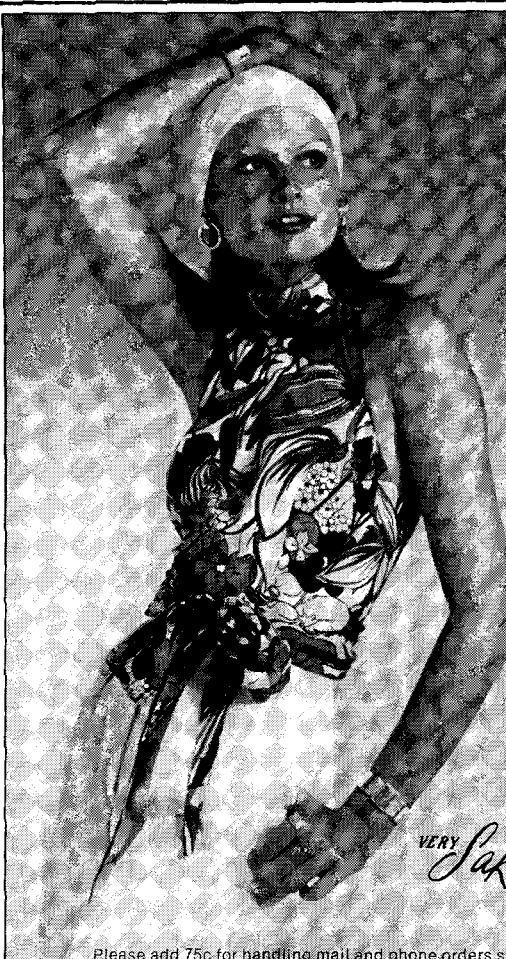
headline news and the subject of agitated discussions on television current-affairs programs. The modest catalyst was a container truck, packed with typewriters, owned by a small and long-established family haulage firm called Heatons Transport, which a section of the Merseyside dockers suddenly refused to handle. It is the familiar old story of traditional working methods coming up against modern labor-saving ones and the threat of more losses of jobs and money. The dockers’ case is that the unpacking and packing of containers have always been done by registered dock labor right on the spot. Now, they claim, firms are finding it more efficient to have the goods transported ready-packed by the haulers. The Heatons happened to be the victims who brought this smoldering problem into the open. Father and son appeared on TV, Mr. Heaton, Sr.’s, jolly face looking creased with worry and resentment while his son explained quietly that after a second boycott of their truck they had decided reluctantly to put their case to the Industrial Relations Court. The Court acted briskly. Citizens could hardly believe their eyes on reading that when the order to appear before it was ignored, the Court’s president, Sir John Donaldson, first clapped a five-thousand-pound fine on the Transport Union for contempt and



“Well, Godspeed, do unto others, and all that sort of thing.”

then upped it stiffly by a further fifty thousand pounds when the Mersey men apparently remained hard of hearing. Sir John added a stern warning that if his authority was defied any more, the next step might be the sequestering of the wealthy union's assets—presumably putting the bailiffs into Transport House, no less. The union has just announced that it will pay up, as the Trade Union Congress anxiously advised it to do. But its leader, Mr. Jack Jones, added angrily that he expected the T.U.C. to reimburse it, since the dockers were only faithfully following the T.U.C.'s original official lead of having nothing to do with the abhorrent Act. Certain other unions have added to the confusion by sidling off toward the Industrial Relations Court to get arbitration on various inter-union matters of their own. The situation could explode into a national dock strike or it could clear the industrial air. All that seems plain at the moment, from the way in which people are talking to one another and to the opinion polls, is that the majority—and this probably includes a surprising number of trade unionists—are in favor of the Act and, consequently, are more approving of the Government than they have been in a long, sour while.

The second reason for the Conservatives' good cheer is the disarray in the Labour Party. Since Mr. Roy Jenkins resigned from the front bench, detaching a light fallout of colleagues along with him (but nothing like the expected parade of defectors), there has been much talk about the Party's future and its leadership. It is now thought that Mr. Heath may decide to go to the country this autumn or next spring. Few people seem to feel that Harold Wilson, after shifting his ground so often over the Common Market—including his recent nimble reversal of his well-known objections to the idea of holding a referendum on the subject—could command the confidence to lead the Party back to Downing Street. The job of finding anyone better is still unsolved, however. Mr. Jenkins has let it be known that he does not propose to be a contender—not yet, anyway. The Party has just shown that its instinct for self-preservation is in good working order by electing Edward Short, a quiet-voiced pro-Europe moderate who used to be a schoolmaster and is hardly known to the general public, to succeed Mr. Jenkins as Deputy Leader. His victory prevented the lurch to the extreme left that many alarmed middle-of-the-road voters in

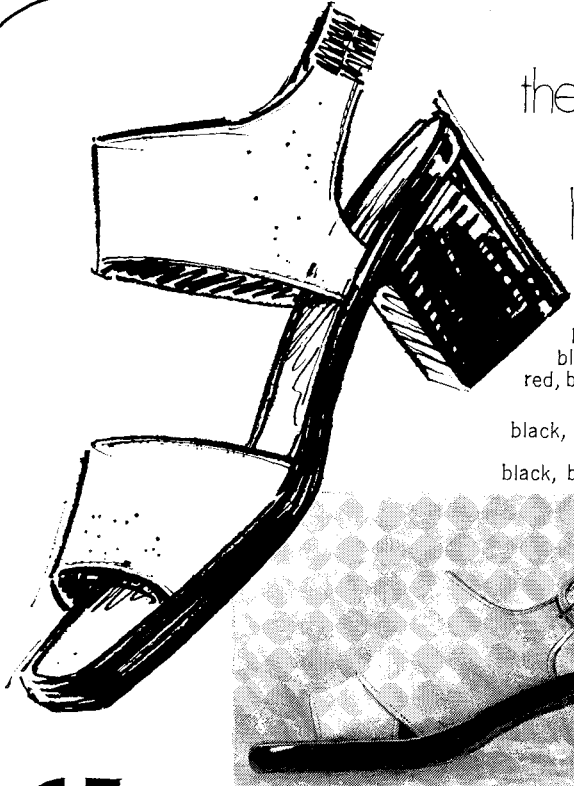


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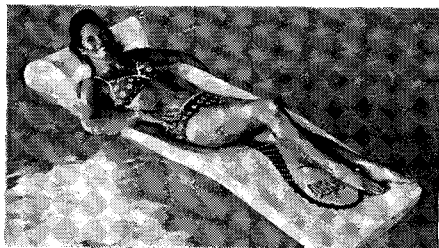
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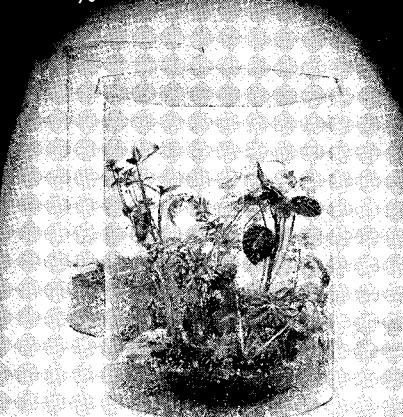
the country would doubtless have noted if his dynamic runner-up, Michael Foot, had won. The future independence of Mr. Jenkins and the pro-Market Labour M.P.s who will be emboldened to abstain from voting against the Government on the E.E.C. means that Mr. Heath is now safely out of the woods, barring accidents, and headed toward membership on January 1st. Not that this will bring joy to all his supporters, of course. Last week, however, the editor of the weekly *Spectator* hauled down his previously strong anti-Market colors in public and told his readers, "It seems to me that there is no longer any point, outside Westminster, in editorially arguing the case against entry," for it was all but "an accomplished fact." Far better, he resignedly added, to make the best of a bad job in the hope that they could help to make it a good job. As the year goes on, more Britons may come, however reluctantly, to give this philosophical, if ungracious, nod to Europe.

THE Tutankhamen exhibition at the British Museum of fifty treasures lent by Cairo to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the tomb is the great art event of the year that everyone wants to see if he has the necessary stamina. The enormous queues winding slowly out of the street and across the forecourt inch their way doggedly forward from early morn to eight most evenings, taking an average four hours to reach the doors. Progress is slow because the exhibition is arranged in a succession of small, dark rooms opening out of one another to suggest something of the claustrophobic silence of the chambers of the tomb, with only a certain number of people permitted to pass through at a time. The first sight that meets one's eyes is a life-size wooden statue of the young king—he was eighteen when he died, and a slight five feet six, according to his mummy measurements—standing like a host at the door. His face and body are coated with glossy black resin, black being a color believed by the Egyptians to have a special supernatural potency. It appears often in the splendid funerary furniture, with the brilliant kingfisher blue of the lapis-lazuli jewelry and the glitter of gold on everything. In a touching way, Tutankhamen's sumptuous luggage that was to accompany him to the next world gives a clear and attractive idea of what he was like in this one. He was very fond of hunting, of a game played on an ivory-and-ebony checkerboard (carefully placed in the tomb), and of

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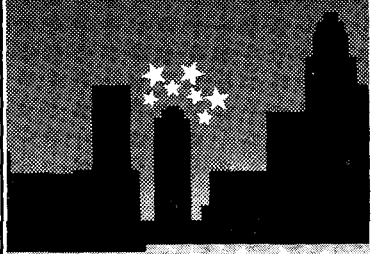
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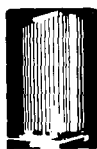


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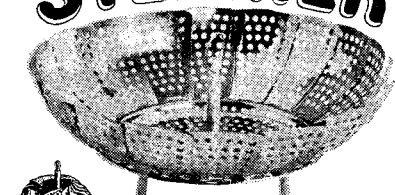
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flowers. He had a pet lion. He was happily married. One of the most exquisite pieces is the wondrous gold shrine covered with scenes from his everyday life with his queen, who is shown going along with him, like a good wife, on a wildfowling expedition and handing him the arrows, or domestically tying his collar before some festive occasion. The consummate masterpiece—the only object that seems to retain the authentic magic, the feel of the tomb before the treasures were borne off to their air-conditioned glass cases—is the solid-gold portrait mask of the young man, which was slipped over his dead head to preserve his god-like beauty forever. He is shown by himself in the last room. The power of this calm, shining face gazing with wide-open eyes from beneath brows and lids of lapis lazuli is so uncanny that visitors can hardly tear themselves away. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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[From an editorial by Craig Spangenberg in TRIAL, October/November, 1967] [From an article by Judge Donald T. Barbeau in For the Defense, March, 1972]

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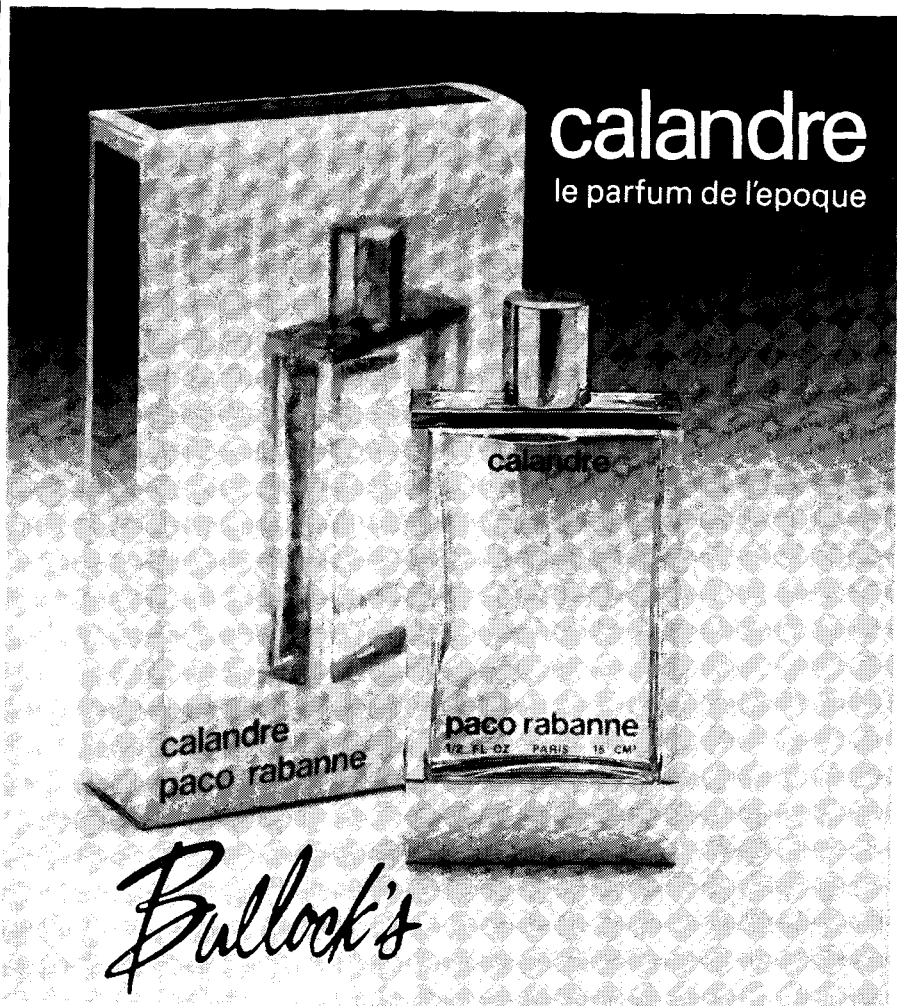
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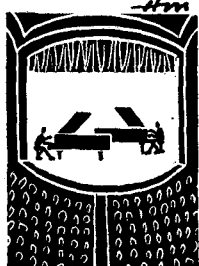
MUSICAL EVENTS

Dancing in the Dark

THERE is something wrong with the Royal Ballet so far this season, and it does not exactly take a microscopic examination to discover that it is the absence of a first-rate choreographer. The company has a score of the world's greatest dancers, and the most lavish scenery and costumes that money can buy, but the arrangement of movement on-stage is simply dull. I applied the adjective "great" to Kenneth MacMillan last week in a burst of enthusiasm. I was thinking, of course, of his "Romeo and Juliet." But my colleague on *Newsweek*, Hubert Saal, reminded me of something I ought to have remembered: "Romeo and Juliet," ever since its introduction here by Sir Frederick Ashton and the Royal Danish Ballet in 1956, has had a fairly constant layout, locked in place by its beautiful Prokofieff score. It has since been done here, in more or less the same pattern, and much more successfully, by the Bolshoi Ballet and by John Cranko and the Stuttgart Ballet. The only important things that distinguish the MacMillan production from these are its stunning scenery and costumes and the extraordinary dancing of Rudolf Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn.

Last week's novelty appeared on Friday night—a ballet about the Russian Revolution, "Anastasia," which had its New York première. It, too, was choreographed by Mr. MacMillan, and it is a disaster. Whether this is because the subject is not suited to ballet treatment or because it is badly handled I do not presume to say. But it is singularly empty of content, amazingly incongruent, and totally lacking in dramatic feeling. The first act showed us the Czar, Czarina, Czarevitch, and officers and members of the court on a summer holiday. The scenery, by Barry Kay, is not uninteresting. A scroll of plastic forms the top of what looks a bit like a pavilion. Everybody has a solo or dances in a group, but none of the numbers seem to bear any relation to the dramatic force of the situation in Russia just before the First World War. The Czar receives a message, evidently telling him that the war has begun. That is about all the narrative in the first act of what is obviously intended as a narrative ballet. Next act: A gathering of common people, mostly in rags and huddling around

a portable stove, gives evidence of unrest, whereupon the lights behind a scrim disclose a ball in the Royal Palace (presumably in St. Petersburg). Anastasia, the daughter of the Czar, is about to have her coming-out party, but she cowers on a staircase, observing certain curious goings on between the



Czar, the Czarina, Rasputin, and Kschessinska, a ballerina who is the Czar's former mistress. Next we are taken back to the restless proletariat; then we return to the ballroom and the dancing, which is brutally interrupted by an invasion of soldiers and proletarians. The spiral ceiling, in this act, is held up by braces in the form of pipework. (Is this a profound symbol? Does the spiral say "baroque"? And is the baroque era from which Russia escaped straight into the twentieth century being propped up because it is in danger of falling?) The act, at any rate, involves a great deal of dancing—after all, it's a ballroom scene. But the handling of groups is generally inept, and none of the dancing suggests the sense of doom that one would expect.

The third act is altogether out of character with the first two—inevitably, I suppose. Anastasia is sitting on a bed in a madhouse, hallucinating; then she gets up and dances. She sees the execution of her father; some peasants appear, and then some relatives, who seem to be trying to figure out whether she really is Anastasia; she also sees some nurses and other characters, and a group of tailor's dummies, which are, of course, headless. Meanwhile, movies taken during the revolution are projected on the spiral, which has now become wilted and drooping. (The scene with Anastasia in the madhouse is based on the famous episode of Anna Anderson, who claimed, after the First World War, to be the Grand Duchess Anastasia, and who was locked up for a time.) The score is concocted from two of Tchaikovsky's weaker symphonies (Nos. 1 and 3), plus electronic music produced by the Studio of the Technical University of West Berlin and Bohuslav Martinu's "Fantasies Symphoniques."

My main objection to "Anastasia" is that it is all so obvious, and entirely without poetic content. The first and second acts are totally realistic, except for the scenery, and, as for the last act,

electronic music has been mandatory in madhouses for so long that it has become a cliché. Everything in the realistic scenes is on the surface. There is no suggestion of inner feeling on the part of the characters or of atmosphere in the surroundings. My criticism applies in no case to the excellent cast of dancers. Lynn Seymour did what she could with the role of Anastasia, and here and there gave evidence of what we all know she has—great dramatic talent as well as marvellously polished ballet technique. Derek Rencher looked exactly like Czar Nicholas II, and Svetlana Beriosova was quite believable as the Czarina. The role of the little hemophilia-ridden Czarevitch was well done by Susan Lockwood. Antoinette Sibley contributed the sole moments of real choreographic interest as Kschessinska, in a solo and then in a pas de deux with Anthony Dowell in the ballroom scene. Various females of the court were well danced by Vergie Derman, Jennifer Penney, Lesley Collier, and Gerd Larsen, and Mr. Dowell, Michael Coleman, and David Wall deserve special mention for their virile dancing as officers of the Czar's Navy.

TWO nights earlier I attended a performance of the Royal Ballet's new "Swan Lake," with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev in the principal roles. Many things had been changed. The artificial swan of Act II had been dispensed with, the magician Rothbart had even longer wings and came down to mingle with his regiment of swans, and there were numerous alterations in details of the choreography, which, however, retained the main lines of the Petipa-Ivanov-Sergueyev version, with additions by Sir Frederick Ashton. I can only say that Margot Fonteyn is still the champ as the White and Black Swans, and that Nureyev is the finest partner she has ever had as Prince Siegfried. I shall not list the vast array of lesser dancers, except to note that Alexander Grant and Ann Jenner made a brilliant showing in the Neapolitan Dance during Act III. But aside from a few great moments—most of them by the two principals—I was bored to stupefaction. Not that the work was not well danced. Perhaps I am getting tired of these pious recreations of nineteenth-century "classical" ballet. The English have always been interested in this sort of thing. Maybe their addiction to the pantomime and their character as a great literary nation predispose them to long narrative ballets. Certainly they do

them earnestly and well. But they are full of tedious detail, carefully preserved simply because it has always been there.

IT was an agreeable contrast to all this to attend the opening of the New York City Ballet's spring season at the State Theatre last Tuesday evening. Something about the New York City Ballet's tradition, which Balanchine has fostered from the beginning, goes to the very marrow of ballet—not story, not scenery, just choreography and grace. It might be summed up in the slogan "Cut out the parades and keep 'em dancing." The items on the program were all familiar and yet as fresh as always, because of their devotion to eternal abstract dance concepts. The evening began with the Danilova-Fokine "Chopiniana," pleasant if not overwhelming, with Kay Mazzo, Peter Martins, Karin von Aroldingen, and Susan Hendl, and a series of Chopin waltzes played on the piano by Gordon Boeizner. This was followed by Jacques d'Amboise's "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," a brilliant affair in three movements, very much in the Russian manner, with Gelsey Kirkland, Allegra Kent, Anthony Blum, Merrill Ashley, Bruce Wells, and Mr. d'Amboise himself in the principal roles. The last ballet of the evening, "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," was a marvel of choreographic ingenuity. Nobody except Balanchine could bring off a successful ballet to such a subjective piece of music as Brahms' First Piano Quartet, Opus 25, in its rather unBrahmsian orchestration by Arnold Schoenberg. But Balanchine has done it. It has moss-green and pink costumes by Karinska and understated movement, and it is pure dance all the way. It was done by Lynda Yourth, Earle Sieveling, Patricia McBride, Conrad Ludlow, Miss Kirkland, Edward Villella, Miss von Aroldingen, and Mr. Martins, in place of Mr. d'Amboise, who was injured in the previous ballet. This sort of thing is, to my mind, the essence of contemporary ballet, and it was an unqualified delight from beginning to end.

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LETTER FROM VIETNAM

WHATEVER new responses President Nixon chooses to make to the current military crisis in Vietnam will serve to point up once again the precariousness of our position and the ease with which Hanoi can seize the initiative and force the Saigon government onto the defensive. While achieving impressive elements of surprise, the Communists have uncovered serious weaknesses in South Vietnamese military leadership and morale and have moved into numerous strategic towns and areas without strong resistance. Meanwhile, throughout the country, there has been a vast new outpouring of refugees as people once more flee the battle zones and another agony begins for them. The war has never before presented so many complexities and imponderables, nor has it ever before been affected by so many external events. The North Vietnamese, unhappy about President Nixon's summitry in Peking and his projected summitry in Moscow, are more than ever determined to continue fighting, in what for them remains a supreme test of revolutionary will and endurance, even if they are unable to achieve the immediate and complete military conquest of Indo-China.

Hanoi's first objective, of course, has been to prove that Vietnamization and pacification, the twin pillars on which President Nixon's South Vietnamese policies rest, are failures—that the American-built South Vietnamese Army is incapable of fighting by itself, and that the fragile system of village and hamlet security, inspired by the Americans and advertised before the attack with computerized claims of more than ninety-five-percent success, is a sham and can be rendered a shambles. It will take a longer period of sustained military, political, and psychological pressure to put Vietnamization and pacification to the full test, but it is already clear that were it not for vast amounts of American air and sea power, much of it hastily brought into action from elsewhere, the first North Vietnamese assaults across the Demilitarized Zone and the Cambodian border would have led to the swift capture of both Hué, in the north, and An

Loc, a provincial capital only sixty miles north of Saigon. Now, slightly more than a month after the assault began, the Communists can claim an impressive list of victories. They have taken one whole province—Quang Tri, in the far north, with its capital city of the same name—at least eight district capitals, and forty military bases around the country. The fall of Quang Tri and the ignominious flight of its defenders, the South Vietnamese 3rd Division, whose officers apparently exercised no real leadership and whose men fled south to Hué, where they looted and burned, was the most ominous portent for ARVN, the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. In the wake of this debacle, President Nguyen Van Thieu has fired both the 3rd Division commander, General Vu Van Giai, and the boss of I Corps, the whole northern military area, General Hoang Xuan Lam (who happens to be a close political associate of Thieu's). If the new I Corps commander, the well-regarded (and apolitical) General Ngo Quang

Truong, cannot stabilize the situation and defend Hué, using the veteran 1st Division—by now battered and outnumbered—it could mark the beginning of the end for ARVN, especially if the troops of a couple of other divisions elsewhere decide to emulate those of the 3rd.

Farther south, in the Central Highlands, the provincial capitals of Kontum and Pleiku are momentarily threatened, with the likelihood that Communist victories at coastal cities to the east, notably Quang Ngai and Bong Son, will effectively cut the country in two. To the southwest, An Loc remains in immediate jeopardy. In time, these and other cities—or what is left of them after North Vietnamese shelling and American bombing—may change hands several times, but in this phase of the offensive the aim of the Communists has been not only the capture of cities but, even more important, the total engagement of ARVN, including all its reserve elements, as well as South Vietnam's Marines and Rangers, over as far-flung a front as possible. In this aim, the North Vietnamese, though



"What's new is that my love affair with Rod McKuen is over."

they have made strategic and tactical errors of their own, have pretty much succeeded, and even the government's Regional and Popular Forces, which are ordinarily supposed to operate within smaller geographical areas as the backbone of the pacification-security structure, are being used as mobile troops to try to stem the Communist attacks. This has already created a military vacuum in some places and has led to reinfiltration by Communist agents and Vietcong armed bands into a good many rural areas, especially in the Mekong Delta, previously rated by the government as secure and pacified.

Although the Communist offensive was expected for at least two months and was known to have been planned since mid-1971, the timing and synchronization took the South Vietnamese by surprise—a thing that has happened so often that it, at least, is no longer a surprise. Hanoi, in turn, was undoubtedly surprised, though perhaps not to so great a degree, by the intensity with which Nixon responded—apparently against the judgment of some of his advisers—and by his seeming willingness to risk the domestic political consequences of greatly increased bombing throughout South Vietnam and fierce new air attacks on North Vietnam. Since it seems unlikely that such bombing will have the desired effect—getting Hanoi to call off the offensive and make major concessions in peace talks—the war, under the abysmal prevailing circumstances, could go on for another three, five, or even, as the Communists themselves have often said, ten or more years. There are, of course, a number of alternative possibilities, including Nixon's defeat in November and, subsequently, a fast termination of our effort by a Democratic President. It is worth noting that recently Hanoi has been talking about getting Nixon to change his policies, which may indicate resignation to the likelihood of his reelection and a belief that he can be pressured into a less warlike and more diplomatically amenable position. At the moment, with our side's withdrawal from the Paris talks after fruitless dialogues between Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho, of North Vietnam, that possibility seems to have receded. Beyond this, the upcoming round of fighting may well be followed by a more useful round of talks.

IF the offensive, or at least this phase of it, fails and the Communists cannot seize and hold certain key areas and cities, they will, as they have always been able to do, revert to small-unit and guerrilla warfare. To do this ef-

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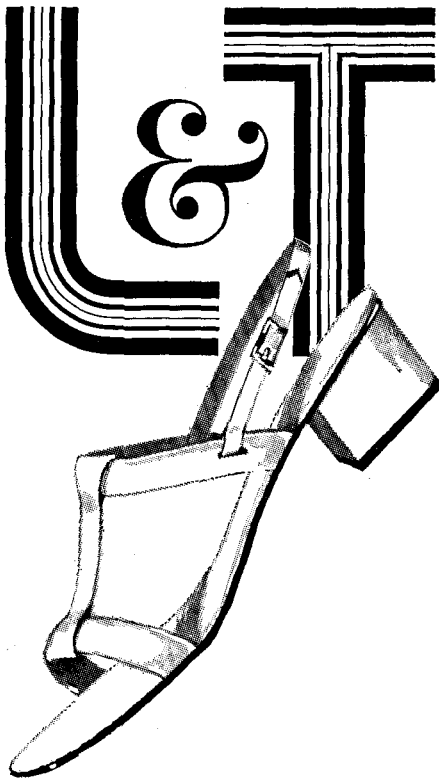
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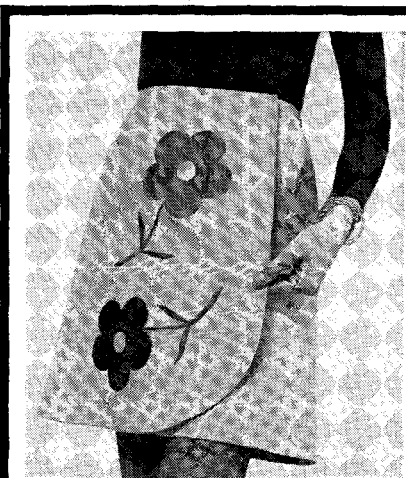


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fectively, and at the same time regroup and be prepared to strike again in a few weeks or months in large-sized elements from newly established sanctuaries, the North Vietnamese will first try to re-create a stronger southern Vietcong force. Vietcong strength has been severely undermined in the last several years, and the main force at present is estimated to be only forty-two thousand, plus another twenty-five thousand regional guerrillas, thirty to forty thousand local forces operating within limited areas, and sixty to seventy thousand political and administrative cadremen. Though these are still totals to be reckoned with in such areas as the Delta and the central coastal regions and their surrounding hills, the Vietcong's recruitment, prior to the new offensive, was down from a high of seven thousand a month a few years ago to less than a thousand a month, largely because of past failures and the effectiveness of pacification in many areas. To compensate for this drop, the North Vietnamese infiltration rate at the beginning of the year was double what it was in 1971, and higher than at any time since 1968—when, following the big Tet attack, which was primarily Vietcong-led, large May and August offensives were mainly conducted by the North Vietnamese.

The present strengths and dispositions of the Communist and South Vietnamese regular forces have been widely misrepresented. The North Vietnamese Regular Army today consists of four hundred and eighty thousand men, and there are two and a half million men between the ages of fifteen and forty-nine fit for military service, about a quarter of them with some training. Included in the Regular Army are fifteen divisions of approximately ten thousand men each, and a variety of autonomous regiments and battalions—engineer and artillery units, and so on. It is now reported that eleven of the fifteen divisions (including two partly made up of Vietcong) are fighting in South Vietnam, two are in Laos, one is in Cambodia, and only one remains in North Vietnam. Usually, the North Vietnamese employ half of their divisions at a time. At present, approximately a hundred and twenty thousand of their regular soldiers are fighting in South Vietnam, sixty thousand are fighting in Laos (where another twenty thousand guard the Ho Chi Minh Trail), and twenty thousand are fighting in Cambodia. Of the remaining two hundred and sixty thousand, an estimated half,

many of them belonging to autonomous regiments and battalions, are in South Vietnam but have not yet been committed to action; the rest are still in North Vietnam. Since the offensive began, traffic down the Trail has dropped off sharply, but "volunteers" are still being signed up in North Vietnam—particularly urban youths, some of them only sixteen years old, who are being enlisted because they have been criticized for leading too easy lives; their dispatch down the Trail on the three-to-six-month journey southward is

a kind of punishment, akin to the dispatch to the countryside of allegedly effete urban elements in China.

Much has been made of the one million one hundred thousand South Vietnamese men under arms today, but

when the figures are analyzed and broken down, of the four hundred and forty thousand men in ARVN—fifty thousand less than the actual number called for by Army planning tables—only a hundred and thirty-five thousand are actually engaged in daily combat. These are the men now fighting against the hundred and twenty thousand North Vietnamese, which means that the ratio of rifleman versus rifleman is just about one to one. Of South Vietnam's more than five hundred thousand Regional and Popular Forces, the great majority are guarding outposts, villages, and hamlets, where they come into contact primarily with the Vietcong or with combined North Vietnamese and Vietcong elements of battalion size or less. The government also has a hundred and thirty thousand armed police, many of them in and around Saigon, where they share the defense of the capital and the nearby provinces with some two hundred thousand Regional and Popular Forces. There are an additional half million armed local militia, known as People's Self-Defense Forces—volunteers whose total enrollment is more than a million but who are issued guns on a day-to-day basis and whose fighting ability is extremely uneven; in fact, whose ranks are frequently infiltrated by the Vietcong.

The chances of a powerful buildup of the Vietcong, including a new apparatus of both "secret" (or illegal) cadres, who stay underground, and legal cadres, who live ostensibly normal civilian lives and hold government or private jobs, will depend to a very large degree on how the morale of Saigon's forces holds up over the next few weeks and months. Indeed, what



worries the Americans and the South Vietnamese government as much or more than how well the ARVN will stand up to the present assaults is the ability of the R.F. and P.F. and the P.S.D.F. to endure steady North Vietnamese and Vietcong pressure. Should these elements break in substantial numbers—and they are the objects of a particularly intensive Communist psychological campaign—it would demonstrate both their weakness and their lack of faith in their leaders and in the Thieu government. This could lead rapidly to what the Communists have been demanding in Paris and in their propaganda—the replacement of the Thieu government by a new, roughly tripartite government of “national concord,” composed of representatives of the Communist-created Provisional Revolutionary Government, independent “peace-loving” citizens and groups, and unnamed representatives of the present Saigon government with whom the Communists feel they could cooperate. Once such a government was created, negotiations for a cease-fire and a political accommodation could take place, the Americans would withdraw by a specified date, and all prisoners of war on both sides would be returned. This would mean accommodation on Communist terms and the political defeat of the present Saigon regime and its American supporters.

It is possible, if the situation deteriorates further and moves to a sudden climax, that such a solution could be arrived at even before the scheduled buildup of a new Vietcong apparatus is completed. Conceivably, Hanoi might favor a slower schedule, for that would enable the North Vietnamese to continue their announced tactic of “fighting and talking at the same time,” while restructuring the Vietcong for the long-haul political and, if necessary, military future of resumed civil war. In this connection, it is significant that both Hanoi and the National Liberation Front, which set up the Provisional Revolutionary Government in South Vietnam in 1969, are now resurrecting another organization, the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces, which was formally established shortly after the 1968 Tet offensive. The Alliance, headed by a fugitive Saigon lawyer named Trinh Dinh Thao, was supposed to organize urban intellectuals as a sort of sister group of the older N.L.F. Its leaders were a dozen or so Saigonese who had been living in the city longer than the members of the Front, which was formed in 1960,

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and who did not flee to the rural areas until shortly before or during the Tet offensive; a similar Alliance in Hué stayed in that city until the Communists gave it up after a bitter three weeks' fight. For a while, it appeared that the Alliance was in some competition with the N.L.F. (and later the P.R.G.) as a bridge-building group between the countryside and the city, and that it might play a more important role in future negotiations. But then it became apparent that although there may initially have been some purposeful or planned competition between the Alliance and the N.L.F., the latter was still supreme and the Alliance had been created primarily for propaganda and proselytizing purposes. For some time, the Alliance all but dropped out of sight, though it surfaced occasionally as a potential adjunct group.

Recently, on April 20th, the fourth anniversary of the founding of the Alliance, both the Front, through its chairman, Nguyen Huu Tho (also a former Saigon lawyer), and Hanoi, through President Ton Duc Thang personally, sent the Alliance laudatory anniversary messages. I have been told that this may be the first step in a plan to move the Alliance back into an important role as a would-be "caretaker government" in Saigon, or at least part of such a government. The Alliance would then fulfill what was supposed to be its original purpose back in 1968—to serve as an intermediate body, representing important elements of the Saigon community, in helping the P.R.G. to set up a provisional coalition preceding elections and the establishment of a permanent coalition government, which the Communists would soon hope to dominate. What the Alliance would in effect do is widen the negotiating base for the Communists by including, for example, some overseas sympathizers living in Paris and some of the better-known political and religious elements in Saigon. This does not mean that the Communists are willing to accept President Thieu's offer, included in President Nixon's eight-point proposal of last January 25th, to resign a month before new elections and let Senator Nguyen Van Huyen, the head of the South Vietnamese Senate, take over an interim administration. A caretaker regime, though, as the Communists and also some anti-government non-Communists see it, would ostensibly be more attractive to a wider spectrum of Saigonese and could better help establish a workable

coalition. The Communists remain firm in their insistence that such a regime could not include "Thieu and his henchmen."

There is, of course, no indication at all that President Thieu is ready to step down in accordance with his offer unless the Communists agree to a cease-fire and show a willingness to negotiate with the understanding that all their forces are to be withdrawn and that there will be an election six months later. Thieu has said he would quit a month before the election but has never said he wouldn't be a candidate again. The Communists have denounced the eight-point proposal as a sham and a fraud that would leave Thieu's apparatus intact.

Actually, since the attacks, even Thieu's leading opponents in the Senate and the House of Representatives, as well as the An Quang Buddhist faction, have been supporting him in the battle against the Communists, though they make a subtle distinction between defense of the Second Republic and defense of the present regime. However, should the situation deteriorate badly Thieu's strength could wane, and a new solution, involving some sort of caretaker government, could be put together. While still fighting and talking at the same time, the Communists could then simply move the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces back into the forefront in a tactical maneuver to gain more time, seeking support among the millions of fence-sitting Vietnamese who are ready and willing, out of war-weariness alone, to get the accommodation process started.

IF this dreadful war is to end sooner rather than later, such a development conceivably could also be stimulated by big-power intervention, notably on the parts of the United States and the Soviet Union, to get the peace talks in Paris going again on a more productive basis. Hanoi would probably prefer to wait until after the American election and see if Nixon can be defeated or forced to back down; but if the fighting slackens, Hanoi may well opt for a resumption of serious private talks. Both Saigon and Hanoi have been aware of the possibility of the Moscow summit's being cancelled or, more likely, stalemated to the point where any possible agreement over mutual reduction of aid to the two fighting sides would be rendered impossible. Most observers here, however, feel that

Moscow wants to talk with Washington about other subjects, including European stability, the Middle East, technological assistance, and strategic-arms limitation, far more than it wants to talk about Vietnam, and thus the Russians might be willing to make concessions on Vietnam in return for American concessions on other matters more important to them. Vietnam, it must be sadly noted, has been just as much of a military testing, or proving, ground for the Russians as it has been for the Americans, with Soviet missiles and radar-guided anti-aircraft guns attacking high-flying B-52s, with MIG-21s jousting with Phantoms, and now with wire-controlled heat-seeking missiles used against tanks and low-flying aircraft. Moscow has promised Hanoi continued unlimited amounts of modern weaponry, including tanks—which have been used so recklessly in the current attacks that, as one American official has commented, “you’d think they were going out of style.” Such promises were strongly reaffirmed last month, apparently, when Konstantin Katusev, a leading member of the Soviet Union’s Party hierarchy, and Deputy Foreign Minister Nicolai Firubin travelled to Hanoi. Moreover, whatever inclination the Russians might have to talk about mutual arms limitation in Vietnam is not likely to be enhanced by renewed American bombing of North Vietnam and our threats of blockading Haiphong Harbor. There is no reason to believe that Nixon can sway Hanoi any more than President Johnson did with more bombing over a longer period, and damage to Russian ships in Haiphong Harbor—one of which reportedly sank after our April 15th B-52 raid—assuredly strengthens, rather than weakens, Hanoi’s position vis-à-vis Moscow. Although nothing has been said about it, after the first Haiphong attack in mid-April the Russians diverted several ships bound for North Vietnam, but then the voyages were resumed. (Incidentally, many Vietnamese civilians and foreigners have by now been evacuated from Hanoi and Haiphong.) If more Russian ships are hit, the propaganda value probably will bulk larger in Moscow’s eyes than the prospect of a larger conflict.

Perhaps because this has been so obviously a North Vietnamese, rather than a Vietcong, offensive, Hanoi has sought less than before to pretend that the battle is being waged by the “liberation forces” in the South. As General Vo Nguyen Giap, the chief of the North Vietnamese Army and Hanoi’s

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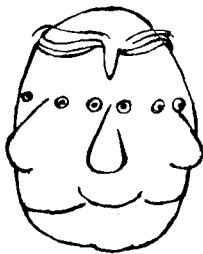
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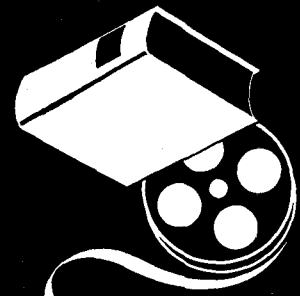
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Defense Minister, told a National Assembly meeting a few days before the offensive, "Let the great rear, the Socialist North, give its best and fullest support to the front line to meet all the latter's needs in manpower and matériel." This theme has been constantly repeated since the offensive began, in newspaper editorials and on the radio, with various Hanoi spokesmen lauding the "patriotic" turnout of soldiers and with Hanoi festooned with poster pictures of the "great victories" in the South.

Saigon has blossomed out, too, with hortatory banners calling for "the final struggle to victory" and with newspaper pictures of battlefield successes. But meanwhile the popular mood seems to have been almost one of relief at the idea that this may indeed be the beginning of the end of the war and that, whatever happens, peace may finally come, after twenty-seven years, through accommodation and compromise. There has been some, but not much, hoarding of rice, and the price of gold is stable. Some think this indicates an attitude of confidence, but most interpret it as resignation. There are perhaps three divisions' worth of headquarters troops and other such deskbound soldiers doing bureaucratic jobs in and around the city, and while the government talks of getting them away from their desks and out into the field, no one has yet done anything about it.

IN the early months of the year, despite a vast amount of electronic intelligence showing, among other things, a tremendous influx of men and matériel down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, many American and South Vietnamese intelligence people expected no major offensive until May or June but probably a series of what are known as "high points," including more terrorist activities and localized attacks, in April. Actually, according to information from prisoners and other intelligence sources, it was known that an attack was initially planned for mid-February, but for some reason, probably a combination of American air interdiction and an inability to get enough supplies in place (and maybe even because Peking secretly intervened prior to President Nixon's China trip), the attack was postponed. Late in March, however, a number of prisoners captured in the Highlands area near the city of Kontum, not far from the point where Cambodia, Laos, and South Vietnam meet, gave the first explicit information that a major attack was



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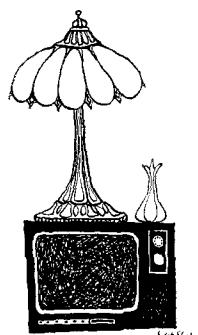
scheduled for April. The prisoners indicated that the offensive would start in the Highlands region and that the overall objective was to achieve quick successes and seize and hold key strategic and populated areas. The "total victory" the Communists have spoken of publicly as well as in their captured documents—meaning both political and military victory and the defeat of pacification and Vietnamization—was to come later in 1972, these prisoners indicated.

Although an offensive across the D.M.Z. was mentioned in captured documents as part of a later phase, for some reason not yet known the North Vietnamese decided at the last moment to delay in the Highlands and to concentrate their main efforts across the D.M.Z. What could have changed their minds was the weather, which was bad at the end of March, with low-lying cloud cover making it extremely hard for the high-flying American bombers to attack. There has also been some speculation that a delegation of Russian high-ranking generals that visited Hanoi late in March may have had something to do with the shift in plans, but the more expert feeling is that while the Russians did nothing to restrain the North Vietnamese, they were in Hanoi mainly to talk about military aid and not to push buttons for this attack. At any rate, the decision was made to strike across and around the D.M.Z. with elements of four divisions—including three of the same ones that made a similar attack in 1966, when it took most of two United States Marine divisions and more than one ARVN division some seven months to push them back into North Vietnam.

One of the most puzzling things is the apparent faulty intelligence about the size of the invading force—approximately fifteen thousand combat troops, plus two regiments employing a hundred and eighty Russian Second World War T-54 tanks. As one American officer said, "We were wrong about the enemy's specific intentions and wrong about his capabilities because we thought too much in broad terms about where and how he could hurt us." Following an extremely heavy forty-eight-hour artillery barrage, which began on March 30th, the invaders moved swiftly across the D.M.Z. in several places, using some of the same routes they had chosen back in 1966. Opposing them was the newest and least tested South Vietnamese

division, the 3rd, about half of whose men came from the highly rated but oversized 1st Division and the rest of whom were inexperienced draftees and former members of the Regional Forces. One of its regiments cracked badly almost at once; many of its men deserted and fled, leaving behind some heavy artillery pieces at a firebase named Camp Carroll. This helped the Communists to overrun quickly about a dozen other firebases across a ten-mile strip below the D.M.Z. The remainder of the 3rd Division, together with most of a Marine division flown up from Saigon by the Vietnamese Air Force, part of a Ranger force flown up by the Americans, and, perhaps most significant, an armored Vietnamese unit with M-48 tanks that rushed up from nearby Phu Bai, where it had been engaged in a training exercise, established a new line running along the Cua Viet River, and this held until April 28th.

Military experts here are still puzzled about why the Communists didn't try harder with their tanks, of which they initially lost about half, to low-flying South Vietnamese planes, to American M-72 anti-tank weapons and bazookas that were quickly supplied to the ARVN, and—after the clouds lifted, three and a half days later—to the first big waves of American fighter-bombers and B-52s. The original Communist plan, according to our intelligence, was to push on and take Hué, the main target, in ten days. The best explanation of why the Communists stopped long enough for the South Vietnamese to send reinforcements was that they outran the range of their artillery, which was set up mostly in the D.M.Z., and, more important, their supplies; it takes between one and two truckloads of gasoline and ammunition a day to keep a T-54 tank in action. In any event, despite



continued heavy expenditure of artillery and surface-to-air missiles, the Communists lost their chance to drive ahead quickly toward Hué, where another fight such as took place in 1968 remains imminent. Anticipating just such a thing, many of the city's inhabitants, as well as refugees who fled there from Quang Tri, have now joined a great exodus southward toward Danang, by car and truck, by whatever boats they can board, and on foot. Under these chaotic conditions, some sort of internal political blowup, triggered by the Communists, is fully likely in both Hué and Danang when the fighting gets serious

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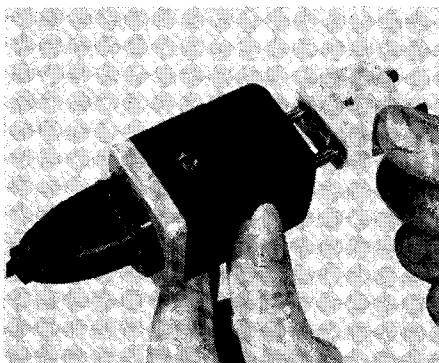
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there. As usual, it is the common people of the country who are suffering most, though the government, in the early stages of the conflict at least, has done a better job of taking care of refugees than before. The Communists, incidentally, persuaded or forced an estimated twenty-five thousand people from the northern Quang Tri area to go north with them, into the D.M.Z. or to North Vietnam, where they will probably be used as laborers.

The next Communist target turned out to be the III Corps area, north of Saigon, although some activity also began taking place in the Central Highlands. A week after the attack in the north, the North Vietnamese captured Loc Ninh, a district capital in Binh Long Province, north of Saigon, where in 1967 they lost more than a thousand men in repeated human-wave assaults. This time, they took it swiftly and immediately set up their own village committees and local rule, using some government people who didn't flee south and thus following their new approach of seeking to use willing rural officials. Then, still moving quickly, the Communists began the attack on An Loc, the provincial capital of Binh Long, closer to Saigon—which some Americans and Vietnamese believe remains the main target of this phase of the offensive, rather than the Highlands or the northern provinces of Quang Tri and Thua Thien, which President Thieu feels the Communists most want to seize and hold for purposes of future negotiation. As of this writing, the siege of An Loc has lasted a month, and the government forces, with the help of American airpower and their own, have so far managed to hold it, at the cost of large losses to themselves as well as to the Communists. The city is more than half destroyed, and whoever takes or retakes it will capture little but rubble. From the Delta, the 21st Division was sent up to help defend An Loc, but the unit bogged down south of the city on Route 13—now called Thunder Road, because of all the Communist mortar fire there—and other reinforcements had to be flown in by air. A new major battle that is shaping up along this road would directly threaten Saigon and probably be accompanied by sapper attacks in the capital, though it is doubtful whether at this juncture the Communists would call for a general uprising in the city, since one they called for in 1968 failed to materialize.

While the An Loc siege went on, the Communists were not inactive elsewhere. With the 21st Division gone from the Delta—two others are still

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there—they stepped up their small-unit assaults and fire attacks in about eight Delta provinces where there are only Regional and Popular Forces and Self-Defense elements left. Some territory has been lost in these provinces—where the main pacification effort has gone on, because the Delta is the most populous part of South Vietnam. At the same time, the long-heralded offensive in the Highlands picked up steam and the Communists seized several firebases and base camps north and west of Kontum, the capital of Kontum Province, and mounted their major attack on Kontum itself and on Pleiku.

With only five hundred Vietnamese-operated helicopters and less than nine hundred American ones still in South Vietnam, the whole helicopter-supported firebase concept, which General William C. Westmoreland, the former commander-in-chief of American forces, helped initiate but in recent months has criticized, is more than ever questionable. In the days when the Americans were doing most of the fighting, their enormous mobility, with more than four thousand operational helicopters, made the firebases militarily useful and defensible, but the South Vietnamese, left to defend the firebases with a handful of American advisers, are stuck with this concept, and the hard-hitting North Vietnamese are aiming to seize the bases in various parts of the country even at a heavy cost in lives—a factor that General Giap never seems to worry about. One wonders why the firebases are so important to either side, and why the Communists haven't simply bypassed them and struck sooner at their main objectives. But then so many things both sides have done in their ludicrous war haven't made sense.

In addition to hitting in the Highlands, the Communists have managed to cut the key roads leading in and out of them, including those running north and south from Kontum to Pleiku and beyond, and west and east across from Pleiku to the city of Qui Nhon, the capital of Binh Dinh Province, on the coast. They have also cut Highway 1, the main national road running north and south along the entire length of the coast and then swinging west to Saigon and into Cambodia to Phnom Penh. These are the same tactics they followed during the French war, and the obvious effort is to keep the spread-out government troops from moving supplies by road as well as by air.

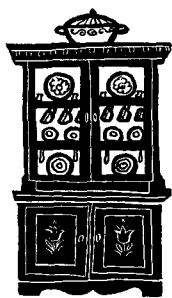
Korean troops defending the Highlands Route 19 from Pleiku to Qui Nhon came in for severe criticism from the South Vietnamese for not trying very hard. (The story is that, having received excellent pay in their service here for a long time, they now want to go home, and they resent Nixon's efforts to keep them here.) Recently, they have been more active, and succeeded in reopening the road through the An Khe pass on Route 19.

The Communists' over-all strategy in the Highlands areas is to cut South Vietnam in two, as was done at the end of the French war and was almost done again in 1965, when President Johnson sent a huge American force in to prevent such a debacle. Important as Saigon is, South Vietnam's Central Highlands and the Bolovens Plateau in Laos adjacent to them remain, in the opinion of the most knowledgeable military experts, the key to the whole strategic situation. The coastal provinces to the east—Quang Nam, Quang Ngai, Binh Dinh, and Phu Yen—have always been strong Communist areas, and as the offensive has progressed, more and more local attacks began occurring there, coinciding with the cutting of the roads and the luring of ARVN divisions and reserves into the main battles. A number of firebases and district towns and villages have been hit and some have been captured in these coastal provinces, where Regional Force units are up against not only crack North Vietnamese troops but sizable Vietcong forces.

Most of the Regional Forces are holding up satisfactorily, but there have been instances where they have cracked and run, and this is the sort of thing that has Saigon worried, for if it becomes more common the deterioration of morale is apt to worsen swiftly. The traditional Communist strength in the coastal region dates back to the early days of

the Vietminh, before the French war began. When the Vietminh soldiers went north after the end of the French war in 1954, they left behind wives and girl friends, a lot of whom gave birth to sons who are now seventeen and eighteen years old. Many of them today are members of hard-core Vietcong units.

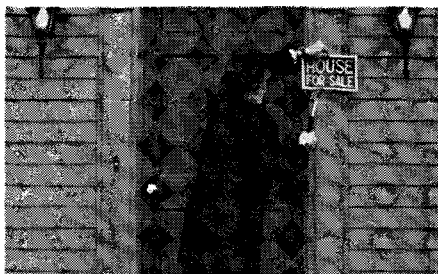
Ranking American officers privately admit that a number of ARVN regiments, as well as an appreciable number of Regional and Popular Force units, have fought poorly. Communist penetration of the local Self-Defense



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Forces has led in some cases to Communist victories, especially in the Delta, and to the creation of new local governments—often including former pro-Saigon hamlet council members—sympathetic to the Vietcong. In March, President Nixon quoted General Creighton W. Abrams, the commander-in-chief of American forces in Vietnam, as predicting that the South Vietnamese lines “may bend [but] they will not break,” and this is becoming more uncertain day by day. The paramount question remains that of endurance—a quality that the North Vietnamese always seem to possess beyond comprehension but that remains to be tested among the majority of South Vietnamese. Since all of the ARVN except the special reserve units, the Marines, and the Rangers are accustomed to living with their families and even travelling around the country with them, how well the 21st Division, for instance, which has long been based in the Delta, will conduct itself north of Saigon seems questionable. The other vital factor, which is equally difficult to gauge, is the extent of commitment of each side's total forces. The South Vietnamese have probably committed more of their regular units so far than the North Vietnamese. About seventy or eighty per cent of ARVN elements are involved in defensive battles around the country, while no more than fifty or sixty per cent of Hanoi's forces in South Vietnam have been committed.

Hanoi's ability to keep so many men in reserve is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the North Vietnamese are fighting in Laos and Cambodia as well as in South Vietnam, and that they have gained victories during recent weeks and months in both those countries. Herein lies another danger for South Vietnam—that its forces will be outflanked, which means that new sanctuaries can readily be reestablished and new invasion routes opened. Although the North Vietnamese control of the Bolovens Plateau and their drive eastward toward the China Sea coast make up the single most significant strategic factor in the present situation, second in importance is the stepped-up activity in Cambodia by both North Vietnamese and the Khmer Rouge, the indigenous Cambodian Communists, whose numbers have been estimated to be about twenty-five thousand but are now said to have doubled as a result of some recent hasty recruitment or impressment of Cambodian villagers. Siem Reap, northwest of Phnom Penh, is once more the scene of fighting, as are

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other areas north of Phnom Penh. The sections of Highway 1 cut between Saigon and Phnom Penh, amid heavy fighting on both sides, have placed the Cambodian capital under a new threat of being isolated and open to more rocket attacks, such as one on March 21st, when more than a hundred and twenty people were killed and more than two hundred wounded. Most of the province of Svay Rieng, in south-east Cambodia, has been occupied by the Communists, and the North Vietnamese 1st Division, which was occupying a corner of the country near the Gulf of Siam, has been moving back toward the Mekong Delta. In northern Laos, elements of two North Vietnamese divisions are still in control of the Plaine des Jarres, although the siege of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency base at Long Cheng has been lifted after many weeks of fighting. The Communists still threaten the Mekong Valley to the west, however, between the royal capital of Luang Prabang and the administrative capital of Vientiane, and their dry-season offensive, now at an end, has left them in a stronger position than they have been in for many years, in southern as well as northern Laos. Inasmuch as they now control more territory in both Laos and Cambodia, and have probably cached more matériel in more places than in previous years, their position, as the wet season is about to begin, is much stronger than it was at this time last year or the year before. This, plus their manpower reserve and the fact that they have conserved their forces well so far during the current offensive, makes it almost certain that, if necessary, heavy fighting will continue throughout the wet season in all three countries, but especially in South Vietnam, where Giap will undoubtedly spare no effort to grind the ARVN forces down and keep them moving about.

THE present offensive and the general developments in all of Indo-China can be said to have had their genesis in May, 1970, with the South Vietnamese-American invasion of Cambodia, and in February and March, 1971, when the South Vietnamese went into Laos with heavy American air cover. The Cambodian invasion was a partial military success, but, more important, it was a first step in widening the war, just as the far less effective and more costly Laos incursion was a second step. Both invasions forced the Communists to reevaluate their entire strategy and tactics, and it has taken them until now to respond to what

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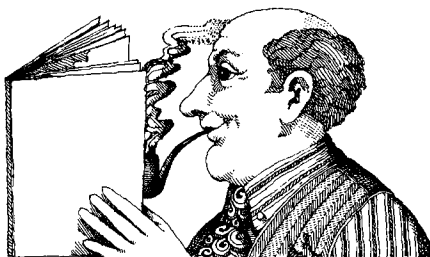


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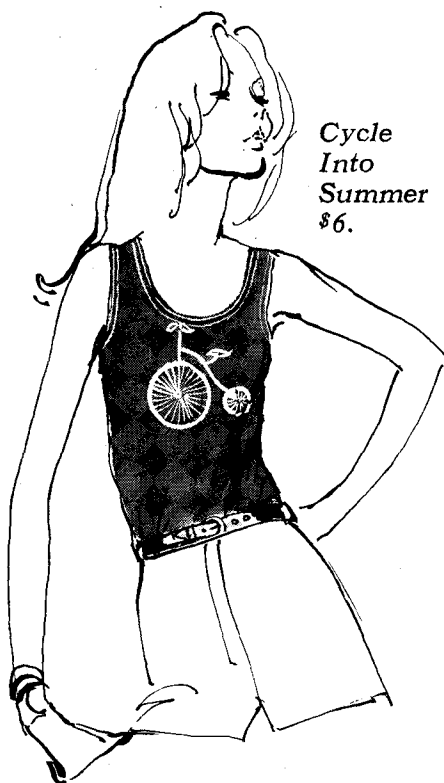


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they regard as a new American challenge in Indo-China. Following the death of Ho Chi Minh in 1969, a series of debates began in the North Vietnamese Politburo and among the country's military. During a Central Committee meeting at the end of 1970, it was more or less decided to press the fight against the Americans as the primary objective and to build up a strong rear in North Vietnam. The Laos incursion, the secret negotiations in Paris, and the publication of President Nixon's eight-point proposal again forced the North Vietnamese to revamp their strategy. The debate raged during a four-day meeting of the Fatherland Front Congress in Hanoi in December, 1971. The Fatherland Front had been formed in 1955 as an

all-inclusive organization replacing the earlier Vietminh and its successor organization, the Lien Viet Front, and after the opening congress only one other had been held, in 1961, prior to last December's. Several important North Vietnamese leaders made speeches, but the most significant one was made by Truong Chinh, a ranking member of the Politburo and the head of the Standing Committee of the National Assembly. Truong Chinh declared that "the spearhead of the world revolution must be directed at the U.S. imperialists and not at anyone else." Analyzing in detail Nixon policies, he took note of the dangers to the Communists inherent in them because of Nixon's willingness "to negotiate with a number of countries, especially the Soviet Union and China, with a view to blocking and threatening the two greatest Socialist countries; to take the fullest advantage of the contradictions between these two countries; to create contradictions among the Socialist countries, with a view to achieving conditions advantageous to the Americans; to seek a détente among the big powers of the world; and to continue to bully small countries." The most seriously threatened countries, he said, were, of course, those in Indo-China. This theme has been constantly repeated, as it was in a joint communiqué issued in the first week of March by North Vietnam's Premier Pham Van Dong and Cambodia's exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk, when he visited Hanoi from his new home in Peking. At the Fatherland Front Congress, there was revealed what some analysts believe was a difference between, on the one side, Truong Chinh and General Giap and, on the other, Le Duan, the head of the Laodong (Workers') Party. Le Duan

was represented as wanting to move more carefully toward negotiations, to put more emphasis on building up the Socialist rear, and perhaps to allow the P.R.G. more latitude in dealing with the Saigon regime. Although political disputes in Hanoi have for the most part tended to be exaggerated by outside observers, it remains true that Truong Chinh has tended to maintain a pro-Peking line, while Le Duan is known for a pro-Moscow orientation. On Le Duan's birthday, early in April, the



Soviet Union and other Eastern European nations went out of their way to send him special greetings, which can be taken as a sign not only of his position as first among equals in the Hanoi hierarchy as far as Moscow is concerned but as a reminder

that, rift or no rift, it is Moscow's man who is running the Laodong Party and who helped negotiate the deal whereby the North Vietnamese obtained the vast amounts of matériel necessary for carrying out the current offensive.

In the matter of ideological undercurrents in North Vietnam, there has recently come to light a fascinating article published in the prestigious Laodong Party theoretical magazine *Hoc Tap* and written by Tran Quoc Hoan, who, as Minister of Public Security, is Hanoi's tough top policeman and a close associate of Le Duan and Premier Pham Van Dong. Inveighing against "counter-revolutionaries" and "rebels" in North Vietnam, Hoan's article—which is specifically directed at Party leaders and not at the rank and file—seems to be not only a warning that the war-weary peasant and small shopkeeper must be made to toe the economic line but, beyond this, an alert against real ideological strife. Such conflict, he seems to imply, could be a reflection of the continued Moscow-Peking split and could be fostered by the Fatherland Front, as Chinh's (and, by implication, Peking's) instrument.

The Chinese, who at the outset played down this spring's offensive, both as believers in "protracted warfare" and because it was backed by the Russians, later, on April 10th, broadcast a Ministry of Foreign Affairs message in English protesting the resumption of American bombing in the North and adding, "The Vietnamese nation is a whole. It is fully legitimate and a matter of course for the Vietnamese compatriots in the northern and southern parts of the country to support each other and jointly combat the aggressors. . . ."

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documents serve to show how meticulously the present attacks were planned for many months. In September, 1971, at a large conference of the Central Office for South Vietnam, or COSVN (the politico-military headquarters that, from various locations, runs the war in the South for Hanoi), the opening speaker, who was unidentified but whose remarks were broadcast a month later by Radio Liberation, said, "This congress is called for assault, urging our armed forces and people to surge forward in concert, with a tremendous stamina, to endure more hardships, to make all sacrifices, and, together with compatriots throughout the country, to realize President Ho's sacred testament [and] resolutely fight the U.S. aggressors until complete victory." Documents and prisoner interrogations have all emphasized that the long-range Communist objective has been to "seize and hold certain land and populated areas," and this is the script that has been followed, along with the one of "pinning down big [ARVN] units." This explains why the Communists have fought so long and hard for An Loc. There are those who have questioned the wisdom of the South Vietnamese government's stand there (Hué, as a symbol, is something else again), but President Thieu's orders have been to defend An Loc at all costs, possibly because of its proximity to Saigon and his fear that a victory for the Communists there would inspire them to strike with a sapper battalion or so at Saigon, which would serve both to frighten the population and to make Thieu's own position less secure.

The point stressed in everything the Communists broadcast and write is that the Saigon government's "human and economic resources" must be attacked, and this is why so much emphasis is being placed on a "ten-point amnesty program" promulgated by the P.R.G. and designed to make as many wavering troops and bureaucrats as possible desert to the Communists. The program, which is being widely publicized by radio and by means of a pamphlet signed by Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, the head of the P.R.G. delegation at the Paris peace talks, carries the obvious message that those who switch allegiance now will spare themselves and their families trouble if and when the Communists take over. The pamphlet is full of such pronouncements as "Families which urge their members to desert the enemy ranks and return to

their relatives and people will be given credit for their achievements..." and "Families which urge their members to revolt will be regarded as 'insurgent' families and will be praised and rewarded properly." Soldiers in all government ranks who resent being conscripted and refuse to fight "will be positively assisted by the people and revolutionary administration." Regional and Popular Force and Self-Defense Force troops "who have entertained good relations with the people," allowing them to work and travel about freely, "will be recognized as patriotic by the people and the revolutionary administration." Even government "spies," the pamphlet says, will be forgiven, which seems unlikely. Special



appeals are made to "high-school and college students, intellectuals, and civil servants" who have been conscripted, as well as to the police force, which has been used as "a tool for directly scraping up and pillaging our people's wealth and repressing and terrorizing their struggle movements." The fact that the Communists have laid so much stress on this program may be taken both as an admission that the Vietcong structure has been weakened and as underlining the importance of the anti-pacification drive. At the same time, if there are definite Communist victories, the amnesty appeal could have a telling effect.

THOUGH the Communists have long prepared for this offensive, carrying and distributing arms and ammunition far more effectively, over a wider area, than the South Vietnamese and the Americans suspected, they still have transportation problems—moving matériel from rear to forward supply depots in bad weather and slipping it past government lines and roadblocks, and so on—and they have already expended astonishing amounts of matériel. However, the individual North Vietnamese soldier still travels a good deal lighter than his South Vietnamese counterpart, the South Vietnamese Army having been molded far too much in the American logistical image. How much Vietnamization is really Americanization has become apparent during the offensive and in the South Vietnamese reaction to it. It is already quite clear that, however many, or few, Americans remain here in the coming months or years—the Vietnamization of the ARVN is supposed to be finished this June, but the Vietnamization of the Air Force will take another

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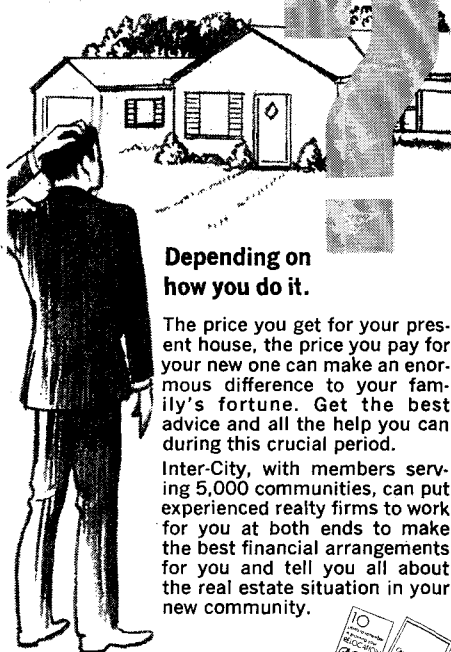
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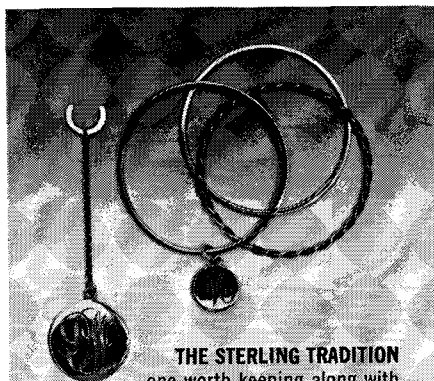
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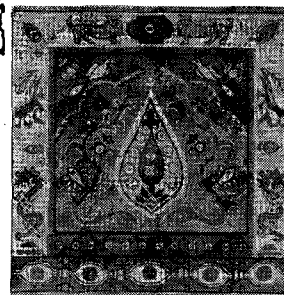
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er year—those who remain will have to retain a major part of the responsibility for the management and movement of matériel. They will also have to continue steady air and naval support indefinitely if the South Vietnamese are to be kept going—certainly a questionable proposition as far as Congress and the American people are concerned—and they will have to continue working on the coordination of air and ground support and artillery fire.

DURING the recent fighting, American advisers have sometimes taken over the direction of action in a way they hadn't done since 1962 and 1963, when they weren't supposed to take charge but did so anyway. This doesn't mean that the South Vietnamese, in most instances, didn't conduct their own operations, but it was an American adviser, for instance, who blew a vital bridge at the Cua Viet River in the north, and, in the III Corps area around Saigon, Major General James A. Hollingsworth, the senior military adviser, has taken charge so much and used the personal pronoun so vociferously—threatening to kill as many North Vietnamese as he could all by himself—that he was taken to task by headquarters for his remarks, though he kept right on making them; "good old Holly," as his friends call him, has become something of a latter-day hero among Americans in the gung-ho set. On the other hand, as has long been predicted, friction has cropped up between the Americans and the South Vietnamese during the dwindling days of the large American presence. At Camp Carroll, the firebase near the D.M.Z. that fell early in the offensive, there was resentment over an American helicopter's removal of two American advisers at the height of the action, while at Hoai An, a district capital in Binh Dinh captured by the Communists, the Vietnamese territorial forces ran off in civilian clothes and abandoned their advisers, who had to be lifted out by helicopter under fire as the Communists were taking the place. At An Loc, the Americans remained to direct the defense of the city when it was under its strongest attack.

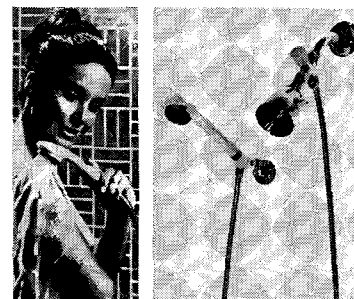
The coming weeks and months will not be easy ones for the advisers still in the field, especially those far out in the rural areas, which are bound to be regularly attacked; nor will they be easy for the six thousand American combat troops still in the country. Life will be a lot easier for the twenty-five thousand Americans in Saigon and for the twenty thousand at the main base of



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Long Binh, just to the north—unless, of course, both places come under strong attack. Meanwhile, these Americans lead luxurious, if fretful, lives. In Saigon, the work schedule is long and hard, but at Long Binh there is plenty of time for both soldiers and officers to enjoy the base's eleven swimming pools, including a newly completed Olympic-size one; a new three-hundred-and-five-thousand-dollar theatre, just opened; and tennis courts and massage parlors. Originally, the idea behind building such luxurious installations at the few remaining bases was to keep the Americans happy, so that they wouldn't go roaming around buying drugs. (At Long Binh, in fact, no one without official business is allowed off the base.) As usual, however, things seem to have been carried too far, and something approaching a combination of Disneyland and Beverly Hills has been created.

If the remaining Americans here are in ambivalent positions, with a relative handful still taking a highly active role in the war, along with the land- and sea-based airmen, while the rest are in a bizarre Long Binh-like limbo, the Vietnamese are, to be sure, becoming more aware at last that their basic reliance on the Americans is about to end. Despite the continuing dependence on our air support, military hardware, and economic assistance, they now know that the gruelling ground war, which is what really counts, is theirs to win or lose. President Thieu, perhaps for that reason, and because he is fully aware that his overthrow is one of the Communists' principal objectives, has taken personal charge of the war in a way that has brought him both respect and criticism. Almost daily, Thieu makes a trip to one or another of the fronts, and on his orders troops have been shifted from one end of the country to the other. Though Thieu's military experience has been considerable, how good a strategist he is is open to question, especially when he is pitted against Giap. So far, Thieu has done just what Giap wants him to do by shuttling ARVN troops all over the place. The main criticism one hears is that he has too frequently bypassed his own Joint General Staff, headed by the able General Cao Van Vien, and has worked directly with the four corps commanders in the country and with those division commanders he feels he can trust because they are his personal friends—which doesn't mean they are competent, or even have sufficient combat experience, which several of them do not, having never commanded reg-



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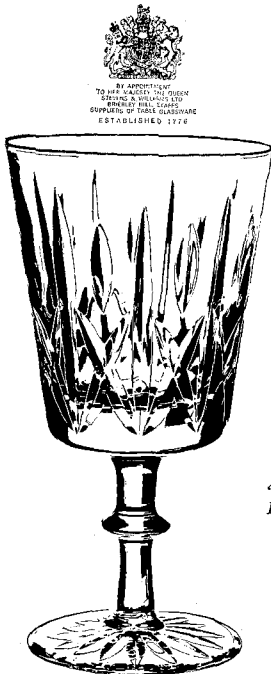


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iments, or even battalions, and having served only as province chiefs.

NIXON long ago let it be known that we were "not wedded" to the Thieu administration, even though we would not participate in its "overthrow." If the Communist offensive can be halted, Thieu will enhance his position politically. If it continues, as it seems bound to do, and the process of military erosion feared by many takes place, he will be in exactly the sort of trouble the Communists hope for. It is conceivable that Thieu, if he faces a critical situation, will appoint a new military directorate, such as existed before he became President in 1967. He might thereby forestall such a move by dissatisfied generals and younger officers who are determined to fight to the end by any means necessary. Anyway, it is no accident that Thieu has kept units most loyal to him around the capital (which is what President Ngo Dinh Diem did back in 1963).

While most of Thieu's political opponents, including not only the Buddhists but a miscellaneous array of minority groups and individuals, have either come out in support of him or at least issued anti-Communist and save-the-nation declarations, an exception has been retired General Duong Van Minh, who entered and then quit the race for the Presidency last fall. Without mentioning Thieu by name, but making it implicit that he was not supporting the regime's policy, Minh, a few days after the offensive began, said in an interview with a foreign news agency that if the war continued he saw only "more suffering and mourning for innocent people," as well as "more dependence on foreigners for the Vietnamese people on both sides." He called for "a political solution based on the principles of national self-determination and national reconciliation by the Vietnamese people themselves" and for a return to negotiations. His indirect criticism of Thieu was most sharp in a passage in his statement saying that "in order to make the negotiation talks become successful, South Vietnam must have a government responsive to the wishes of the people, a government genuinely chosen by the people," that "all forms of oppression must be put to an end," and that "all the elements of the opposition, including students who have unlawfully been put under arrest, must be freed."

There have been no anti-war demonstrations, or any other kind, since the heavy fighting began, and orders have been given for the police to crack

down harshly if any start. Though the situation could change overnight if the military situation worsens, there have been no Communist incidents in Saigon during the first month of the offensive. Although police security in the capital has vastly improved in the last year or so, the Communists surely have their agents underground in the city and probably some sapper teams either within it or nearby. The war right now, however, is still being determined in those areas where the main forces are engaged. The inroads by small Communist units in the Delta are increasing daily, and the situation there is not made better by the deteriorating one across the border in Cambodia, where the new government of President Lon Nol and Prime Minister Son Ngoc Thanh is shaky, despite the recent ratification of a new constitution. If the Communists should establish a liberation government in Cambodia (and Sihanouk recently sent his mother, who is still living in Phnom Penh, a message telling her he would soon see her in Siem Reap), the problems could swiftly multiply for Lon Nol and his South Vietnamese allies. Increasing Communist pressure to force Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma of Laos to compromise and form a new coalition government in accordance with the 1962 Geneva agreements has followed this year's military campaign there, and this, too, is scarcely conducive to feelings of confidence in Saigon.

One American who is in a position to know says, "The situation may be serious, but it's not hopeless." The reverse of that phrase has long been a popular piece of cynicism in Vietnam. Everyone from President Thieu and President Nixon down is ready, willing, and eager to negotiate, but the question remains how and when. The Vietnamese Communists, like the Chinese, are convinced that politics comes out of the barrel of a gun, and this, at the moment, is the message of the new offensive.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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SANS-SERIF type belongs to one of those futures that never occurred. Elegantly simple, jauntily functional, it was everything the Bauhaus thought modernity should be, yet except in posters and telephone books it never really caught on here. As with so many oddities a revolution would sweep away, serifs exist for a purpose: they help the eye pick up the shape of the letter. Piquant in little amounts, sans-serif in page-size sheets repels readership as wax paper repels water; it has a sleazy, cloudy look. Yet now we have two works of fiction so printed—the first in a 9-pt. sans fainter than sandpaper tracks, and the other in a narrow-column boldface sans that fairly stamps itself on the retina. What is being signalled? A defiant chic, a refreshing change.

By printing Paul van Ostaijen's "Patriotism, Inc., and Other Tales," the University of Massachusetts Press, itself obscure enough, has rescued a poet, proseur, and seer of the twenties from obscurity. E.M. Beekman, the translator, in his rather defensive and fancy introduction, blames van Ostaijen's obscurity on his writing in "Dutch, that poor relation of Northern European languages." He adds, "Van Ostaijen's work is an indictment of the Monroe Doctrine in the world of literature." This false hare (the implication that American foreign policy of some sort has kept the Dutch language down) is but one of several that Mr. Beekman starts; in the high-flown style of easy indignation associated with "black humor" and its apologists, he terms this century "the fool of history." "Never before has there been such an unrelenting succession of absurdities. . . . When a pertinaciously sensitive and sensible mind encounters such a world he is horrified and terror-stricken."

Supposedly, however, the century has, in compensation, produced "a flowering of satiric literature" that includes such rich-relation-language types as Mann, Joyce, Gide, Brecht, Beckett, Grass, Nabokov, and Bruce Jay Friedman. Defining satire, Mr. Beekman asserts:

To expose an ulcerous growth the surgeon must be dexterous with his scalpel. A hatchet job does little to relieve pathology. But control, skill, and a passionate immunity to suffering can chance to alleviate the pains of man. Confronted by an ailing society these authors dissect in order to heal.

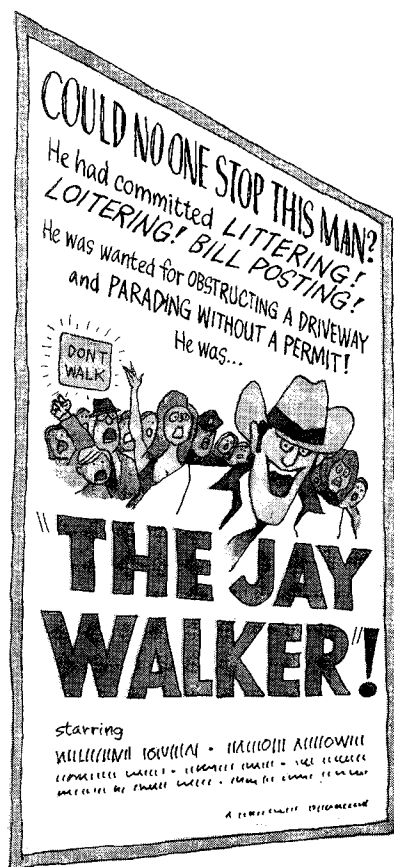
This trite opposition between a sick society and a dexterous, antiseptic-handed satirist/doctor does not do justice to the complexity of the humorous impulse. I doubt that many satirists since Voltaire have hoped to change the world even a bit. If a satirist is an entertainer, he is gunning for laughs, in those target areas just to one side of the audience's really sensitive spots; if the satirist is an artist, he is venting a disgust mixed with love, a scorn hard to distinguish from fascination, an indictment that in-

cludes himself. Satire less than this is one-dimensional journalism that cannot outlive its object; L.B.J.'s retirement turns "MacBird!" into trash, or, rather, reveals it as the trash it always was. Nineteenth-century America was prolific of vitriolic lampoons, yet the one book with verifiable political repercussions was a sentimental melodrama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Beekman is wrong to call the satirist "kin to the ideal revolutionary." The ideal revolutionary—Washington, Robespierre, Lenin—is humorless. Illusions are destroyed not by ridicule but by better, more fiercely held illusions. Indeed, insofar as satire fosters the impression of an enemy met and dealt with, it reinforces, like philanthropy, the status quo; an abundance of satire typifies a reactionary and helpless society, such as imperial Rome. In all times, humor is a form of resignation; in modern times, it comes peculiarly charged with self-doubt and moral ambiguity. Kafka can be said to satirize the Austro-Hungarian bureaucracy as something static, ornate, inscrutable, and cruel. But his art

begins, not ends, there; satire is the mere crust of his real matter—his own confession of incapacity, his heroes' lust for punishment and their pathetic willingness to enlist, if they can find the right official, in the workings of an absurd universe. Society is sick, no doubt, but only the coarsest modern writer would exempt himself as healthy.

To be fair, Mr. Beekman, later in his introduction, places satire in the right focus: "Its intention is to cut the reader into awareness." This seems to me excellent, and all that any art should be asked to do. Also excellent, at a guess, is Mr. Beekman's translation from the Dutch; at any rate, van Ostaijen's prose comes over as elliptical and limpid and unlike Mr. Beekman's own overwrought English.

Van Ostaijen is principally renowned in his



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native Belgium as a poet; his prose pieces, which he called "grotesques," were written after two books of verse had made him a conspicuous presence on the Flemish literary scene, and were not published until after his death, at the age of thirty-two, in 1928. Much of his short life was spent in circumstances of constraint: he began his career in the blockaded port of Antwerp, fled to Berlin in 1919 to escape imprisonment for political offenses against the Walloons, returned to Antwerp, only to be drafted and sent back to Germany in the occupation forces, and, after a few years spent struggling with poverty and an addiction to cocaine, died in a Belgian tuberculosis sanatorium. His "grotesques" were mostly written in the Berlin years (1919-21), and they illumine a bizarre Weimar world of huge inflation and savage political competition, of brothels and cafés, of Dada and jazz, of Dietrich bluebirds singing to Grosz audiences. Van Ostaijen worked for a time in Antwerp's city administration, and the theme of corporate organization runs through his work: "The City of Builders" describes a city where ordinances foster a mad accumulation of buildings; "The Lost House Key" shows a thriving "free city" where syphilis has become the *sine qua non* of citizenship; "Ika Loch's Brothel" and "Hierarchy" are concerned with the organization of whorehouses; "The General" proposes organizing armies by sexual character, in battalions of sadists, masochists, homosexuals, fetishists, and so on; and "Patriotism, Inc." imagines an international conspiracy, among the conservative parties of Teutonia and Fochany, to rig provocative incidents in each other's countries and thereby promote mutual chauvinism. Though politically obsessed and a convicted activist, van Ostaijen did not think of his satire as social therapy; in a Berlin letter he noted, "Wrote a novella in which I try to make monkeys of people. Positive criticism: baloney. ... People aren't worth criticising. Only material for burlesque novellas."

All these stories are rather schematically developed, with few sensual details and turns of characterization. Though resembling Kafka in his obsession with officialdom, van Ostaijen is incapable of such a passage as this:

I was not at all certain whether I had any advocates, I could not find out anything definite about it, every face was unfriendly, most people who came toward me and whom I kept meeting in the corridors looked like fat old women; they had huge blue and white striped aprons covering their entire bodies, kept

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stroking their stomachs and swaying awkwardly to and fro. I could not even find out whether we were in a law court. Some facts spoke for it, others against.

Here are a deep, puzzled humor, vivid particularization, and incalculable, dreamlike turns. Van Ostaijen's mind, at least in his fiction, tends to travel straight to the mark. His pages yield a harvest of acute if dispiriting epigrams:

For values are only safe when he who is entrusted with their preservation stands above them, when the preserver is not a dupe at the same time.

Hypochondria is eroticism in atrophied form.

Do not forget that masculine eroticism has an undertone of melancholy, even when this masculine eroticism is heterosexual. If it is homosexual, however, then the melancholy is both in the object and in the subject.

Expatiating on the subject of war in the persona of "The General," van Ostaijen teems with dark ideas:

War is the clashing of two parties with the goal of separating the conqueror from the conquered. There is no significant child's game that does not spring from the love of war. Nonsense to believe that we suggest the idea of war to children. A warlike element resides in the sperm.

The most meaningful and universal trait of humanity, more so than love, is the urge for battle. . . . The essence of every law is to aspire to curb instinct. Instinct wants to kill. Clearly.

The British psyche . . . has conquered its warlike instinct with a rationally individualistic philosophy of life. They don't know what war is. They only know plunder.

Actual wars are a cheapening of the ideal war. . . . Actual wars are a test of economic conditions, not of martialism.

With striking contemporaneity, van Ostaijen finds the alternative to war in drugs. "When negotiating for peace," the General tells us, "narcotics are unquestionably important. The so-called primitive peoples have already taught us this. . . . The chieftains gather together and immediately a pipe with opium or Indian hemp is passed from man to man. A peaceful mood cannot be far behind. . . . Next to war, gentle peace is therefore dearest to me. And so I am willing to smoke the opium pipe. And so will all those others who have only waged war to actualize the personality they contemplated."

"To actualize the personality they contemplated"—this is the talk not of a satirist but of a visionary. Van Ostaijen is fascinated by organization because he detests it. Ika Loch, the proprietress of a brothel, is a play on the Dutch *logika* (logic), and her authoritarian mismatching of customer



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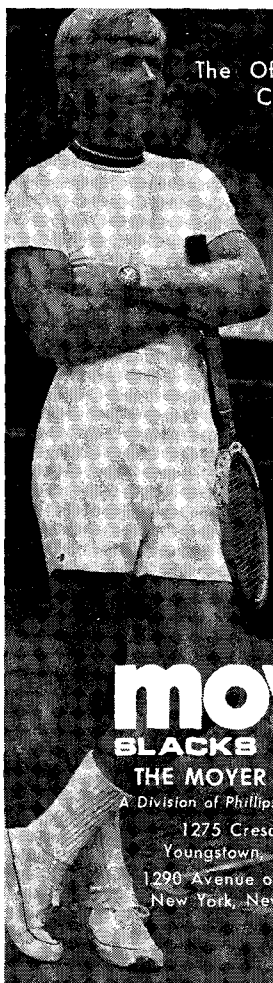
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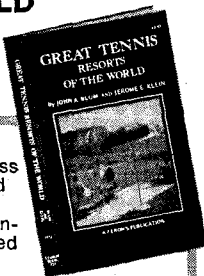


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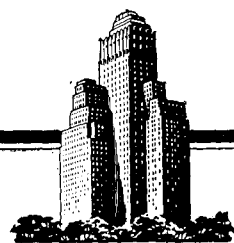
and whore results in the murder of the lovely Promethea, who symbolizes art; the scandal enhances the fame of Ika's establishment. Though in "questions of business management" Ika possesses "a real talent for organization," she cannot perceive that "a head and a neck, as a totality, are still not the same thing as the sum of the two parts."

In the short prose poems, van Ostaijen projects synthesis out of derangement. A cocaine user, he writes out of "that peace of heart and tranquillity of spirit [that] could be his only after his retina became threadbare from the maddest realities of light." He writes sometimes in the texture of a drug trip:

You must lie on the ground. Thus, across the ground, past much ochre and brown, past much green, your eye gains the bark and again the green, the old and the young and finally this gray, this crazy gray green, which is so exhausting that your eye flees to earth and slowly, only slowly, awakens to the motion of a brown hay wagon in the midst of the yellow-brown bed of needles.

And in "Bankruptcy Jazz," an electric confusion of phrases, placards, scenes, and oddly hydraulic jazz (*The jazz overflows into the street*, one direction reads) sums up an era when wheelbarrowloads of inflated currency were trundled along Europe's cobblestoned squares, between the Gothic cathedrals and the rococo city halls, when Charlie Chaplin might as well have been the government, when jazz tumbled everywhere and Dada took upon itself the slogans of salvation: "DADA is universal reason which the superidiocy of everybody can attain," "DADA is not an artistic Business, but the FORMULA of BANKRUPTCY," "JOIN DADA." The scenario, in its sans-serif spasms, has the fluttering fury of a moth beating against a street lamp. This volume of prose affords glimpses of a poetic genius, and we put it down hoping that soon Mr. Beekman and the University of Massachusetts Press will give us, in a slightly darker and bigger typeface, van Ostaijen's poetry.

IF Dada was, as "Bankruptcy Jazz" proclaims, Nietzsche Without Nietzsche, a definition of Pop could be Mao Without Mao. "The Adventures of Mao on the Long March," by Frederic Tuten (Citadel), wears a nice comic-book jacket by Roy Lichtenstein and is described by Susan Sontag on the inside flap as "soda pop, a cold towel, or a shady spot under a tree for culture-clogged footsoldiers on the American long march." A decent enough description of an indescribable book. Broken into components, the hundred



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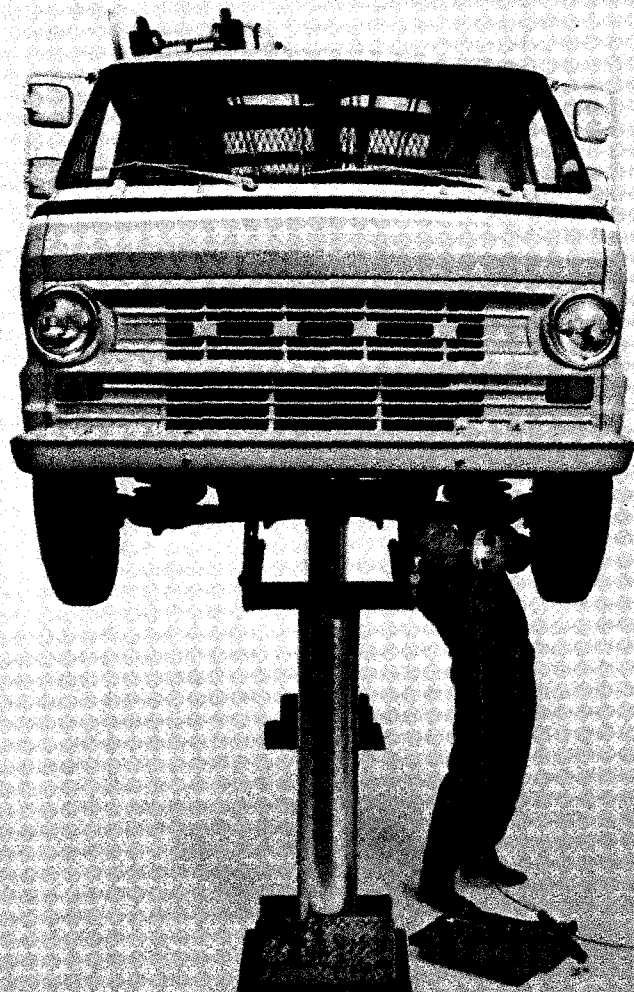
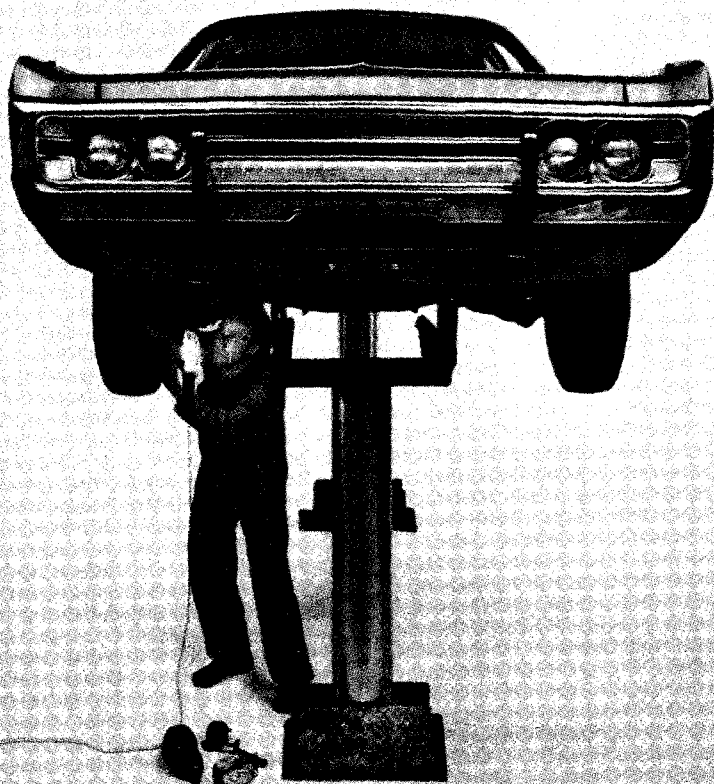
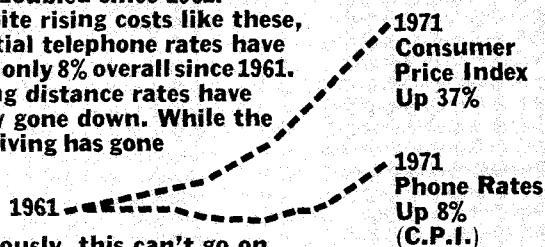
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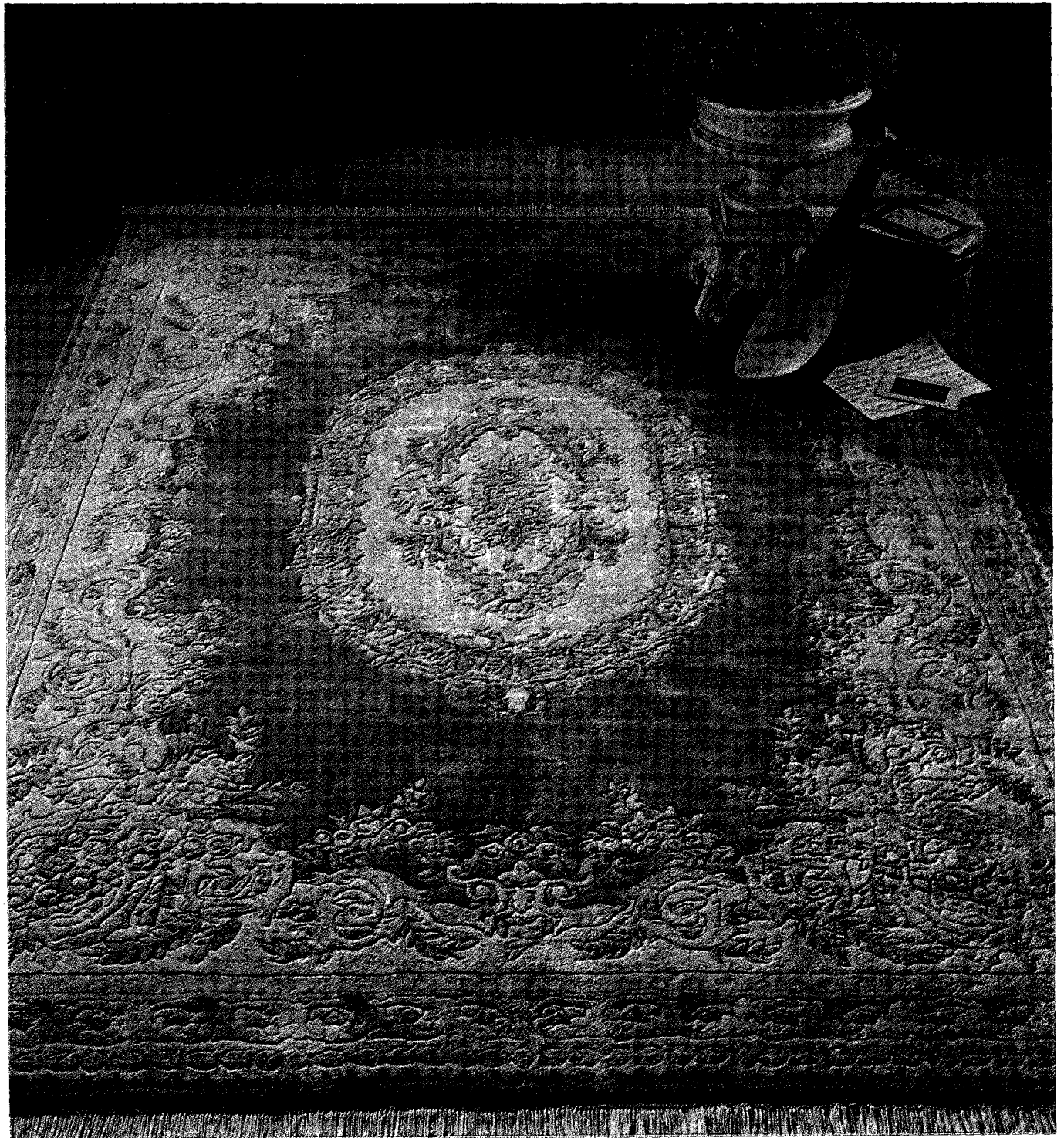


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and twenty-one pages of Mr. Tuten's opus consists of (1) twenty-seven pages of straight history of the Long March (October, 1934-October, 1935), done in a neutral, factual tone, as by a fellow-travelling *Reader's Digest*; (2) thirty-six and a half pages of quotations, in quotation marks, from unidentified sources (such, diligent research discovers, as Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," and Engels' "Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State"); (3) twelve and a half pages of parody, of Faulkner, Hemingway, Kerouac, the Steinbeck/Farrell school, the Malamud/Bellow school, and of modern-art criticism in numerous schools; (4) nineteen pages of a supposed interview with Chairman Mao in 1968, in which the Chairman reveals himself as an avid subscriber to American highbrow periodicals and a keen devotee of Godard films and Minimal Art; (5) twenty-six pages of what might be considered normal novelistic substance—imaginary encounters and conversations. For an example of (5): Chairman Mao is alone in his tent, after the strain of the Tatu campaign. He hears the rumble of a tank:

A tank, covered with peonies and laurel, advances toward him. Mao thinks the tank will crush him, but it presently clanks to a halt. The turret rises, hesitantly. Greta Garbo, dressed in red sealskin boots, red railway-man's cap, and red satin coveralls, emerges. She speaks: "Mao, I have been bad in Moscow and wicked in Paris, I have been loved in every capital, but I have never met a MAN whom I could love. That man is you Mao, Mao, mine."

Mao considers this dialectically. The woman is clearly mad. Yet she is beautiful and the tank seems to work. How did she get through the sentries? Didn't the noise of the clanking tank treads wake the entire camp? Where is everyone?

Mao realizes the camp is empty. He is alone with Garbo. But Mao has always been more attracted to Harlow than to Garbo. What should he do not to break her romantic little heart?

"Madame, I have work to do," says Mao gently.

"It can wait till tomorrow, my love," she answers, unzipping her coveralls.

Mao thinks: "After all, I have worked hard and do deserve a rest." But an internal voice answers him: "Rest only after socialism."

"My Mao, this is no way to treat a woman who has made a long journey to be with you."

"But what of my wife?"

"Ah, that is an old bourgeois ploy, Mao mine."

Mao succumbs, and in the tent recites to her the entirety of the famous conclusion to Pater's "The Renaissance," wherein we are entreated to "burn al-

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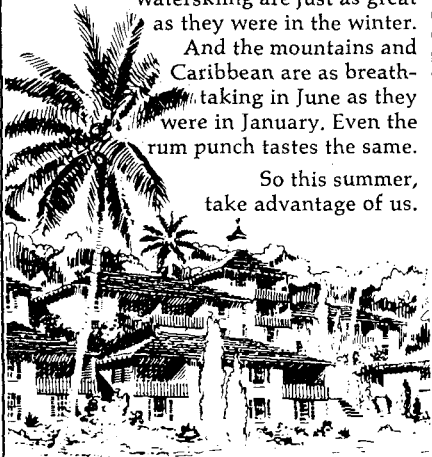
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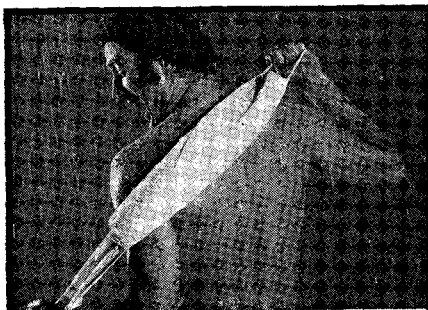
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ways with this hard, gemlike flame."

The whole episode is, like others in the book, charming, and it illustrates how well Mr. Tuten handles deadpan fantasy; except for a rare smirk like "her romantic little heart," a chaste solemnity rules the book. The tone is hard-edged, straight, dry, lyrical—anything but facetious. The tone, and the pamphletlike type, smooth the different textures of this outrageous collage into an oddly reasonable unity. We never doubt that a lucid intelligence is in control; unlike many experiments of fictional assemblage, "The Adventures of Mao" never sinks into messy self-display, never becomes the mounted Kleenexes and tangerine peels of an author's private life. Mr. Tuten, in his jacket photograph, is looking not at us but at the flame of a match that is about to light his cigarette; he is wearing long hair and a wristwatch and has no biography. The contents of his book reveal nothing of him but his attitude.

And what is that attitude? What is "The Adventures of Mao" saying? Is it satirical? In general, when confronted with, say, a giant toothpaste tube of sewn canvas or a silk screen of soup cans, we are predisposed to assume satiric content; our liberal prejudices and romantic aesthetics (in favor of trees, naked women, sunsets, and bowls of fruit) can accept any number of wry putdowns of our comfortably deplorable mass-trash society. But works viewed this way need only a glance. The more rewarding and plausible assumption, I think, is that the artist was obscurely delighted—"turned on"—by toothpaste tubes and soup cans, and that the ancient impulse of mimesis has led him to lift these things from the flow of transient impressions and to cast them into enduring form. Mr. Tuten *likes* Chairman Mao, is the first message of the novel. The schoolbook account of the Long March inspires admiration on the flat level of propaganda. Sub-heroically (as Homer dimples Hector's heroism with glimpses of the private man), Mr. Tuten portrays Mao as sensitive to criticism of his poetry, as self-doubting and diffident and erotically wistful. In one of the funniest episodes, Mao lies awake coveting Eva Braun and Mussolini's mistress ("Claretta, what was the marvellous creature but the Mediterranean itself") but *not* Mrs. Roosevelt and Señora Franco ("a rosary-kissing midget, as sexy as a decayed turnip"). Mr. Tuten seems to be confessing that his Mao is a figment, a poster personality in a whimsical canon; he likes him as the author of the Gospel of John liked Jesus, but with

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the difference that he knows the Logos is a myth.* Still, this is not satire, and in Mao's spirited championing of the bourgeois avant-garde we reach a level of serious statement:

"Pragmatically speaking, I like the opulent severity of this art, Minimal or ABC, because it both fills the imagination with the baroque by way of dialectical reaction to the absolute starkness of the object, and denudes the false in art and in life. [Such] work is like the Long March, a victory over space and time, a triumph of the necessary over the unnecessary, and, above all, it is like Marxism, or should I say like Heraclitus."

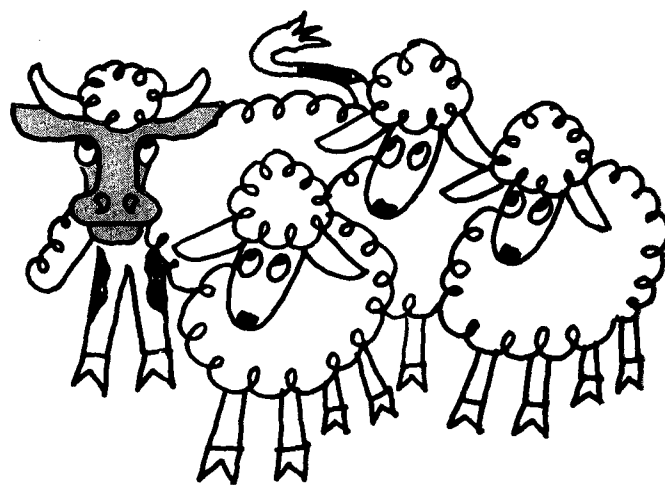
The American interviewer finds this enthusiasm "astonishing" and the Chinese interpreter exclaims, "To be honest, Chairman Mao, hearing all this talk from you confuses and disturbs me." It is, of course, impossible for Mao to be saying these things, but not—and herein the interest, the seriousness—implausible. When, in the same interview, he asserts that

"youth is never reactionary; youth is progressive in time and hence always in the avant-garde, hence *never* wrong in spirit, hence *never* to be satirized,"

the statement originates from a profound depth, where the Free World's youth-proud greening merges with the mind that unleashed the Red Guards upon the institutions of Communist China. We are confronted, in this elevation of youngness to a moral absolute, in this denial of any possibility of venerable wisdom and selective conservation, with something truly *other* than the reasonable liberalism and sentimental romanticism that have shaped our radically imperfect world.

The ideological fabric of "The Adventures of Mao" is deliciously complicated by Mr. Tuten's heavy reliance, for authority in aesthetic matters, upon fusty old wizards like Hawthorne and Pater—and Pater, it should be said, holds up nobly in this curious context. Another complication is that while the battles of the Long March are presented with the heroic generality of a newspaper recap, vivid and bloody and inglorious episodes of our own Civil

*Since this novel was written, Mao has rather demythologized himself by appearing on American television, wart and all. The haunting notion that he is dead or insane has been dispelled: his posterlike immensity has been reduced. He is a mortal among us. Tuten's book should be read as if he were not, as if he were still the somewhat camp godling of the American New Left, just as the magnificent whimsy of Chaplin's "The Great Dictator" must be viewed as if history after 1939 had not revealed Hitler to be too monstrous to laugh about.



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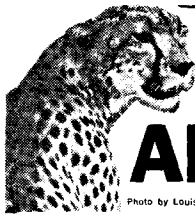
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War, as described in Whitman's "Specimen Days" and John William De Forest's "Miss Ravenel's Conversion," are interspersed. The warrior Mao, whose revolution, after all, was bought with millions of lives, is thus displaced, along with the Mao who, on cultural matters, declared (at Yenan in 1942):

There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics. Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause; they are, as Lenin said, cogs and wheels in the whole revolutionary machine.

For this fierce and dynamic dogmatism Mr. Tuten substitutes a "longing for the great simple primeval things." Mao's interviewer tells him, "All your thoughts have given me the desire to be inert." Tuten's Mao is a suave decadent, whose languor, nevertheless, has a certain appositeness to revolution. The book's last sentence (quoted from Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis") sounds a call for purification: "I feel sure that in elemental forces there is purification, and I want to go back to them and live in their presence."

So, in part, was Dada a call for purification—a purgation of cant through nonsense. Like Pop, it embraced its age's random materials with a frantic hug that transcended criticism, cynicism, or satire. Such violent gestures seem to ask for revolution in human consciousness; what they achieve is, more modestly, a refreshing of conventional artistic forms. "The Adventures of Mao on the Long March" provides an intelligent, taut, and entertaining change from conventional novels. Its substance is satisfyingly solid and satisfyingly mysterious. Like any work of art, it could not be mindlessly replicated; a sequel might slip into being a mere anthology. Nor would it be easy to locate another symbolic person as fabulous and germane as Mao. As is, Mr. Tuten's studied farrago, like van Ostaijen's precipitous scenario, contains the live motion of a novel within a jagged form that does "cut the reader into awareness." —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOREVER FLOWING, by Vasily Grossman, translated from the Russian by Thomas P. Whitney (Harper & Row). When this novel opens, Stalin has been dead for four years, but his imprint is everywhere. In Moscow, where the hero, Ivan Grigoryevich, goes after being released from thirty

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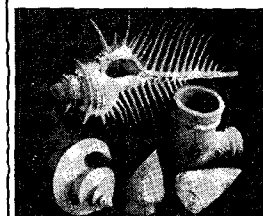
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years in the labor camps; in Lenin-grad, which he visits after leaving his sell-out Moscow cousin; and in an unnamed southern city, where he finally gets a job and begins a romance with a lonely widow—in each of these places, the Soviet people have been deformed, destroyed, reduced to cynical, mean cogs in a national machine. Out of Ivan's travels, though, the author, who finished this book a year before his death in 1964, creates a free and flowing and affecting essay on Soviet history. Stalin is here, and also the Jewish persecutions, the purges, the rigged trials, the famines, the massacres, and, in the end, the immense figure of Lenin, whose messianism may have grown out of something basic in Russian culture. This is a passionate book—a demonstration, once again, that human feeling will survive even where tyranny is most monstrous.

THE TERMINAL MAN, by Michael Crichton (Knopf). An accident on the Santa Monica Freeway has damaged Harry Benson's brain and left him with psychomotor epilepsy, which in his case produces seizures during which he tries to kill people. Even before his accident, Benson, a computer scientist, suffered from a paranoid fear of machines, but despite the danger of aggravating this fear, and against the wishes of his psychiatrist, Dr. Janet Ross, the staff at a university hospital operates on Benson in hopes of preventing the seizures from recurring. Electrodes are planted in his brain, and these electrodes connected to a miniature computer placed beneath the skin in his neck. The result—surprise!—is that Benson is transformed from a post-operative patient quietly resting in a hospital bed to a computerized killer roaming free in Los Angeles. Dr. Crichton says that many similar operations have actually been performed and that the public has shirked its duty of setting rules for them. On the basis of this fascinating, splendidly documented thriller, two good rules would be: Don't perform this operation on paranoiacs, and don't leave the patient unguarded for an *instant*. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

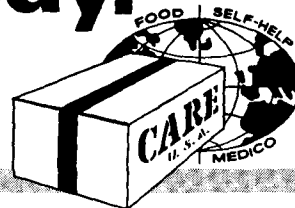
THE MALCONTENTS, by C. P. Snow (Scribners). Seven radical students in a provincial English town have discovered that the ownership of a horribly exploited slum can be traced to a Conservative Member of Parliament. However, in order to ac-

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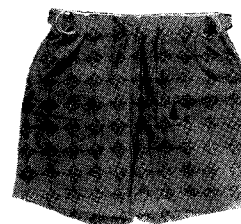
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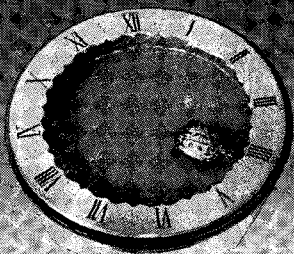
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quire this potentially useful bit of information, the students have had to pay money to one of the M.P.'s agents, thus exposing themselves to prosecution for conspiracy of defamation. Still, they intend to go ahead with the scandal (they call themselves "the core," and talk of switching to "Plan B2"), but they suddenly learn that the authorities already know of their conspiracy, and that therefore one of them must be an informer. It has taken some doing, but at this point Lord Snow can begin his story—a well-meaning but not very convincing drama of suspicion, recrimination, and self-knowledge.

THE YELLOW SUMMER, by Suzanne Prou, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Harper & Row). This odd, interesting little novel consists of fantasies that a married couple and a woman friend have about a third woman, a sensual, dim-witted, coquettish blonde, who takes her vacation near them on the Riviera. Jealousy—minutely examined and grandiosely elaborated—is the whole substance of the book.

THE LIFE GUARD, by John Wain (Viking). At one point in one of these seven stories, the hero remarks that he is trapped—"and in the strongest trap of all: one of my own making." His ironic fate could stand for that of all the other leading characters in this well-made but rather sour little book. One story in particular, concerning a trendy journalist, so ridicules its hero that we constantly expect the story to deflate itself, but it never does.

GENERAL

THE CROWN OF MEXICO: MAXIMILIAN AND HIS EMPRESS CARLOTA, by Joan Haslip (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The awesome story of the Hapsburg archduke and his Belgian princess who, with the best intentions but without an iota of understanding, came to the New World to rule a country. In temperament and breeding, Maximilian and Carlota were the antithesis of the Mexicans. In the first days of their reign, they were to attend a gala performance at the opera and, "trained to the punctuality of the Hofburg," arrived at a completely empty theatre. After a year, Carlota wrote, "We see nothing to respect in this country, and shall act in such a way as to change it... The Mexicans will have to be helped in spite of themselves." Perhaps because Miss Haslip has scant aid from her protagonists'

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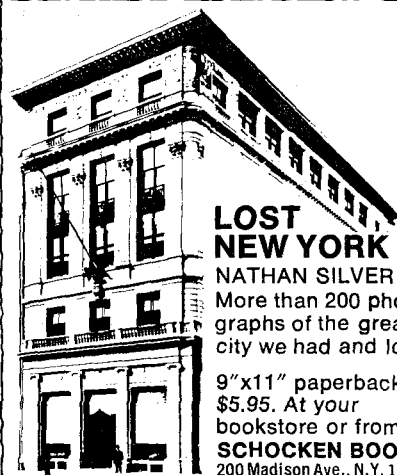
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letters and journals ("To the very end [Carlota] persisted in deluding her correspondents even after she had lost all illusions herself," while Maximilian, writing to his friends and relatives in Austria, gave "no word of his country's bankruptcy, his own rapidly deteriorating health, or the treachery and dangers by which he was surrounded"), she does not always succeed in bringing her characters to life. Toward the end, however, the urgency of the story catches the reader. Maximilian's last days and his death by a firing squad, and Carlota's madness, which lasted sixty years, are true tragedy, and this account has the immediacy of first-rate biography. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE GENERAL WAS A SPY, by Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zölling, with an introduction by Hugh Trevor-Roper (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Reinhard Gehlen, the subject of this fair, though scarcely flattering, biography, was the head of German military intelligence for the Eastern Front during the Second World War. After the war, when the United States reduced its armed forces to a million four hundred thousand men while the Russians had six million under arms, and Americans began to wonder what the Russians might be thinking of doing with all those soldiers, they turned to Gehlen. For not quite a decade, Gehlen ran his rebuilt and enlarged agency on behalf (and on the payroll) of the C.I.A.; in 1955, the West German government took it over; in 1968, after the organization's wings had been clipped as a result of assorted scandals and fluffs, Gehlen was persuaded to retire. Parts of this book recall what in past decades was palmed off as realistic spy fiction, but truth is tragic, not wry: the Europeans of various nationalities who consented to work as agents for (or against) Gehlen were almost all people whose lives had been shattered by war, who were exiled, orphaned, unemployed, or declassified in the wake of conflict. The authors raise—but cannot answer—the question of whether Gehlen's hatred of Russia affected American policy in the years he was practically our only source of intelligence about the Soviet Union. They do believe that Gehlen's domestic spying on West German citizens he considered subversive or potentially subversive quite rightly reminded Germans of the Gestapo and was justly



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halted. And they do demonstrate that, though Gehlen was not very old when he retired—sixty-six—his fossilization and his presumption had made his departure overdue.

ARRIVING WHERE WE STARTED, by Barbara Probst Solomon (Harper & Row). This memoir of a fortyish New York City woman amounts to a multiplicity of books for all sorts of readers. It is a book about progressive education and what it does not teach a girl, and about having money and how that can keep one ignorant. It tells what it is like to be the daughter of an unhappy marriage who regarded her mother as a failure and tried to discover what kind of successful woman she herself could be. It touches on politics, for the author as a very young woman found herself, in Paris, in a circle of Spanish exiles, and joined their projects, which ranged from managing a jail-break in Spain to publishing a magazine in France. It is, above all, a book about love and its concomitant, suffering, and about learning to recognize that however cruelly one suffers, one still has to do one's best.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CASE OF ROBERT QUARRY, by Andrew Garve (Harper & Row). Detective Chief Superintendent Joseph Burns, only a week away from retirement, is called upon to handle the case of Robert Quarry, a hard-nosed, union-busting industrialist whose body has turned up on a back road of Nottinghamshire in the trunk of his car. There are no real clues, but Burns and an imaginative sergeant dig methodically into Quarry's life, picking up a possibility here and a possibility there, and finally fit together a revelatory mosaic of truth. The result is a fine and constantly absorbing entertainment in the classic puzzle mode.

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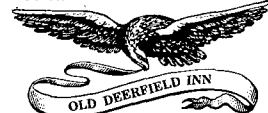
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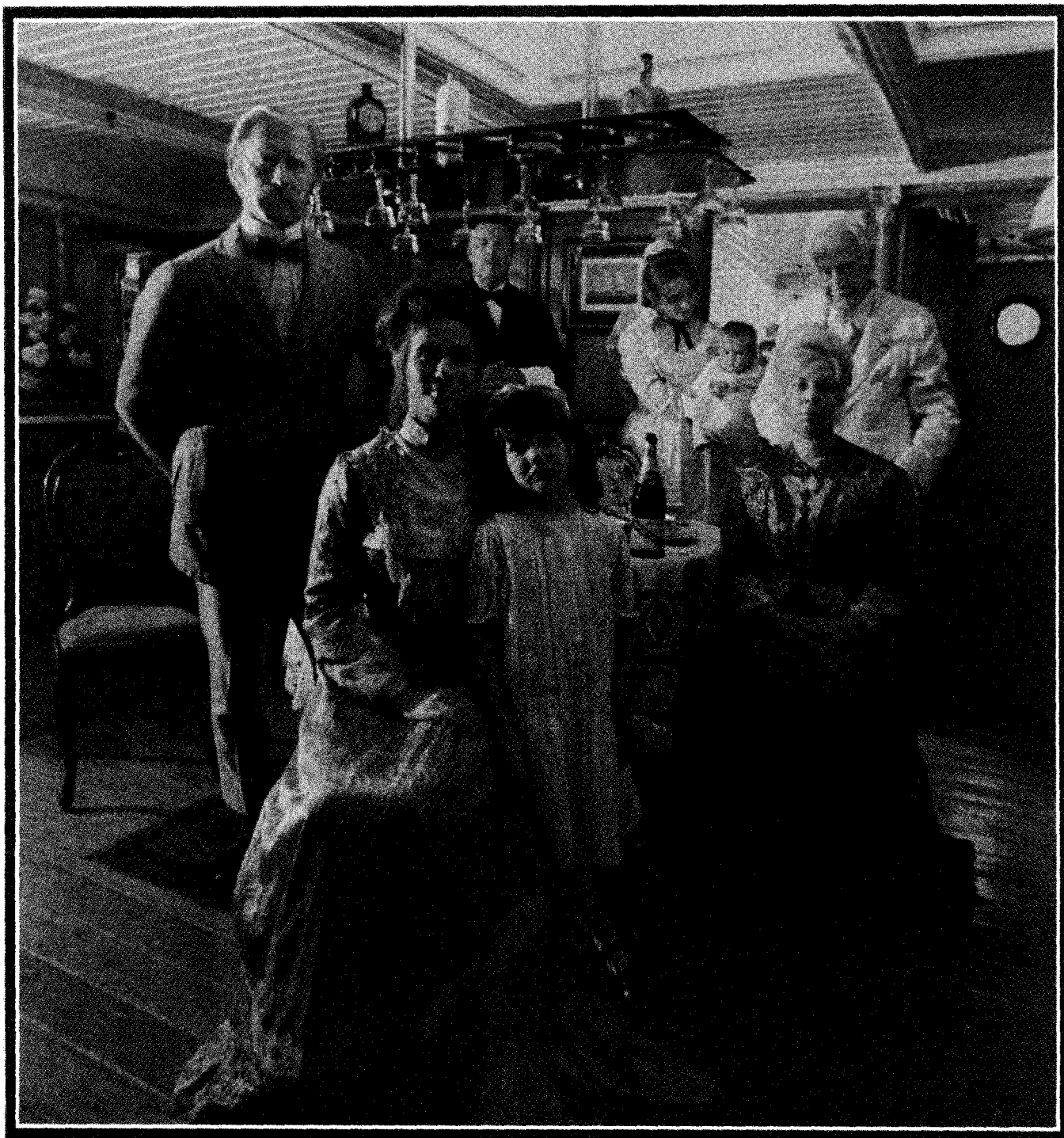
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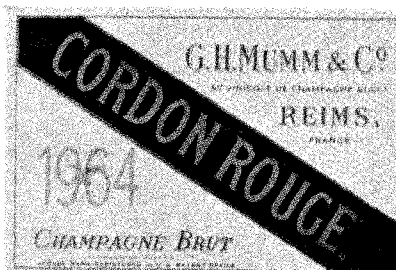
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